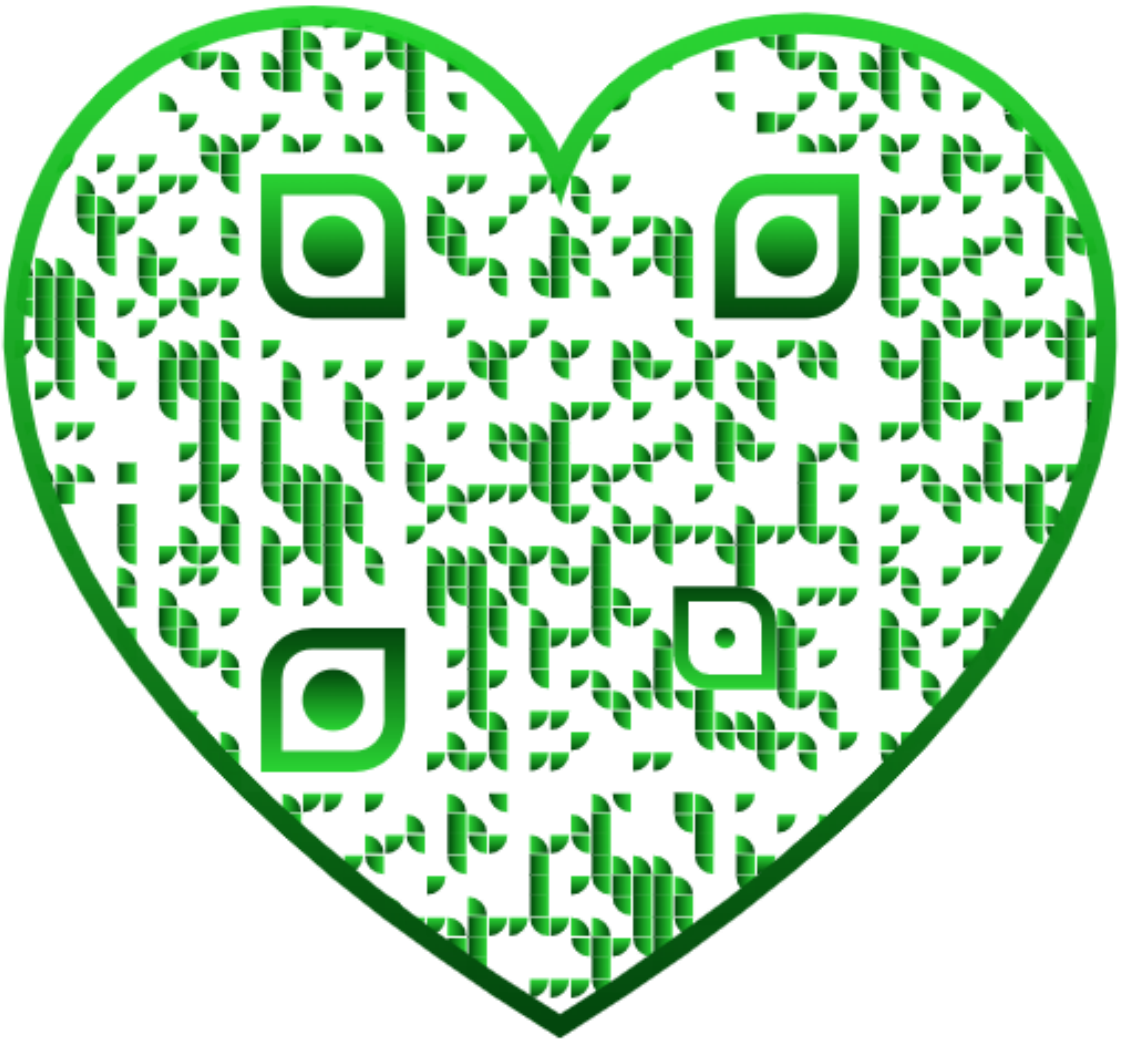
THE EIGHTH TOWER

ON ULTRATERRESTRIALS AND THE SUPERSPECTRUM

JOHN A. KEEL



The Eighth Tower:

ON ULTRATERRESTRIALS AND THE SUPERSPECTRUM

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PART ONE

I do not know how to find out anything new without being offensive.— Charles Fort

1

“What’s a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a place like this?” Gestas, a fully accredited scoundrel, gasped as the ropes around his arms sawed into his flesh.

“How come you couldn’t beat this hum rap?” Dismas grunted, his body hanging loose against the wooden beam, defeated by the irrevocable law of gravity.

Between them, suspended from a third wooden cross of questionable workmanship, the man named Yehoshuah moaned and mumbled incoherently. Unlike his two companions, Yehoshuah was not tied to the crossbeam but had been nailed in place. He was in considerable pain. A heavy spike had been driven into each of his palms and his full weight rested upon the delicate muscles and hones of his bleeding hands. The tension on his outstretched arms worked against the other muscles in his body, particularly his diaphragm, which actuates the lungs. Breathing would become increasingly more difficult until, finally, death by asphyxiation would result.

Overhead, the desert sun dimmed and the skies darkened.

“What’d he say?” Gaius Cassius asked.

“Don’t know. Something about somebody named Elias. Must be one of those freaks that were hanging around him.”

“They all took off in a hurry, didn’t they?” The centurion chuckled.

“They wanted to save their own skins. Never saw it fall.”

“What’s that you’ve got there?” Cassius asked his friend.

“The robe that guy was wearing. It’s a pretty good robe.”

“Yeah, well if that’s all we’re getting out of this, we might as well cut it up.”

“It’s too good to cut. It’s really a good robe.”

“Okay, okay. Then we’ll draw lots. The winner keeps the whole thing. Somebody might as well get something our of this.”

“Funny. That guy made all kinds of claims. He was a real religious nut, you know. And all he left behind was this robe? “Rotten business,” Cassius winced. “A man lives thirty years and all that’s left is a piece of cloth. Nobody will even remember his name.”

“What was his name anyway?”

“Yehoshuah. Doesn’t mean a thing. There’s thousands of Yehoshuahs around here.”

Writing spurious biblical dialogues has been a very profitable business for centuries. Scores of best-selling novels have appeared, all based on minor references, even single lines, in the Scriptures. Children’s books and Sunday school papers by the thousands have presented reconstructions of vaguely defined biblical events, offering imaginary conversations carefully phrased in King James’s English. The reality of those events was certainly far removed from the pious thee and thou of the modern interpreters. As the life and death of the man called Yehoshuah assumed increasing importance across the centuries, an army of fanatical scholars labored to verify obtuse scriptural references from other historical writings, and a mountain of myth supplanted molehills of fact. Interpretation became a theological art.

Did Yehoshuah exist at all? The slender evidence accepted by billions of people during the past two thousand years would not stand up in a modern court of law. It does not even meet the more flexible standards of contemporary journalism. The ancient codices, or parchment scrolls, recounting the life and death of Yehoshuah were compiled many years after the events, and were

based upon hearsay instead of direct eyewitness testimony. While they presumed knowledge of the intricate details of Yehoshuah's birth, these codices offer no information whatsoever about his[1] formative years, nor do they furnish substantive background on his family.

We do not even know this man's full name.

Yehoshuah, which means Joshua in English, was gradually isolated from his Judaic background by theologians anxious to make him acceptable to the gentile population. The earliest codices were written in Greek rather than Aramaic, the language of Mesopotamia, which had been adopted by the Jews. The Greek rendering of Joshua is Jesus. Jesus was known as Yehoshuah during his lifetime, and the Greek version did not come into usage until about A.D. 100, nearly two generations after his death.

The term Christ or the Christ was not formally added to the name Jesus until about A.D. 400. However, Yehoshuah's disciples were contemptuously labeled Christians a few years after the crucifixion. Christ stems from the Greek Christos, the translation of the Hebrew mashiakh, which means "anointed one" or "Messiah." Yehoshuah himself did not claim to be the Messiah. According to the biblical texts, he repeatedly referred to himself as "the son of man."

In a literal sense, Jesus Christ never existed.

Not too many years ago anyone who dared question the validity of the Scriptures would have been stoned to death in the public square or, at minimum, ruined financially and ostracized socially. But in the last century a group of leading theologians and religious scholars took a very close look at those documents and concluded that the entire Yehoshuah/Christ story could be seriously questioned. The Gospels describing Christ's life and ministry were derived from a single source, according to those who studied the style and content of the original codices. (The

validity of many other parts of the Bible, such as Jonah's testimony about his adventure inside the whale, is now mired in controversy.) Other religious and historical documents of the period make no reference to Christ, including the famous Dead Sea Scrolls, which were hidden away about thirty years after his death. Early fanatics tried to correct this deficiency by composing a number of false records and documents. Court records and official documents covering the first years of the first century were later methodically collected and destroyed. All that remains are the somewhat unsatisfactory and contradictory biblical texts.

Fundamentalists—those who take the Bible literally—manage to overlook the less than flattering profile of Christ in the New Testament. He is clearly described as a man who led a small band of thieves and prostitutes who openly defied the authorities and violated the laws of that place and time. While professing humility and concern for the impoverished, he had his followers wash his feet in an extremely expensive form of perfume, and his body was interred in a tomb that had been prepared for a wealthy man. On the cross he did not behave like a man undergoing a death that had long been prophesied. In fact, he died with less dignity than the two thieves who shared his fate. He moaned and groaned, and whined that he had been forsaken.

Nevertheless, billions of people have responded emotionally to the story of Christ and his suffering, just as an almost identical story dominated the Egyptian civilization for four thousand years. The spiritual life of Egypt was centered on the myth of Osiris, who, like Chris, was a great spiritual leader who sacrificed his life in a fight against evil. And, like Christ, his apparition returned to guide his people in times of trial. Many of the Christian beliefs are adaptations of the earlier Osiris theology that eventually spread to Greece. The Greeks had a great influence on early Christianity, and many of their earlier beliefs overlapped into the new religion.

According to E. A. Wallis Budge, the great archaeologist and Egyptologist,

> The story of Osiris is nowhere found in connected form in Egyptian literature, but everywhere, and in texts of all periods, the life, sufferings, death and resurrection of Osiris are accepted as facts universally admitted. Osiris was the god through whose suffering and death the Egyptian hoped that his body might rise again in some transformed or glorified shape, and to him who had conquered death and had become the king of the other world the Egyptian appealed in prayer for eternal life through his victory and power. In every funeral inscription known to us, from the pyramid texts down to the roughly written prayers upon coffins of the Roman period, what is done for Osiris is done also for the deceased, the state and condition of Osiris are the state and condition of the deceased; in a word, the deceased is identified with Osiris. [2]

When I was living in India, I was puzzled by the frequent rumors and stories of direct encounters with the myriad Hindu gods. Even today lone individuals strolling through the bush reportedly come upon luminous entities who resemble the fierce deities of the ancients and receive messages designed to support and enhance their particular beliefs and frame of reference. Similarly, apparitions resembling the traditional artists' concept of Christ appear annually before thousands of people, offering them comfort and reaffirming their belief. I have interviewed several of these percipients and have been impressed by their mental stability, honesty, and sincerity. In order for the myth of Osiris to have survived for four thousand years, it is very probably that apparitions of Osiris also manifested themselves frequently and repeatedly, generation after generation.

The central problem is not the questionable reality of these images of Vishnu, Osiris, and Christ. It is the human and/or cosmic system that produces the entities and the beliefs they motivate. Are these things mere hallucinations, tricks of the human mind and malfunctions of the human sensory apparatus? Or are they produced by a mysterious exterior force that has the ability to manipulate us? If so, what is the purpose underlying such manipulations?

These are not easy questions to answer.

The existence of Christ is of less importance than the influence that the belief in his existence has had upon a large segment of the human race. Even the biblical texts admit that Christ had little or no effect upon his own people during his lifetime. It was not until after his death that the Christian movement was born. His disciples wandered leaderless across the Middle East, preaching his teachings. But if Christianity had relied on a few wandering illiterates for its preservation, we would still be worshipping Zeus and Baal.

Christ was more a symbol than a founder of a new theology. The theology was borrowed from the Egyptians and Greeks and refined over the centuries by scholars and intellectuals, tailored to suit the continuing manifestations of seemingly supernatural forces. The manifestations described in the Bible are still occurring, often on a worldwide scale during given periods of time, and we are just now beginning to understand the mechanism that causes them. Before the end of this century we will have a complete scientific explanation, and many of our religious and occult beliefs will have to be revised or abandoned altogether.

In the Acts of the Apostles, the story of Paul's conversion is repeated three times (Acts, 9: 1-19; 22: 5-16; 26: 12-18), and it describes a series of manifestations that have occurred repeatedly in modern times with only minor variations. Surprisingly, these manifestations are largely ignored today, even by the theologians who complain that "God is dead" and that the wonders of biblical times have long since ceased. We are, in fact, surrounded by the same kind of happenings that were once regarded as miracles.

Saul of Tarsus was a tentmaker and a man of some education when he set out on the road to Damascus to join a battle against the growing Christian cult. At high noon on the desert a blinding light "above the sun" appeared suddenly, and Saul fell flat on his face,

possibly going into a trance. The men traveling with him reportedly heard a voice but saw nothing. When Saul arose, or regained consciousness, he was blinded. He remained blind for three days. Then Ananias, a Christian who had visions, was guided to Saul, touched him, and cured his blindness instantly. Impressed, Saul gave up his hobby—killing Christians—and changed his name to Paul. He was instrumental in spreading Christianity, even though he had not known Christ personally. (However, he did believe that the voice from the light was Christ's.)

Blinding aerial lights from an unknown source still appear hundreds of times each year, and thousands of witnesses have suffered temporary conjunctivitis similar to the eye burn you can experience on a beach if you don't protect your eyes from the sun. This is caused by the ultraviolet actinic rays, which can also tan your skin. Loyal flying-saucer fans around the world have documented innumerable cases of this.

An even more curious effect of these "meandering nocturnal lights," as the U.S. Air Force calls them, is temporary deafness, probably caused by high-frequency ultrasonic waves generated by rapid pulsating. It is not unusual for witnesses to such lights to lapse into epileptic-type trances and experience elaborate hallucinations. Some see horrible monsters, while others see space creatures, angels, and great luminous godlike beings.

All great religions and countless fringe cults began with the exposure of a single person to this phenomenon. Saul, Daniel, and other biblical personages saw luminous phenomena at the outset of their adventures, usually failing on their faces or passing out. While in this condition they received messages and accurate prophecies. Later, when they passed the prophecies on to their friends and followers, and those predictions came true right on the nose, they felt the holiness of their condition had been proven. The ranks of their followers grew. It was this process that inspired the

spread of Christianity.

In other ages the same process spawned the pagan religions and the myths of demonology. Various studies have found that between 10 and 15 percent of the population have extrasensory equipment and can see slightly beyond the narrow band of the spectrum of visible light. They can also project and receive thoughts (ESP), and a few are even able to tune into the future and intercept brief flashes or visions of events yet to come. Their talents attract less gifted individuals, so they become prophets and cult leaders. Some receive almost daily visits from entities who dictate ponderous books that supposedly contain vital information for the whole human race. There are now thousands of these "inspired" books, most of them privately published and poorly circulated. The authors are usually poorly educated and not well read. They are totally unaware of the fact that the same information, most of which is nonsensical, has been tediously transcribed and published by thousands of others across the ages. It is almost as if some giant phonograph in the sky has been patiently playing the same record over and over again for centuries.

The early Christians heard a replay of the record that had stimulated the followers of Osiris thousands of years earlier. Today many UFO contactees (people who think they have had direct personal contact with unidentified flying objects from some other planet) are caught up in this tired game. Like Saul, they have been exposed to a blinding light followed by a vision or by an aural, or audio, hallucination. Often the experience is accompanied by an overwhelming sense of euphoria almost sexual in nature. Religionists call this an "ecstasy." It is a kind of mental orgasm. It is not unusual for percipients to change their entire way of life after the experience, quitting their jobs, divorcing or abandoning their wives and families, and changing their names. (Earlier

percipients adopted biblical or angelic names, while modern UFO contactees often become convinced that they are spacepeople themselves and are given space names. For example, one prominent contactee of the 1950s became "Prince Neosam" of Saturn.) Generally speaking, exposure to this phenomenon is ultimately destructive to the individual. He or she is reprogrammed to self-destruct. Saul/Paul died in prison. Others have been murdered or assassinated. Suicide is common, as are complete emotional breakdowns. At best, the victims are reduced to fanaticism. The pale religious zealots proudly exposing themselves to laughter and ridicule on city street corners are often victims of this visionary process. So, too, are the fiery-eyed flying-saucer advocates who preach the plurality of inhabited worlds and the arrival of the Brothers from space who are coming to save us from ourselves.

This cosmic system for reprogramming the human mind was brought under temporal control when the world was divided up by the great religions. But the control was broken with the founding of the United States with its constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. In the early 1800s those mysterious aerial lights launched a score of new religions in America. A boy named Joseph Smith fainted dead away in a farm field in New York State and heard from the angel Moroni. He founded the Mormon religion and was eventually murdered. Others launched the Seventh Day Adventists, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and other religions. All kinds of new bibles were inspired, from The Book of Mormon to Oahspe (which was written by a New York dentist while in a trance state), just as the Muslim bible, the Koran, had been dictated to the prophet Mohammed a few centuries earlier.

Large portions of the Bible were undoubtedly produced in the same way: dictated to psychics who humbly accepted the prophet's role. Modern UFO contactees are often able to describe their

experiences and the long, involved spoken messages of the benign space Brothers in a singsong, memorized manner as if the whole thing had been implanted into their brain by rote. The earlier prophets probably had this same ability, so even those who were totally illiterate were able to recite everything to a scribe or priest later. In those days almost anything written down was considered holy. The scrolls dictated by the prophets were carefully guarded in churches and temples and read aloud on holy days.

All of these works make pretentions of being historical records. The Mormon bible is purportedly a history of North America thousands of years ago. Oahspe is a blatant revision of the Bible, "correcting" the historical errors. Each book contains verifiable historical facts, however, which lend credence to the fictional parts. We are fortunate in that the later inspired books come to us intact, exactly as originally written, while the Bible has undergone extensive revisions, changes, deletions, and additions. Whole sections of the Bible are remarkably dissimilar from the original texts in Greek and Aramaic. Latter-day translators deliberately censored and altered the meanings of whole passages. Biblical scholars regard the King James Bible with some disdain, while countless priests and ministers struggle to interpret passages that were mistranslated in the first place. Some of the Scriptures describing Christ's life and ministry were written centuries after his death, and since no eyewitness testimony from his period exists in any form, we must wonder where the authors got their information. Were their eyes stung and their skins burned by aerial lights before they picked up their pens?

There are much bigger questions here than "Did Christ really exist?" We are confronted with a series of manifestations that indicate that the human mind can be programmed and reprogrammed like a computer, that human senses can be made to see anything and hear anything at the whim of the phenomenon,

that our reality itself can be distorted by some mysterious force. When you study all of the manifestations, it becomes clear that the force has a childlike intelligence—capricious, often irrational. We have to turn back to Job's anguished cry: Who is God and why is he doing these terrible things to us?

Questions that seemed totally unanswerable only a few years ago can now be answered, at least partially. The flying saucer phenomenon has not given us any information about life on other worlds, but careful, constant observation and study over the past twenty years or so has provided us with many truths about ourselves. We may not be one step closer to heaven, but we are many steps farther from hell.

2

On March 9, 1884, a pale, bearded little man sat alone in a dreary hotel room in Rotterdam, his stubby fingers clutching a cheap revolver. A clutter of letters and old newspapers were spread out on the bed beside him. His shoulders sagged, his watery eyes staring unseeingly through the narrow window. His world had suddenly shriveled to that restricted view: a dint of the wintery sky and the red-brick paving of a foreign street. There was a soft click as he drew the hammer back and slowly raised the gun to his temple.

The death of Moses Wilhelm Shapira was barely noted in the press. Then, as now, lonely strangers often shared their grubby hotel rooms with death, leaving less than an epitaph behind.

A year earlier the sun had shone on Moses Shapira, and visions of fame and the gratitude of whole nations lightened his step. He had traveled from Palestine to Europe in a mood of triumph, clinging to a frayed leather suitcase instead of a pistol, expecting to be summoned before kings. Instead, he had been branded a hoaxer and a fool. The contents of his suitcase had been scorned by the great scholars of the day, and their laughter still rang in his ears even as the pistol's hammer snapped forward.

Some shepherds had come to Shapira's little tourist shop on a back street in Jerusalem to offer him dark fragments of parchment that they claimed to have found in ancient vases in a cave near the Dead Sea. He sat up nights studying the faded writing, his excitement growing. He had in his hands, he thought, an original

manuscript of the biblical book of Deuteronomy. And so be left for Europe to present his discovery to the world.

In Berlin, Paris, and London distinguished archaeologists and theologians examined Shapira's parchments without enthusiasm. Obviously such fragile documents could never survive for lung in the dry desert air. They had to be shameless forgeries, and the little man himself had to be a mere con artist seeking an easy fortune. So he was publicly denounced and disgraced and made the subject of vicious cartoons in the press.

And the Dead Sea Scrolls were doomed to sit in their tightly sealed vases in that cave for another sixty-four years before another pair of Bedouins would find their hiding place.

Ah, you say, that was nearly a century ago. Moses Shapira would have received a fairer hearing in our own enlightened age. He would have been written up in the National Enquirer and made a guest on "What's My Line?"

Or would he?

When a psychiatrist named Immanuel Velikovsky studied the world's myths and legends to construct the curious cosmology of Worlds in Collision, he was unanimously attacked by the scientific establishment as a crank. His theory that Venus originated as a comet cast from the misty body of the planet Jupiter ran contrary to the accepted beliefs of the astronomers of 1950. Leading scientists applied so much pressure on his publisher that the editor who had "discovered" Velikovsky was fired and the book was transferred to another, more courageous publisher. But twenty years later the space probes of NASA and the Soviet Union sent back evidence that supported his once outlandish speculations. Today a new generation of scientists embraces his theories, and the old man must sit in his home in Princeton chuckling quietly to himself as he looks over his 1950 scrapbook.

We clicked our tongues in disgust when Hitler's brown-shirts

ravaged the home of philosopher-occultist Rudolf Steiner in the 1920s. It couldn't happen here, we said. But we somehow looked the other way when our own society was seized by paranoid fits in the 1950s. In those days one of the world's foremost psychiatrists, Dr. Wilhelm Reich, was sitting in a village, in Maine, quietly studying the skies and minding his own business, developing a complex theory about the energies that surround us and perhaps even control us. Suddenly a swarm of U.S. government agents descended on his laboratory, smashed his equipment with axes, and burned his books. The kindly old psychiatrist was tossed into jail, where he died a year later.

More recently, an amateur archaeologist in Switzerland, Erich van Däniken, has earned the wrath of the wild-eyed scientists. His books Chariots of the Gods and The Gold of the Gods have enjoyed phenomenal worldwide success, even though the theories he presents have been kicking around since the 1920s and have long been a staple storyline with science-fiction writers. He has merely rehashed the notion that the gods of the ancient world were actually astronauts from some distant planet. His evidence, like Velikovsky's, consists largely of the myths and the legends of other ages. But, unlike Velikovsky, he sees evidence of extraterrestrial intervention in every ancient cave painting and every old stone carving, and he has managed to enrage everyone from collegiate bone collectors to religious scholars. That learned journal Science has even editorialized against him, urging all true-blue scientists to take up arms against the dragon of "pseudo-science." If his books had flopped and been read only by little old ladies in tennis shoes, Science would have ignored him. For some reason, scientists can't stand success, even when it comes to a member of their own club.

Lee De Forest, the inventor of the radio tube, had to flee to Europe after American scientists denounced him as a hoaxer, regarding his outrageous clams for his little modified electric bulb

as impossible. They accused Edison of ventriloquism when he unveiled his phonograph. The Wright brothers were laughed out of the country and went to France for recognition. Simon Lake, the inventor of the modern submarine, also had to cross the Atlantic to find acceptance. The list is long and painful.

In a hundred laboratories scattered around the world, scores of scientists are now recovering the steps of Dr. Reich, rediscovering the mysterious forces that he observed and tried to interpret. Reich thought sex lay at the bottom of everything, so he postulated the existence of orgone, an energy radiated by lovers at the moment of orgasm. The Food and Drug Administration apparently regarded orgasms as downright un-American—even though religionists had been talking about the same thing for centuries, the theological concept being based on the power of love. If we all loved one another, we've been told, our crumby little planet would be surrounded by a golden aura and would turn into a paradise. Somehow we have never quite managed that.

Dr. Reich actually figured out ways to shoot UFOs down with beams of energy. He assumed that Earth was bathed in complex energy fields, and he tried to find ways to tap all that energy. Again, students of the occult had been discussing this very thing long before they had any technical definitions. The ancient art of astrology was based on the notion that earthlings are somehow influenced by energy from the cosmos. The magical arts, too, understood and tried to utilize these energy sources. If you generated the right kind of energy from your physical person, you could attract or repel the cosmic energies. The human mind was credited with the ability to concentrate these energies and focus them on a single point. If a mystic could visualize a chair and clearly see the image of every atom in that chair, well, a chair would spring into being. It would materialize. To make it disappear, you just reverse the process.

Entities—seemingly living beings could also be wished into existence. Tibetan lamas reportedly had the power to product such "thought forms." The problem, according to the lore, is that such creations can get out of control, like Frankenstein's monster, and turn against their creator. In fact, we can't seem to win. Almost every aspect of this arcane business ultimately proves destructive to the unwary practitioner. If we welcome angels, demons, and spacemen with cups of coffee and kind words, they will still slip a cosmic shiv between our shoulder blades the moment our back is turned. Conversely, if we chase the entities with clubs and guns, they will get even, too. There are many gruesome, documented cases in which the vengeful saucer pilots, cloven-hoofed monsters, and red-eyed angels have wreaked havoc on their would-be pursuers and tormentors. A few such cases will be outlined further on.

Dr. Reich saw these things as the ultraterrestrial population of a hidden world of raw energy. At this moment you are surrounded by all kinds of energy, much of it manmade, vibrating on every frequency from the ultrahigh frequencies of modern military radios to the very low frequencies of generators and telephone lines. There are many other forms of energy mixed in as well. And there are, as we shall see, forms of energy on such high frequencies they cannot be detected with even the most sophisticated scientific instruments. If your eyes were tuned beyond the very narrow confines of the spectrum of visible light, you would find yourself looking into a thick fog of dazzling, unreal colors. Some psychics and UFO percipients have described these occult colors, and they have always been used to symbolize the supernatural entities. If you could peer into this superspectrum, you would undoubtedly see some frightening things—strange shapes and eerie ghostlike forms moving through a sea of electrical energy like fish in some alien sea.

When the levels of energy in this field are changed or somehow influenced by us, the whole character of these superspectrum entities is altered. They are also affected by sudden changes in the earth's magnetic field (and that field changes often), and by the interchange of earthly energy with the powerful fields of space. In its mad rush across the cosmos, the earth is constantly passing through different energy fields like a train traveling across Europe and passing through many different countries. Radio astronomers are just now becoming aware of these energies, although occultists have been referring to them for centuries.

The standard definition of God, "God is light," is just a simple way of saying that God is energy. Electromagnetic energy. He is not a He but an It; a field of energy that permeates the entire universe and, perhaps, feeds off the energy generated by its component parts. Your own memory, which is nothing more than an electrical circuit in your brain, could be feeding this cosmic brain, and a thousand years from now some superpsychic might be able to tune into the specific frequency of your mind and glimpse the residue of your life and all those rotten things you have been doing.

The concept of a supermind running the universe objectively, without compassion, is not new. Several religions are built around it. Thinking of God in these terms is not heresy but is advanced theology. The old-time God—the big bearded man sitting on a throne in the sky—is dead. He committed suicide a few years ago when thousands of people began to see lights in the sky again and, like Saul, was trapped in blinding beams. The results are plainly visible in the sociological changes all around us. The human race is being reprogrammed. Young people everywhere suddenly became pacifists in the 1960s after a millennium of violence. Our world was invaded, but not by the hordes of Martians and Venusians envisioned by the flying-saucer believers. We were invaded by new ideas and a new inner structure that would help

guide us to the anticipated crises of the 1990s.

A Canadian psychiatrist, Dr. Richard M. Bucke, put it this way in 1900:

> The simple truth is, that there bas lived on the earth, "appearing at intervals," for thousands of years among ordinary men, the first faint beginnings of another race; walking the earth and breathing the air with us, but at the same time walking another earth and breathing air of which we know little or nothing, but which is, all the same, our spiritual life, as its absence would be our spiritual death. This new race is in the act of being born from us, and in the near future it will occupy and possess the earth.

Christianity was not born with the life of Christ but with his death and the fanaticism of men like Saul/Paul who were reprogrammed by blinding lights on the desert. The world of the year A.D. 2000 has already begun, and in a like manner. Beams of cosmic energy have shed their awful glare across the planet, and the children of the 1960s now belong to another, very special race. The children of that other age faced two thousand years of bloodshed with millions dying in the name of religion. Tomorrow's children face another kind of menace: a world at peace with itself but in ecological ruins, where famine, overpopulation, and hitherto unknown societal pressures will force us into a new Dark Age.

Just as the archaeologists discredited Moses Shapira and the astronomers assaulted Velikovsky, the older generation has watched the arrival of the New Age with a mixture of fear and disdain. They remain programmed to the old ways—embracing immorality in business, war, and politics while denouncing bathing suits and boring, amateurish pornographic films, which, interestingly, are mostly ignored by the young and patronized by the middle-aged.

A few years ago, former Vice-President Spiro Agnew delivered one of his celebrated speeches attacking not the media or those "nattering nabobs of negativism" but a gentle psychologist named

B. F. Skinner. Skinner is a behavioral scientist concerned with the future direction of the human race and painfully aware of tomorrow's problems. In his book Beyond Freedom and Dignity, he proposed a dramatic plan to reprogram the man animal, pointing out that man has always been programmed by his environment, even while he snuggled to change it. But in a future where there will be too many people and too few natural resources, science may have to find ways to change man so he can survive in this new and rather unpleasant world. Mr. Agnew, it seems, wanted to skin Skinner as some kind of emotional fascist. The truth, however, is that man has constantly been programmed and reprogrammed throughout history. Adolf Hider changed the German people by giving them a new set of myths about racial superiority. But most of the old systems are certain to break down in the face of tomorrow's pressures, and Skinner is suggesting that we evolve a new system of behavior to enable us to cope with those pressures. Mr. Agnew was dedicated to resisting change. Although he sat on the inner councils that were plucking young men out of their natural environment, reprogramming them to be merciless killers, and sending them off to Southeast Asia, Agnew saw Skinner's plan as a threat to individual freedom. His listeners, most of whom were already programmed to hate "eggheads" like Skinner, mentally frothed at the mouth. To them Skinner was another Moses Shapira with a suitcase filled with unacceptable evidence.

Kill the messenger who brings the bad news!

Bobby Fischer is a man obsessed with the game of chess. When someone talks to him about another subject, he will listen impatiently and then demand, "But what has that got to do with chess?" We all know people living with magnificent obsessions. They spend all their waking hours thinking about a single subject to the exclusion of everything else.

What is an obsession?

It is a form of programming that has gotten completely out of hand. Religious fanatics are a prime example, as are those people who become enveloped in a political concept. Most of man's progress has come about as a result of obsessions. The Wright brothers were not just tinkerers with an idea; their idea swallowed them up. Most leaders are obsessed with power or possessed by egos so large their only concern is their place in history. I have known writers obsessed with a single subject. Like Bobby Fischer and chess, anything and everything outside their subject seems meaningless. Any art form—music, painting, dance—is done best by those who are completely possessed by it. Such possession often borders on madness. This world would be a sorry place without such madmen.

I once considered writing a book about "the call" that drew men and women to the cloth. Some ministers, priests, and preachers I have talked with told how they were bathed in a mysterious beam of light and suddenly became obsessed with religion. Then I met other people obsessed with nonreligious subjects who had also "seen the light" and had been profoundly changed by what they considered to be an experience with flying saucers. Receiving a "call" is not an unusual experience at all. It happens constantly all over the world to all kinds of people. Perhaps Gauguin was zapped by one of these beams before he abandoned his job and his family and went off to the South Seas to paint.

While some recipients of the light, like Saul, do go on to make their mark in history, there are many others who don't accomplish a thing. The Illumination experience changes their individual lives, but it has no effect on their world. In many instances people are changed for the worse instead of the better, just as the majority of all supernatural manifestations are harmful or at least senseless. In

fact, our little planet is in a constant stare of siege, barraged by frightening phantoms and monsters, which are the products of the same phenomenon that produces Illumination. In olden times men divided all manifestations into two groups: those that were beneficial to the human race were credited to God; those that were frightening and harmful were the work of the devil.

Modern theologians, even those with the most conservative churches, have rejected the concept of the devil. Satan is not mentioned in the original biblical texts in the modern context. The word Satan originally meant "adversary." Like so many other things in the Bible, it was eventually twisted until it took on a whole new meaning. Men observed horrible, red-eyed monsters surrounded by an awful stench and regarded them as devils. Religious zealots found a place for the devil in their cosmos and gave him a home in hell. Hell was a translation of sheol, which meant "invisible world" or "the land of the dead." We turned it into a place of fire and brimstone presided over by the Master of Evil himself. Once we had constructed the place in our minds, people began seeing the devil and, like modern UFO contactees who are whisked off to other planets, people were taken on hallucinatory trips to the underworld to confirm its existence.

The American Indians had experiences with a devil type, too. They called him "the trickster" because he was always doing foul things to them. During the long Dark Ages, we gave the devil a prominent role in human affairs. We even credited him with all that was rotten in our world and came to believe that he and God were constantly battling, that human history itself was a record of that battle. When human events took a turn for the worse, we blamed the devil. Since so much of human history was shameful, we developed a series of "devil theories" to explain the rottenness. Eventually, the devil theorists became as important as historians. Indeed, many were historians.

If you had dared to suggest one hundred years ago that God and the devil were in cahoots, you would he invited to attend a barbecue in the public square, and you would be the barbecuee. But today it is apparent that the same force that answers some prayers also causes it to rain anchovies and is behind everything from sea serpents to flying saucers. It distorts our reality whimsically, perhaps out of boredom, or perhaps because it is a little crazy.

God may be a crackpot.

3

I once dragged my hungry, impoverished carcass across the desert of Iraq to the place that was Babylonia to gaze upon the wall where the moving finger once wrote, and to stand before a pile of rubble that was once, supposedly, the Tower of Babel. Herodotus, a writer who visited the same place in 460 B.C., described it like this:

> A solid tower was constructed, one stadium [about 20 yards] in length and one stadium in width. Upon this tower stood another and again upon this another and so on, making eight towers in all. In the topmost tower there is a great bed richly appointed and beside it a golden table. No one spends the night there save a woman designated by the God himself. The priests told me that the God descended sometimes to the temple and joined her…I cannot believe this.

Obviously Herodotus didn't know much about horny gods; they were begetting all over the place. Every culture developed rites and practices designed to feed beautiful young virgins to sex-crazed gods. The universality of these off-color myths and bizarre sacrifices should give us pause and make us ask if perhaps there wasn't some grain of truth to them. The Babylonians believed strongly enough in superhuman sex practices to expend their time, effort, and valuable raw materials in the construction of that cosmic trysting place, stocking it with gold furniture. Similar towers, or step pyramids, were constructed all over the world. They can be found in China, Mexico, South America, northern Europe, and even on remote Pacific islands. Usually a temple or special chamber sat on their summits. Were these, like the Tower of Babylon, used for cosmic seductions?

The widespread use of gold in religious artifacts may be of

special significance. Gold is a useless metal. It is too soft to be used in tools or cookware. It is also rare and difficult to mine and extract, especially for primitive peoples. But from the earliest times gold was regarded as a sacred metal, and men who encountered gods were ordered to supply it. Over and over again the Bible tells us how men were instructed to create solid gold objects and leave them on mountaintops where the gods could get them. The gods were gold hungry. But why?

Gold is an excellent conductor of electricity and is a heavy metal, ranking close to mercury and lead on the atomic scale. We could simplify things by saying that the atoms of gold, element 79, are packed closely together. If the ancient gods were real in some sense, they may have come from a space-time continuum so different from ours that their atomic structure was different. They could walk through walls because their atoms were able to pass through the atoms of stone. Gold was one of the few earthly substances dense enough for them to handle. If they sat in a wooden chair, they would sink through it. They needed gold furniture during their visits.

Long before money was invented, gold was regarded as a sacred metal. Everyone from the Vikings to the Aztecs broke their backs mining the stuff to furnish their temples and holy places. Priests, and only priests, wore fancy gold breastplates. The roofs of all temples, pagodas, chortens, and churches were lovingly covered with gold leaf. These gleaming roofs flashing in the sunlight can be seen for miles away from the air. A god soaring in his flying saucer could spot them easily and know that on holy days the entire population of the surrounding area could be found gathered under them. Or a beam of cosmic energy seeking human minds to reprogram could zero in on those golden-antennae easily.

The original Aramaic word for gods (plural) was Elohim. The translators of the Bible made this singular. “In the beginning the

gods created the heaven and the earth" became "In the beginning God created…" Monotheism, belief in a single god exclusively, began in the Far East centuries before Christ. The Romans, Greeks, and other peoples of Europe and the Middle East continued to worship a multitude of gods well into the Christian era. The early Christians adopted much of theology associated with multiple gods, and even today some churches are still unwittingly teaching and spreading the beliefs of the pre-Christian era.

There are many remarkable similarities in the beliefs of isolated primitive peoples. For example, from Africa to Australia there are early myths that the gods came from the Pleiades, a cluster of six stars visible to the naked eye (and over two hundred stars when seen through a telescope). How did this particular myth get started? And why are the Pleiades universally known as "the Seven Sisters" when only six stars are visible?

Is it possible that early peoples everywhere were actually being visited by seemingly supernatural beings who claimed to be from some other planet? It is not only possible, it is highly probable. Each year thousands of people still encounter these same kinds of beings. The UFO lore is founded on such encounters. The gods of the ancients were probably just as real as these modern "spacemen." Historians, mythologists, and folklorists are in for a terrible shock when they finally realize that many of the charming myths and legends of the past had a basis in truth.

There are several modern cases in which young women were purportedly abused sexually by spacemen from flying saucers, and young men were seduced by space ladies; the lusty gods of the ancients are still around and still up to their old tricks. Even the ferocious dragons of another age periodically stalk across the twentieth century landscape, leaving enormous footprints behind, just as the red-eyed winged harpies haunted West Virginia in the 1960s, and the hairy "wildman of the woods" described in

Medieval literature still appears in the Mississippi valley and the forests of the Northwest where he is known variously as Bigfoot, the Sasquatch, or the Abominable Snowman.

The blurry past often overlaps into the present through some unfathomable distortion of time and space. People in Europe are awakened in the middle of the night by the sounds of battle, of swords clashing against ancient armor amid the cries of men and horses in a phantom reenactment of a long forgotten war. Ships wrecked on rocky shoals hundreds of years ago reappear in the places of their doom, and people gather on the shore to hear the screams of the drowning sailors and watch the disaster repeat itself. Fliers in the Great War of 1914-18 reported circling airports in England, utterly amazed to see huge, gleaming metal aircraft totally unlike the primitive cloth and wood planes of their time. For a few moments they had somehow penetrated the barrier of time and visited the future.

You and I are trapped in the stream of time, able to move in only one direction—forward, from the past to the future. But nature is not so confined. Time becomes a circle with the past and the future linked, just as space is curved, according to Einstein. If you could look far enough into the empty sky, you would be able to see the back of your own head. Perhaps if you could propel yourself far enough into the future, you might find yourself back in the age of dinosaurs. Our reality is not as real as it seems. Prophecy, the talent for accurately viewing the future, would be impossible if the future did not already exist in some form. We just lack the means to define and describe that form.

Before we can sensibly examine the many peculiar manifestations of the ultraterrestrial forces around us, we must try to understand the basic forces that influence our reality. The noble ancient gods suffering from satyriasis are of less importance than those mysterious beams of light that numb our brains, restructure

our memories, change our lives, and give birth to our beliefs and our philosophies.

When the men of ancient Greece and Rome saw what we now term UFOs, they noted that the objects changed colors, conforming to the known color spectrum. So the word specter was born.

The human eyeball doesn't amount to much. Many animals enjoy eyesight far superior to ours, and most animals have a sense of hearing that greatly exceeds the limited range of human ears. These heightened perceptions mean that animals move in a reality quite different from ours. They can see and hear things we cannot. Human psychics, as I have already pointed out, have abnormal perceptive equipment. The phrase "extrasensory perception" is a slight misnomer. It would be more accurate to call it "extended perception." Some people have latent extended perception, which can be activated with proper effort and training. Parapsychologists claim that everyone has psychic ability, but I question this. When a non-psychic undertakes a program to develop these abilities, he or she runs the risk of so-called "possession." That is, some outside force, or the percipient's own unconscious mind, is able to interfere with the conscious mind, which has made itself receptive to such interference through psychic training. Many talented psychics are themselves "overshadowed" or possessed when they adopt extreme beliefs. Those who enter into and attempt to practice witchcraft and the black arts run the same risk and very often end up being controlled by the very forces they are trying to control. Those who dabble on the periphery of the black arts and ufology must be included in this category, often undergo "psychic attack," for when the human mind is channeled in these directions, it literally attracts negative energy from what I call the superspectrum —a spectrum of energies that lies outside the normal electromagnetic spectrum.

The electromagnetic spectrum has now been thoroughly

explored and defined by modern science, and the superspectrum has only recently attracted the same attention. The energies in the normal EM spectrum work for man in the form of radio waves, power, and X-rays. The energies in the superspectrum often work against man because they affect our minds rather than our machines. Some of these energies are loosely controlled, and some are completely uncontrolled and can cause all kinds of havoc. Many of the manifestations credited to a superbeing, a God, are actually produced by these uncontrolled and semi-controlled energy fields. A computer stores information by an electrical system of negative and positive charges. The superspectrum records information in the same way but without mechanical assistance. It doesn't need transistors and tape recordings. Each unit of energy in the superspectrum is polarized to perform an information function. It is impossible to explain this in a few words, so I will take a great many words here.

Visible light covers a very small part of the overall EM spectrum. It consists of vibrations of electromagnetic energy, tiny pulses of energy. The length of the pulse is called its frequency. Just think of a series of snapping rubber bands. The longest band is 0.000032 inches and would be perceived by the human eye as red. The shortest would be 0.00006 inches and is seen as violet. The complete color spectrum remains unchanged from your kindergarten days. (See figure 1)

Fig. 1. Visible Light (Color Spectrum)

Infrared (Heat)	Red	Yellow	Green	Cyan (Bluish-green)	Blue	Violet	Ultra-violet

Infrared is invisible to the eye but can be felt because it is heat.

Suffocating waves of heat are often radiated by UFOs and even by some ghostly apparitions. Many reported UFOs first appear as a red blob in the sky, or sometimes as a purple blob. Then they go through a series of changes in the proper order of the spectrum and either solidify into a seemingly solid mechanical object, or they simply fade away into nothingness. The witness is actually viewing the transition, of a mass of energy from the invisible part of the spectrum, across the visible spectrum, and back into the invisible frequencies. The mass is somehow altering its frequencies to make the transition.

Over the years numerous engineers and professional photographers have experimented with infrared photography, often with startling results. Using infrared lenses and film they have actually taken pictures of UFO-type objects that were not visible to the naked eye. An engineer named Trevor James was a pioneer in this type of photography back in the 1950s when be was able to film a number of invisible objects in the air over the California desert. Tourists using ultraviolet lenses in Yellowstone National Park (notably) have been astonished to find large circular objects in their pictures later. The implication of these pictures is, of course, that UFOs are normally invisible to us and are seen only by accident or design.

Early in my own UFO investigations I noted that some people could see UFOs, often objects of very large size, while others standing in the same location would see absolutely nothing. This is because persons with psychic ability can see over the fringes of the spectrum into the infrared and ultraviolet when certain special conditions exist. These conditions include the intensity of the natural magnetic field in the area where the sightings take place. The psychic is not hallucinating. He's seeing something that is there but that is invisible to normal eyesight.

Some UFO contactees, such as Mr. Gary Wilcox of Newark

Valley, New York, on April 24, 1964, have allegedly been told by the entities that UFOs are normally invisible in daylight and become visible at night because they glow with energy within the visible spectrum.

These masses of energy are apparently very plastic, capable of assuming an endless variety of forms. The UFO lore abounds with descriptions of objects and entities glowing. The famous "little green men" are usually small humanoid figures surrounded by the distinctive cyan glow. In ancient times, angels were self-luminous, usually white or yellow. Artists conveyed this by creating halos of light around their heads.

Paradoxically, in a business filled with paradoxes, one useful criterion in dealing with UFO cases is the fact that if the object or entity is surrounded by a glow or is seen going through the spectrum changes, it is probable that the thing seen was real or at least a real intrusion into our reality. When no glow of any kind is present, there is a good chance that the sighting was hallucinatory.

When a mass of energy enters the visible spectrum by turning red or violet, it must somehow be altering the frequency of its "vibrations." These frequency changes are so well controlled that the object can vibrate at the exact frequency of the percipient's brain waves. When the object's pulsations are synchronized with the percipient's frequency, a medical phenomenon occurs. The witness lapses into a hypnotic-like trance and hallucinates. If the percipient is psychic, the trance can seem like an extension of reality, and the hallucination will seem like a very real experience. In most cases, the witness will later note a great time discrepancy; the experience will seem to have taken more time, or less time, than actually expired. Witnesses without psychic ability will not become entranced. They simply fall over unconscious.

The basic process in these cases is relatively simple, as you can see, but explaining the intelligence that controls these frequency

changes is much more difficult. To fully grasp it we must explore the electromagnetic spectrum and the more enigmatic superspectrum step by step.

4

In the spring of 1936, farmers outside Rome, Italy, complained to the authorities that somebody was killing their sheep. The animals were found scattered among the scrubby hills, their bodies unmarked. Autopsies failed to disclose the cause of their deaths. Even in muddy fields there were no footprints or other clues. They seemed to have simply fallen over and died without a struggle, without reason.

That June, Benito Mussolini's wife planned to drive to Ostia, a few kilometers outside of Rome. At breakfast on the morning of her trip, the Italian dictator winked at her mischievously.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you had a very unusual experience today," he said cryptically.

A puzzled Rachel Mussolini got into her limousine and rode off. A few miles beyond the city limits her chauffeur encountered an unexpected traffic jam. Cars were backed up for miles. Cursing, gesticulating drivers were opening the hoods of their cars and studying their suddenly sullen engines.

"What's happening here?" Madame Mussolini demanded.

"It looks as if everyone is breaking down at once," her driver began. "I—"

His own motor coughed and died. He coasted to the edge of the road.

"I can't understand why."

Several minutes passed. Then, just as suddenly, all the stalled

autos roared to life again. There was a universal shrugging of shoulders as the fuming drivers got back into their vehicles and continued to Ostia.

The incident was widely noted in the press at the time. And at the close of World War II the Italian press revived the story, adding that the multiple automobile stallings had been caused by sinister secret experiments conducted by none other than Guglielmo Marconi, one of the great geniuses of the twentieth century. He had been working on a "death ray" for Mussolini, the papers claimed, and when he refused to turn the finished product over to the dictator in 1937, he met with a sudden death.

Thirty years after the original incident, it was revived once again by one of ufology's characters, a man who called himself Mel Noel. Mr. Noel surfaced in 1965-66 during the great UFO wave of the period. He claimed to be a former Air Force pilot who had some unusual experiences with flying saucers in the 1950s. He was an exceptionally handsome man, seemingly sincere and with great charisma, who wore expensive clothes, stayed in the best hotels, and traveled in the company of a number of beautiful young ladies. According to his story, a group of great scientists had gone into seclusion somewhere deep in South America where, under the guidance of the wonderful space people, they had constructed a number of workable flying saucers, which they planned to use for the good of mankind—naturally. He backed his tale with frayed clippings of Marconi's alleged experiments. Marconi was one of the first to stumble on the secrets of the universe after contacting the space people in the 1920s. Instead of being turned over to Mussolini, his notes and apparatus were smuggled out of Italy before the war, according to Noel, presumably reaching the hands of the secret scientific combine in Brazil.

Noel expected to prove his claims with a spectacular

demonstration. He had arranged for a flying saucer to land on the outdoor TV set of the Jackie Gleason Show broadcast from Florida. A selected group of reporters and scientists would be taken aboard, he said, and given a free ride to neighboring planets. Mr. Noel traveled about the country recruiting passengers. Each reporter was asked to supply two photographs for his interplanetary passport. Noel did not try to solicit money from anyone. How he financed his adventures remains a mystery.

Needless to say, the UFO failed to land on the Gleason set on the appointed day. Mel Noel disappeared back into the cosmic woodwork.

The basic Noel story is, of course, very similar to H.G. Wells's imaginative creation in Things To Come. Wells saw a band of scientists and humanitarians fleeing from our war-torn civilization to establish a "Wings Over the World" group (W.O.W.) to preserve human knowledge and eventually to restore the world.

For years, I viewed the seemingly nonsensical Sunday supplement stories about Marconi with skepticism, even cynicism. But now I must eat crow—a recurring dish at my table, alas—for a large part of this ridiculous story is true.

Marconi was a short, slender, austere man with pointed, ascetic features and the eyes of a dreamer. Born in 1874, he was world famous at the age of 23 and had received the Nobel Prize and many other honors by the time he was 35.

We knew virtually nothing about electromagnetic propagation when Marconi began his first wireless experiments in the 1890s. Those early efforts were confined to what are called long waves. Today we know that the electromagnetic spectrum is made up of many frequencies stretching from very low frequencies (VLF), composed of very long radio waves, to the very tiny pulses or short waves (called "shortwaves") of gamma rays and cosmic rays at the other end of the spectrum. About halfway along this

spectrum there is the frequency which produces visible light. We can only see a minute portion of the entire spectrum. Shortwaves were unknown for years, as were the even shorter microwaves.

Imagine the EM spectrum laid our something like your radio dial. The various radio stations in your vicinity are tuned to slightly different frequencies. That is, their individual signals are broadcast on beams of electricity pulsing at shorter or longer lengths than neighboring stations. A simple device known as a condenser, consisting of a series of rotating metal plates, sorts out these frequencies for you when you tune your set. So you are able to tune into any frequency along the dial, from the relatively short pulses at the far end of the dial to the somewhat longer frequencies at the other end.

Now the whole EM spectrum is infinitely longer than the tiny segment scanned by your radio tuner. Waves are measured by their length; the basic wave being named hertz after the German physicist Heinrich Hertz who discovered them. One hertz is one cycle or pulse per second. One thousand cycles is a kilohertz, or kilocycle.

You know that the light bulb by which you are reading this book is actually pulsing 60 times per second or 50 cycles. This is a very low frequency. Your hi-fi set, telephone, electric hair drier, and electric toothbrush are also operating in the very low frequency range. If your electric company tried to pipe current to you at, say, 1,500 cycles per second, it wouldn't reach you because it would escape from the wires into the air like a radio signal.

When your next-door neighbor uses his electric shaver while you are watching your favorite TV show, he creates interference across a broad range of the spectrum and disrupts the steady cycling of your house current. On the other hand, when an airplane flies over your house, it cuts a swath through the high-frequency signals reaching your antenna and gives you a

momentary problem.

A construction of the lower end of the electromagnetic spectrum looks like figure 2.

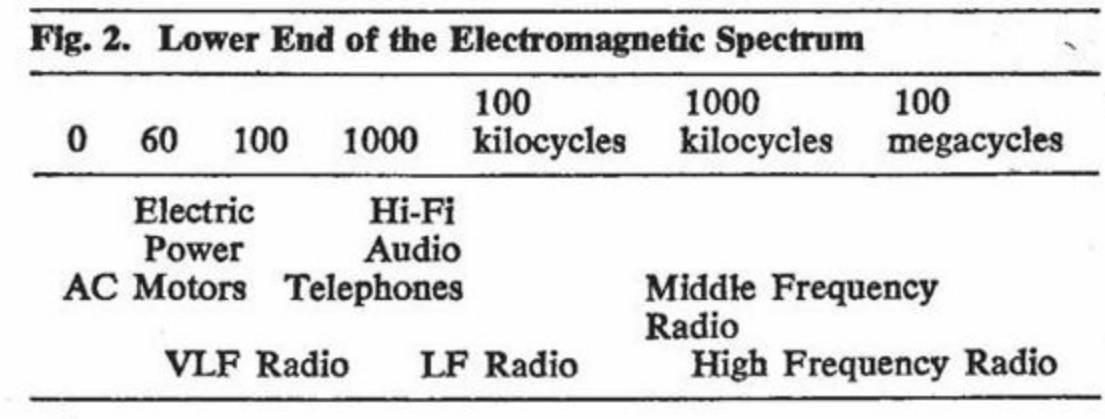


Fig. 2. Lower End of the Electromagnetic Spectrum

At first scientists believed that shortwaves were useless for broadcast purposes. Long waves were the only proven medium, and many of the self-styled experts who materialized after Marconi's first successes soberly predicted that not even long waves would follow the curvature of the earth to make long-distance radio possible. In 1901 Marconi proved his detractors wrong when he sent a message across the Atlantic.

Shortwaves, and the very short microwaves, remained in disrepute for several years thereafter. During World War I, several governments began to experiment with VLF—the very long waves at the bottom of the spectrum. They found that such waves would not only travel great distances, but that they would even penetrate water. However, VLF posed many other problems and was temporarily abandoned after the war.

In 1921 Marconi held a press conference and made one of the most sensational statements of his career. For several years, he said, his company's receiving stations had been intercepting mysterious organized signals low on the long-wave band.

Investigations had failed to pinpoint their source. It was his studied opinion that these phantom transmissions were coming from outer space!

Today we know that the VLF band is haunted by all kinds of inexplicable sounds and signals as well as electromagnetic pulses generated by atomic tests, rocket launches, sun spots, and mundane natural phenomena.

Marconi turned his attention to the other end of the spectrum in the 1920s, experimenting with shortwaves and microwaves and opening a Pandora's box of electronic surprises. He even foresaw radar in a speech in New York on June 20, 1922.

> As was first shown by Hertz, electric waves can be completely reflected by conducting bodies. In some of my tests I have noticed the effects of reflection and deflection of these waves by metallic objects miles away.
>
> It seems to me that it should be possible to design apparatus by means of which a ship could radiate or project a divergent beam of these rays in any desired direction, which rays, if coming across a metallic obstacle, such as another steamer or ship, would be reflected back to a receiver screened from the local transmitter on the sending ship, and thereby immediately reveal the presence and bearing of the other ship in fog or thick weather. One further great advantage of such an arrangement would be that it would be able to give warning of the presence and bearing of ships, even should these ships be unprovided with any kind of radio.

Modern radar operates on the basic principle laid down by Marconi in 1922. He did not pursue the idea himself until shortly before his death, because he was too involved in his rapidly growing international corporation and in the development of shortwave radio.

Believe it or not, an incident at the Vatican in Rome led to his renewed interest in radar.

In 1930 Marconi built a powerful shortwave station in the Vatican, giving Pius XI the means for communicating with the entire world. Three years later one of the Vatican radio operators reported receiving "something like the sizzle produced by someone walking across slushy ground."[3] In the days that followed he was baffled to pick up this same sound again and again, always at

the same time. One afternoon he looked out the window of his radio shack as the sound was flashing from his headphones, and he saw a workman pushing a wheelbarrow across the yard, apparently cutting through the radio beams being transmitted. The shortwaves were striking the metal wheelbarrow and bouncing back.

It was not until 1935 that Marconi turned his full attention to this interesting effect. He didn't know it, but that same year a group of British scientists headed by Robert A. Watson-Watt were also secretly working with microwaves and the radar effect. They would perfect it during the last days of peace, and their radar stations would be instrumental in saving England from the Luftwaffe in 1940.

Benito Mussolini rose to power in 1922, but Marconi was cautious in accepting and endorsing the noisy little Socialist who somehow managed to make the trains run on time. He waited three years before he responded to il Duce's overtures. By 1935, Marconi was regarded as one of Italy's (and humanity's) greatest men. He was fundamentally apolitical, a man of science with a great moral conscience. When he began his work with the radar effect, he informed Mussolini of his project. Impressed and enthused and undoubtedly realizing the military value, Mussolini summoned his aides and announced: "Give this man anything he wants. Anything. If he wants the whole Italian navy to maneuver for him, order it."

Marconi's requests were more modest. He asked for military planes to fly back and forth over his laboratory outside of Rome while he tried to bounce microwave beams off them.

During his early experiments in 1935-36, he made a horrifying discovery. His microwaves were apparently killing animals near his laboratory. The local farmers were naturally perturbed, and rumors spread that the great inventor was indulging in black magic.

Mussolini was, of course, delighted. Marconi had invented a "death ray," something every dictator could use. Keep working on it, he ordered.

But Marconi was not in the death-ray business. This was just an unfortunate side effect of microwaves. He saw radar as a means of saving ships, planes, lives. So he returned his primitive apparatus. If microwaves were dangerous, then perhaps he should shift his attention to the other end of the spectrum, the very low frequencies, and see if VLF waves could be used. This led to another startling discovery. While ultrahigh frequencies (UHF) bounced off metallic objects, VLF waves penetrated and affected electrical devices, overloaded circuits, and caused machines like generators and electric motors to freeze. In short, the waves stalled automobiles. Diesel engines, on the other hand, were immune to the VLF effect because they did not depend on electrical ignition.

We can only imagine Mussolini's reaction when Marconi told him the bad news of another "failure." VLF was no good because it wouldn't bounce back; it would only stall engines. The dictator probably turned handsprings. Not only had his inventor stumbled onto a death ray, now he had found a way to paralyze enemy machines!

Like it or not, Marconi found himself developing devices that were contrary to all his humanitarian principles. He must have suffered a great conflict of conscience.

In 1937, his health began to fail. He suffered a series of heart attacks. But he struggled on with his experiments and decided on a course of action. On July 17, 1937, he had a private audience with the pope. Years later his daughter Degna wrote:

> What they talked about no one will ever know. It was said that Father wanted to give the Pontiff news of recent developments in wireless. That could have waited. I am convinced that Father was impelled by more personal and pressing motives. He was on the threshold of a new life. As he made clear to me, he had decided to live alone and to transfer himself and his work to England, despite his abiding

love of his own country.

Had Marconi learned of the British experiments with radar? Did he want to flee his odious obligations to the Italian dictator? He set up a meeting with Mussolini for July 20, three days after his papal audience. Did he plan to tell il Duce that he intended to abandon his experiments and leave the country? In any case, the July 20 meeting never took place. Marconi suffered a massive heart attack and died at 3:45 that morning.

What happened to Marconi's notes on his experiments and his apparatus is not known. Certainly Mussolini would have tried to confiscate them and have others continue his work. Perhaps the inventor destroyed everything shortly before he died. It is even possible that the pope suggested he destroy all evidence of his "terrible" experiments. Italy did not pioneer in the development of radar (although Germany perfected it quickly in the early days of the war).

A quaint footnote belongs to this story. On January 23, 1950, the Los Angeles Daily Mirror carried a piece by Dick Williams captioned, "Did 15-year-old Boy Happen on Secret of Flying Saucers?" Williams claimed that in 1941 a boy in Appleton, Wisconsin, was experimenting with amateur radio when he "accidentally hit on the wavelength of magnetic frequency and every time he dialed this frequency he shorted every motor-driven vehicle using the ignition system for a radius of three miles." Williams claimed he checked with the Appleton airport and found that airplanes were also "shorted" when they flew over the boy's house.

I recently asked researchers in Wisconsin to try to check out this story for me, but over thirty years have passed and no substantive information was uncovered. However it is quite possible that a boy fiddling with VLF could have inadvertently repeated Marconi's discovery.

Chester L. Swital, a Chicago newspaperman, is supposed to have visited Appleton to cover the story in 1941. But when he reached Appleton, "he found the place crawling with F.B.I. men. They confiscated the boy's short-wave set and shipped him, his family, and the mystifying radio to Washington for further study."[4]

This is just one of the many "displaced family" rumors in the UFO lore. In more modern episodes, whole families have allegedly disappeared after military trucks appeared on their property to load up all their belongings. In one case investigated by Ivan Sanderson's colleagues in Pennsylvania, even the water faucets were supposedly removed from the sinks! In others the families are said to have vanished after some member (usually a child) was burned or mysteriously injured by an unidentified flying object. In 1967 a farm family in New Jersey was rumored to have been carted away in Air Force trucks after a strange object landed on their property. In another, a teen-aged boy who took photos of a grounded UFO in Virginia in 1965 was allegedly rushed off into limbo in a government limousine a few days later.

However, stories of this sort can be traced back to the 1800s when basement tinkerers were still working on perpetual motion machines. Several yarns of this type appeared in the 1920s, the most famous one concerning the inventor who found a way to make automobile engines run on water. Where is he now that we really need him?

5

"It smelled worse than rotten eggs…more like burning flesh," D. S. "Sonny" Desvergers, a scoutmaster in Florida, declared in 1952 after a frightening encounter with a glowing circular object. While three boys from his troop had watched from a distance, Desvergers had cautiously approached the object and had been knocked unconscious by a ball of fire coming from it. The hair on his forearms was singed, and three small holes were burned in his cap. Capt. Edward Ruppelt, then chief of the Air Force's Project Blue Book, investigated the case personally and discovered that the roots of the grass at the alleged UFO landing site were mysteriously scorched while the grass above ground was unharmed. This weird effect has been found at other UFO sites since then.

In recent years, microwave ovens have gained popularity. Early models were not too successful because microwaves heat substances from the inside out. A piece of hamburger treated with microwaves can be raw on the outside and done to a turn in the center. Apparently the grass in Florida was subjected to microwave radiation.

The UFO lore abounds with cases in which objects and people were cooked by microwaves. One of the first incidents of this sort resulted in tragedy in 1954 and was heavily publicized by a popular flying-saucer writer of the period, Donald E. Keyhoe. Two Air Force pilots were purportedly pursuing a UFO over Walesville,

New York, when a sudden, unbearable heat filled the cockpit of their F-94 jet. They were forced to bail out, and their plane crashed into the little town, killing four people, two of them children. Although the story made headlines, the UFO aspect was played down or even totally ignored in most accounts.

Motorists in closed cars often experience a rapid rise of temperature when a UFO hovers nearby. Their vehicles literally act like a microwave oven. People standing in the open can be exposed to both actinic rays and microwaves and get their pants burned off. Dep. Sheriff A. H. Perkins and Patrolman C. F. Bell had this happen to them near Williston, Florida in December 1955. They said their clothes became intolerably hot and their limbs were virtually paralyzed as the objects (six of them) passed low over their location.

Contactees who claim to have been very close to grounded saucers commonly suffer excessive thirst afterwards, a sure sign that they have been exposed to the dehydrating effects of these radio waves.

The late Dr. Olavo T, Fontes investigated a spectacular incident at a fort at Itaipu, Brazil, on November 4, 1957. Two alarmed sentries were engulfed by an intense wave of heat as they watched an orange-colored object hovering nearby. While they screamed and gasped for air, all the electrical systems in the fort failed. For three minutes, according to Fontes's account as published by APRO, the place was a scene of total panic with soldiers and officers running helplessly back and forth, their weapons too hot to handle. The object finally glided away and the two sentries, both badly burned, were flown off to Rio de Janeiro where they were hospitalized under tight security. News of the event leaked out through the hospital staff and Dr. Fontes looked into it. He said that "officers of the U.S. Army" are supposed to have paid a visit to the fort later and interrogated all of the witnesses.

In October 1973, I interviewed a young man who had been exposed to a low-flying UFO in Ulster County, New York. "Man, it was throwing off some heat," he complained. "It felt like my sex organs were burning up."

Microwaves affect the eyes and the testes in particular. Back in the 1960s, I was puzzled during my in-depth interviews with male witnesses when they told me in hushed confidential tones how their testicles bothered them after their sightings. Some later developed nonspecific infections with all the symptoms of venereal disease. Try to explain to your wife or girlfriend that you got it from a flying saucer! When I suffered a dose of this cosmic clap myself in the spring of 1968, I started to research the medical effects of electromagnetic radiation in earnest.

Dr. Berthold Schwarz, a New Jersey psychiatrist, independently investigated a case in which male organs were affected. The victim, a bachelor living alone on a farm in the Catskill Mountains, had this odd experience one night in August 1968:

> I heard a shrill sound—a whining like a dynamo. I could not move. I looked at the dog and he was standing motionless…I lost all sense of time—it might have lasted seconds or five or tea minutes…All of a sudden the noise stopped, and I could move. When I looked around, the horse and dog were also moving…Over the barn there were two holes in the sky, as white as snow. It was like looking into a barrel. They were perfectly round—automobile-tire size and about three feet apart. They stayed still and didn't move for ten or fifteen minutes—then disappeared…There was no effect on the household electric lights, clock or radio, but there was something odd—the telephone didn't work when I went to make a call that night. It was all right the next day.

When he arose the next morning, this man suffered dysuria: "Burning urine, like a red-hot poker. Ten minutes later it was all right." Some hours later, red streaks appeared on his penis.

"There was no ostensible reason for these complaints," Dr. Schwarz noted, "such as cystitis, prostatitis, or various venereal disease."[5]

On the electromagnetic spectrum, microwaves blur into infrared radiations, which, in turn, lead to those frequencies that

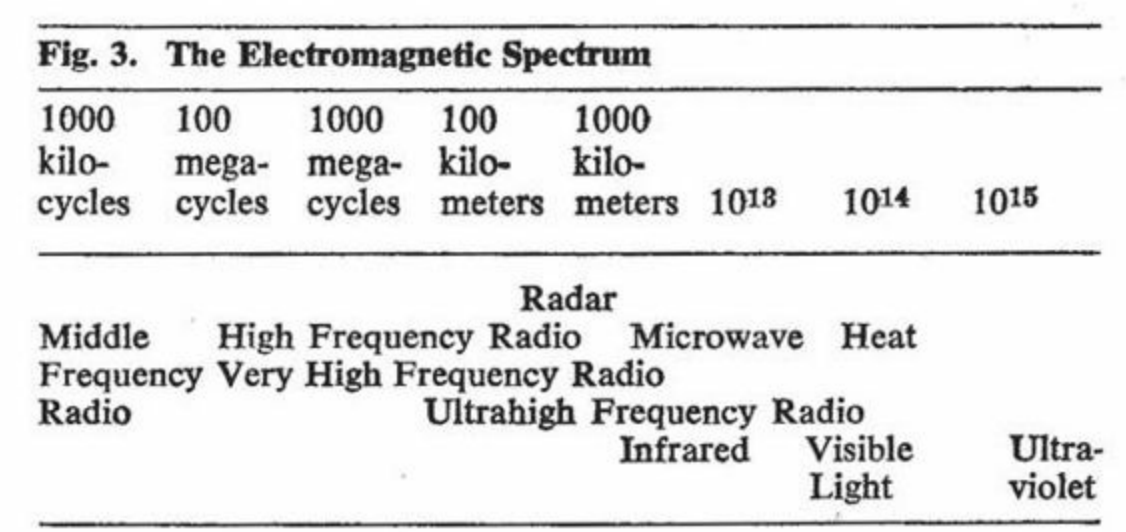
produce visible light. Marconi called his microwaves “quasi-optical” for that reason.

Infrared rays are generated by heat and vice versa. Microwave ovens are operating on the fringe line between infrared and the lower frequencies. (Figure 3)

Visible light follows infrared. Dr. Meade Layne and other early UFO investigators observed that the objects often appeared magically as a reddish puddle in the sky, then progressively changed to the other colors of the spectrum until they became a sickening purple and melted into the invisible ultraviolet. The terms “mat” and demat” for materialization and dematerialization were introduced. Often the object is visible for only a few seconds, causing astonished witnesses to blink and gasp, “What in hell was that?”

“Forbidden” books on black magic, witchcraft, and ancient religious beliefs all describe this basic materialization process, including solemn warnings to avert the eyes when you materialize an angel or demon through some secret rite lest you suffer from conjunctivitis and the other painful maladies produced by the rays of the EM spectrum. All mythology tells how one should not gaze upon the countenance of a materialized god. Although they lacked proper terminology for these effects and were obliged to speak in terms of “rays” and “vibrations,” secret cults throughout the ages knew that entities moved into our reality through a process of altering frequencies.

Fig. 3. The Electromagnetic Spectrum



In Babylonia, and probably in much earlier cultures, learned men were also aware of the fact that the earth is constantly being bathed in "rays" from outer space and that somehow these rays influence the human condition. They attempted to define this mathematically through the science of astrology. They knew these mysterious rays definitely affected biological organisms, that the rays fluctuated in intensity at different times of the year, and they assumed these rays influenced different people in different ways. By observing the movements of the stars over periods of hundreds of years, they concluded the rays were controlled by such movements. Eventually they went even further, presuming that the positions of the stars at the time of birth had some direct effect on the personalities and lives of individual humans. A large part of that early astrological knowledge is now lost. Modern astrology is based on the fragmented residue of that knowledge.

The movements of the stars and planets are, of course, largely illusory. The earth is moving instead, and what we see from this pitiful drifting speck of cosmic flotsam is not a valid view of the cosmos. The movement of the planets and stars really doesn't mean a damned thing. What is important is the movement of the

earth and its position in orbit at different points in time. We are moving continuously through vast fields of energy in space. Some of these fields undoubtedly have a great biological effect. It doesn't matter at all that Venus is in conjunction with Jupiter. What does matter, apparently, is that the planet earth is traveling through a field of energy of a certain intensity at a certain time.

If you were born in 1940, you were bathed in "rays" quite different from those that might have affected people born in, say, 1910. Modern astrology is merely a corrupted method for translating these influences into humanly acceptable terms. It actually works, but I'm sure it worked much better thousands of years ago because the ancient astrologers somehow knew much more about all this than we do. However, we are relearning now and at a very fast rate.

Modern science really did not receive a much-needed kick in the pants until men like Hertz and Marconi stumbled onto the electromagnetic spectrum. A staggering part of our modern technology—almost all of it—is based upon our manipulation of the spectrum, just as ancient astrology, magic, witchcraft, and religion were based in large part on the sure knowledge of "vibrations" and "rays." The ancients were also aware of the atom, and magical training supposedly enabled earlier sorcerers to manipulate atomic energy, causing objects to materialize or dematerialize at will.

Today, scores of scientists working in widely separated unrelated disciplines are crossing the threshold into the world of ancient science. We call it progress, but Merlin will have the last laugh. Science is inching into magic, and the science of the twenty-first century will probably be nothing more than a revival of alchemy. In the Bible and many other ancient religious works, we are told how the old priests and magicians consulted mysterious metal plates and crystals, communicating with unseen entities

through a form of radio. Today our radio astronomers are scanning, the heavens for similar communications, while other scientists are huddled over complicated tape recorders and VLF receivers in their labs, trying to interpret the phantom voices and signals. Radio itself has progressed from massive pieces of ugly furniture to tiny boxes sorting out the EM frequencies with fragments of crystal called transistors.

The study of things like biofeedback, alpha waves (brain waves), and biorhythms have catapulted us backward into realms of knowledge known and practiced by yogis and mystics for thousands of years. We are simply putting respectable scientific labels on old cultist pursuits. Before the end of this century some laconic college professor will probably receive the Nobel Prize for rediscovering principles of science that literally controlled all ancient cultures.

Beyond the ultraviolet waves of the spectrum—those actinic rays that produce erythema, plain old sunburn, and sear your eyeballs—we enter a more mystical realm. First there are X-rays, very short waves discovered by Roentgen in 1895, which penetrate solid matter and, of course, have important medical applications. But they are also very dangerous. As the waves of the spectrum grow shorter, we have gamma rays. When an atomic bomb goes off, the gamma rays do the real damage.

Cosmic rays, the highest measurable waves on the scale, pour over this planet from space. They would kill us all very quickly if they were not filtered out by the Van Allen Belt, a belt of radiation encircling the earth, and by the atmosphere. It is possible that there are occasional leaks in our natural protection, enabling brief beams of this super energy to reach the surface of the planet and strike poor innocents. In 1968, Professor Fritz Zwicky of the California Institute of Technology said he believed several people are killed every year by such leaks in our cosmic envelope.

The final part of the spectrum resembles figure 4.

Fig. 4 The Electromagnetic Spectrum

10^{15}	10^{16}	10^{17}	10^{18}	10^{19}	10^{20}	10^{21}
Ultraviolet		X-Rays	Gamma Rays		Cosmic Rays	

The sun is pouring forth energy all along the spectrum, from the warming infrared rays to gamma and cosmic rays. We still don't understand too much about the sun, but we do know that sunspots, or storms on the sun, raise havoc with our communications on all levels, meaning that energies in the VLF and higher radio ranges are also being generated. The earth is sometimes host to mysterious magnetic storms which foul up radio reception, even telephones, and can even produce widespread power failures. The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, seems to be a type of magnetic storm, and this phenomenon is closely allied with sunspot activity.

Studies conducted during the International Geophysical Year (1957-58) indicated that solar activity spits great streams of electrons through space. These electrons seep through the earth's magnetosphere and Van Allen Belt and naturally cluster at the north and south poles, as iron filings group about a magnet. When they enter the atmosphere they ionize or electrify atmospheric particles, causing them to glow. The result is the Aurora Borealis. Some of these highly charged solar particles seep through in other places, forming glowing masses in the sky which can be mistaken for flying saucers. Some scientists have tried to assert that these charged masses, called plasmoids, were the explanation for all UFO sightings. But the U.S. Air Force looked into the concept in 1948 and rejected it. In 1967 scientists at the University of

Colorado again examined the theory and concluded that these electrical plasma manifestations were not a workable solution to the overall mystery.

These magnetic storms are predictable and have been accurately predicted, not by astronomers peering at the sun through telescopes, but by astrologers! Lt. Comdr. David Williams (Ret.) was not only a chief engineer for New York's electrical utility, Consolidated Edison, he was also an astrologer. After studying power failures of the 1950s, he became convinced they were both predictable and avoidable. He calculated, in advance, the New York power failure of August 17, 1959, and noted chat when the lights went out on that date, there was also inexplicable interference with shortwave radio transmission in the affected area. This was proof of a broader phenomenon. On his advice, Con Edison tore up the streets of New York (no one really noticed) and placed special shielding over its 8,460-mile network of underground cables. The number of power failures dropped noticeably.

Unfortunately, the other power companies in the huge northeastern power grid did not follow suit. In November 1965, unshielded cables and relays in the northern part of New York State got caught in a geomagnetic burp, and the lights went our again. Telephones (which operate on their own 45-volt supplies) and battery-powered AM radios worked during the long darkness, but shortwave operators again faced perplexing problems.

Flying-saucer cultists were convinced that the gentle folk from outer space pulled the switch on New York that night. A private pilot near Clay, New York, reported seeing a flash of light around the power substation there just before the power failed. Was the flash actually a mean Venusian reaching down to pull the fuses? A great many people believe so.

On June 4, 1967, the six-day war between Israel and the Arabs

began. Within hours after the first shots were exchanged, there was a four-state power failure in the northeastern U.S. New York was not affected but Pennsylvania was. There had been intensive UFO activity that year, much of it concentrated around Harrisburg, one of the places caught in the blackout.

Weeks earlier I had been booked on Don McKinney's radio talk show in Philadelphia for June 5. Power was resumed there shortly before I arrived at the studio with James Moseley and Timothy Green Beckley, two well-known New York ufologists. Just before the "On the Air" sign flashed on, Don McKinney turned to us and soberly advised us that we were not to mention the power failure in any manner. This ban puzzled us, and McKinney never explained his reasons.

6

Seventy thousand people, many of them crippled and ill, stood in a pouring rain in a field outside Fatima, Portugal, in 1917 when a dazzling luminous disk descended through the clouds and maneuvered overhead. Some thought the sun was falling. All felt a wave of heat so intense that it dried their drenched clothes instantly. Infirm people scattered through the crowd gasped, their pain suddenly relieved by electrical waves surging through their bodies.

This was the miracle of Fatima.

There have been a number of miraculous healings associated with the UFO phenomenon in more recent years. Usually those who were healed were suffering from nervous disorders, arthritis, and other ailments which respond to infrared and ultraviolet radiation, and treatment by VLF and microwaves. We are just beginning to understand the incredible healing powers of the EM spectrum. For example, we know now that VLF waves facilitate the rapid healing of wounds and even speed up the mending of broken bones. We know that higher frequencies can affect the nervous system in ways that are both good and bad. Radiations from UFOs and seemingly controlled beams of energy from some cosmic source can—and often do—have very beneficial effects.

On the other hand, EM waves will not only fry grass roots, they also have bad effects on the brain and blood. Soviet scientists Z. V. Gordon, T. Y. Sazonova, and V. Plekhanov exposed rabbits

and mice to VLF and microwaves in a long series of controlled experiments. They found that VLF radiation in the 0.5 kHz to 30 MHz range can give you headaches, insomnia, irritability, and fatigue—all commonly reported symptoms among UFO percipients. Radar waves can be extremely dangerous if you are exposed to them constantly. You can actually hear a humming in your bead, and if you stand in the beam long enough your brain will be fried just like those grass roots.

These radio waves can increase the gamma globulin and leukocyte count in your blood, cause deviations in your brain nerves, and even enlarge your thyroid gland.

Humming and buzzing sounds frequently accompany UFO manifestations (they were also heard at Fatima) and are probably a physiological reaction to the radiations from the objects. There are many places around the globe where these sounds are heard almost continuously—parts of Yellowstone Park and the Pascagoula River in Mississippi (known locally as "the singing river" because of the persistent buzzing sounds).

In the past few years the omniscient telephone company has erected towers all across the country that fire narrow microwave beams from one hilltop to another as a substitute for old-fashioned wire and telephone poles. If you live in any large city, you are being constantly bathed in EM radiations, radio and television waves, and all kinds of VLF waves from power sources. These radiations cover the whole spectrum and often interfere with each other, producing what engineers term "electromagnetic incompatibility/" A bank turns on its computers and all the fuses at the local airport blow out because the computer is accidentally operating on the same frequency as the airport equipment. A friend of mine had a sound movie projector that was constantly picking up music from a local radio station. In some places, an ordinary tape recorder can astound its user by recording local police

broadcasts.

A few years ago, Phoenix, Arizona, was in an uproar over a strange epidemic of illnesses which were all caused by EM incompatibility. Radio waves there were making people sick. And each year there are several episodes of "mass hysteria" in which scores of people in a school or other public place are suddenly stricken with nausea, dizziness, and itching rashes. These are all symptoms of EM radiation. This is a growing problem in our society and one that has been almost completely ignored by the environmentalists. However, the U.S. Bureau of Radiological Health has quietly been studying the problem, and some engineers are making a career of it. They have found plenty to worry about.

Since 1945, the major powers have detonated over nine hundred atomic bombs, mostly in the atmosphere. One of the byproducts of an atomic explosion is "electromagnetic pulse," a man-made magnetic storm that can spread out for miles, fouling up communications, creating power failures, blowing fuses, and even stalling automobiles. Some of our power problems in the 1960s (and there were many beside the Big Blackout) can be attributed to Soviet and Chinese atomic tests.

Some modern witch doctors worried that the atomic tests might also be tearing holes in our envelope of protection, enabling the deadly radiations of the sun and stars to leak through. Periodically, whole herds of sheep and cows in the West have simply dropped dead for no discernible reason. And, of course, dazzling nocturnal lights have appeared everywhere in the last decade.

Our protective envelope must look like a sieve at this point. If there really is anything out there trying to get in, we have made the task of entry much easier.

EM pollution is nothing new, however. It is evident that key manifestations of the supernatural in biblical times were electromagnetic. Men were drawing upon the powers of the EM

spectrum without actually knowing how they were doing it. To help things along, entities materialized before them and gave them instructions for building devices which facilitated reception of VLF waves, The ancient priests talked to metal plates and chunks of crystal connected with strands of gold. Thousands of cults and religious groups centered their rites around great bonfires because, incredibly, the voices of their gods would boom from the flames and address huge congregations. This is not as silly or as impossible as it might sound. Since the 1920s radio experimenters have known that fire makes a perfect loudspeaker. You can prove this yourself in your own kitchen. Hook up the output leads of an ordinary hi-fi to a gas burner, and the gas flame will reproduce the VLF waves from your set with excellent fidelity. The bigger the flame, the louder the sound. A blazing bonfire could be made to react to VLF waves by the same principle.

There were other ancient applications. In the Book of Numbers, chapter 21, verse 9, we are told that Moses was instructed to build a metal serpent and set it upon a high pole.

> And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

How could a metal serpent cure a poisonous snakebite? The deadliest snakes in the Middle East were, and are, members of the cobra family. Their poison is a neurotoxin, meaning it does not travel through the bloodstream like, say, a rattlesnake bite, but travels along the nerves instead. A tourniquet is useless. In fact, once the poison begins to spread into the nervous system, almost everything is useless.

Modern experiments with radio waves have shown that waves from certain parts of the spectrum do affect the human nervous system. It is possible that a wave on a specific frequency could stem the action of a neurotoxin and cure a cobra bite! It is also

very possible that Moses could have built a coil of brass which, when mounted high enough on a pole, would be tuned to a specific frequency and would act as a collector of radio waves and reradiate those waves around the base of the pole.

Brinsley Trench, Paul Misraki, and other pre-von Däniken authors have made quite a bit out of Moses's famous "ark." Moses was instructed to build a box-like structure and cover it with gold. The Bible devotes a great many pages to this project and describes the ark in infinite, though somewhat tedious, detail. A gold "mercy seat" was built and put atop this object along with a pair of cherubim with outspread wings. Building this artifact was a huge undertaking, and all Moses's followers were required to contribute their gold and silver trinkets for raw material. To inspire the people, and perhaps to convince them that Moses was not just a crazy old man who sat alone on the mountaintops carving stone tablets, a little demonstration was staged.

> And it came to pass, as Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended, and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses.
> And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door and all the people rose up and worshipped, every man in his tent door.
> And the Lord spake unto Moses lace to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend…
> (Exod. 33:9-11)

The people set to work with enthusiasm, and the ark was built. Electrical engineers who have studied the biblical descriptions claim it was really a massive condenser capable of collecting and discharging enormous quantities of electricity. Since it was hollow and resonant, it is also possible that the wings of the cherubim acted as antennae and that the whole thing was really just a huge VLF loudspeaker. As soon as the ark was completed, a luminous cloud settled over the tent in which it was placed. The Israelites hauled it along laboriously as they traveled across the desert, and they talked to it and supposedly received replies and advice from it. Since Moses was already accomplished at talking with burning

bushes and “cloudy pillars,” it probably didn’t seem too unusual to carry on conversations with a gold box.

Von Däniken and company assert that the Children of Israel were really conversing with people from outer space. The concept has undeniable charm, but it is an oversimplified solution. For that matter, the religious belief that Moses was talking to the Lord is also an oversimplification. The radiations vibrating the gold-covered walls of the ark did not necessarily have to come from some technological transmitter.[6] Modern science is rapidly becoming convinced that intelligent radiations surround us, but they are not being broadcast by some intergalactic Marconi. They may be a permanent condition of our planet itself.

One of the first messages from the ark, according to the Bible, was a long, involved discourse on symptoms of leprosy and how to treat those afflicted with the disease—a disease which is similar in some respects to radiation illness. Apparently a lot of Israelites were afflicted.

The priests were given careful instructions on how to handle the ark safely. It was housed in a tabernacle that was grounded, and the priests were dressed in special costumes to protect them. A couple of fellows named Nadab and Abihu got careless and were electrocuted by the golden box (Lev. 10:1-2).

Holding chats with a box was not as nutty as it sounds. In those days—the age of magic—priests were talking with statues, jeweled crowns, and a wide assortment of objects. Many generations of Greeks trooped to Delphi to receive predictions and advice from the mysterious oracle. Were all these people balmy? Or did some mysterious force set up direct lines of communication with mankind to guide us through a difficult period?

7

Vladimir Gavreau of Marseille, France, holds the patents for a genuine death ray. He has built a working model with a range of five miles. It is capable of killing every living thing, including leaves on trees, without creating an unseemly mess like an atom bomb or ugly bleeding holes like bullets. It is not a laser, which is just a highly concentrated beam of light that can cut through steel, or a maser, a beam of microwaves. It kills with sound.

Sound waves produce a variety of interesting effects on biological organisms, some of them similar to the effects of radio waves. A sound wave at just the right pitch can fill you with absolute terror even though you can't hear it. Ghosts, hairy monsters, and UFOs can apparently be accompanied by this kind of sound, creating unreasonable fear in humans and even stronger reactions in animals that can hear sounds that are beyond the range of human hearing.

Electromagnetic waves are fluctuations of electrical energy. Sound waves are vibrations of the air itself. These are measured in cycles and decibels (acoustic watts). The average human ear can hear sounds within the range of 16 to 20,000 cycles. Sounds below the range of 16 cycles are inaudible and are said to be infrasonic. Sounds above 20,000 cycles are also inaudible and are called ultrasonic.

M. Gavreau's sound generator works in the infrasonic ranges.

It produces an inaudible sound wave of less than 16 cycles per second that penetrates your very bones, produces horrible agonies throughout your nervous system, and kills you.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are frequently preceded by infrasonic pulses. Dogs and other animals sometimes know of an impending earthquake hours in advance because they can sense these pulses. Humans can react with nausea, disorientation, blurring of vision, and general lassitude.

Musically, heavy bass sounds are in the lower part of the audio spectrum. The higher treble notes, wind and string instruments, occupy the upper part of the spectrum. The ceremonial music of primitive cultures is usually based around drums. Sometimes these drums rest on the ground or are even partly buried. Their vibrations are very low, approaching the infrasonic, and they have an almost hypnotic effect on the celebrants. Another kind of tribal music, hard rock, also relies heavily on bass notes and, of course, has a well-observed effect on the listeners. Music has always been a mode of communication with the gods.

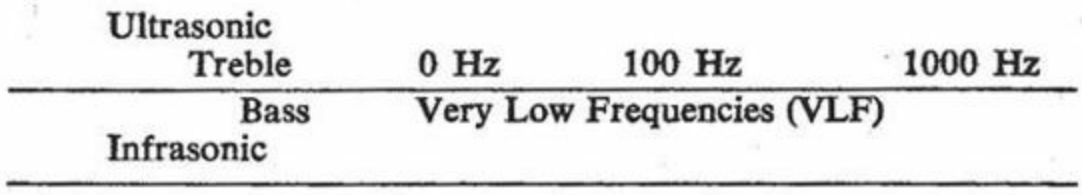
A rough approximation of the sound spectrum appears in figure 5.

Fig. 5. The Audio Spectrum

16 cycles			20,000 cycles
Infrasonic	Bass	Treble	Ultrasonic

Because the audio spectrum plays an important role in paranormal events, we include it vertically in our EM spectrum chart (figure 6).

Fig. 6. The Electromagnetic Spectrum and Audio Spectrum



A loudspeaker consists of a paper cone which is vibrated by a magnet. The earpiece on your telephone receiver contains a metal disk or diaphragm that is also vibrated by a magnet. When the diaphragm vibrates, it moves the air pressing against it. This moving air produces the sound wave, which, in turn, vibrates a drum of skin in your ear (called, strangely enough, the eardrum). Your eardrum translates the vibration into energy and transmits it through your nerves to your brain.

Moses's ark could have been made to vibrate not only in the audible spectrum but in the infrasonic and ultrasonic ranges as well. The Old Testament is literally a biography of the ark, recounting its travels and adventures, and many of the manifestations attributed to it fall into the sphere of electrical and sonic phenomena. In the Book of Joshua, chapter 6, we are told how the ark was used to demolish the wails of Jericho. For seven days the Israelites circled the walled city carrying the golden ark suspended from poles. Seven priests bearing trumpets made of rams' horns preceded it, periodically blowing the instruments in unison. The phenomenon has always indulged in misdirection, creating false explanations for its manifestations. Various engineers have speculated that the blasts from the rams' horns and the shouts of the attackers caused the walls of Jericho to come tumbling down. If so, those walls must have been very flimsy. It is more likely that each time the priests sounded their horns, the hollow ark

reverberated and sent out an inaudible infrasonic pulse which weakened the wails. The walls were subjected to this treatment for six days. By the seventh day, they may have been so fractured that a stiff wind would have blown them down.

On the final day, the priests gave a long blast on their horns while all of the attackers shouted at the top of their lungs…and "the wall fell down flat." The then-unknown science of sonics destroyed Jericho.

A woman in Gaffney, South Carolina, was plagued by eerie hums and strange mechanical sounds in the mid-1960s. She complained to the local police that someone was digging tunnels under her house, but a thorough investigation yielded nothing.

Another woman living in Bellmore, New York, protested that her home was haunted with buzzing and humming sounds that caused her to break out in a rash. The sounds were sometimes accompanied by the odor of a nauseous gas. Investigators heard the sounds but could not account for them.

In Antarctica, the tiny group of scientists living there reported hearing the sounds of heavy machinery far out on the snowy plains. During my own investigations into the mountains of northern New Jersey, I wandered uncomfortably through old caves half-filled with water after local residents had told me of hearing the sounds of pulsing machines. Further north, people living in the Catskill Mountains told Dr. Berthold Schwarz of hearing sourceless mechanical sounds at the height of the 1966 UFO wave. We have, in fact, hundreds of reports from all over the world describing mysterious engine noises, buzzes, hums, hisses, and musical bell-like sounds coming from unseen sources. A sound like the dirge of a giant pipe organ has been heard infrequently in Yellowstone Park for a hundred years. Lakes from New York's Finger Lake region to Africa are occasionally haunted by thunderous explosions like cannon shots.

To the UFO cultists these sounds are supposed to be coming from the marvelous space ships of mysterious extraterrestrial travelers. Another group (and it is a large group) sees these things as evidence of the existence of "Deros"—detrimental robots—who live in the bowels of the earth and are up to no good.

The Aurora Borealis is sometimes accompanied by buzzing and crackling sounds, probably electrical in origin, like the buzzing created by radar waves. And some of these sounds are undoubtedly produced by pockets of high-frequency waves, which not only set up vibrations but also charge the air with ozone and nitrogen dioxide, an acrid gas that could produce such effects as those observed at Bellmore.

In May 1973, there was a rash of UFO sightings around the country. Several people around Woodstock, New York, where my mountain hideaway is located, reported seeing luminous green cones hovering in the night skies. Every night at 6 p.m. my television set would hiss and crackle, and the New York station I was watching would dissolve into another image. The call letters of two stations in Miami, Florida, over one thousand miles away, flashed on my screen. When I stepped outside at night, I noted a brilliant display of colored rays in the north. It was obvious that some very peculiar magnetic phenomena were abroad that month causing "skip" signals from Florida and the appearance of luminous objects in the skies.

The earth's magnetic field is probably the culprit in many cases of seemingly inexplicable phenomena. Our planet is pockmarked with magnetic anomalies and aberrations. In many places, a compass will not point north at all. The needle will even swing in a continuous circle. Sea charts carefully mark those places where compasses are unreliable. In the 1950s specially equipped planes of the U.S. Geological Survey made geomagnetic maps of a large part of the country, pinpointing all the anomalies and aberrations.

Interestingly, many of the most spectacular UFO events of the past decade have centered around these anomalies.

Ancient priests and builders must have known about the earth's magnetism and its strange fluctuations. They located their temples, mounds, and pyramids in the dead center of magnetic anomalies. And they laid out long, arrow-straight tracks or "leys" between these magnetic points.

Until Marco Polo's adventurous journey, China was isolated from the Western world; there was no communication between ancient China and ancient Britain. Yet both of these countries maintained identical legends of the great dragons. Both charted the appearances of fiery aerial objects, and both laid out leys marking the paths of those objects. In China they were known as dragon paths and were a part of the complex yin-and-yang concept. The Chinese believed that magnetic currents or fields of force pursued specific lines. If your house straddled one of these lines, you were considered very fortunate. Rich and powerful people made it a point to be buried on such a line.

Back in the 1950s France's leading ufologist, Aimé Michel, discovered that UFOs followed specific routes over France. Others, such as the late Dr. O. T. Fontes of Brazil, extended this discovery and tried to calculate a worldwide UFO route. I tried to formulate the UFO routes with the abundant 1966 data, but I found that most UFO sightings could only be traced for about 200 miles. The sightings seemed to fall into a circular pattern radiating outward from a magnetic anomaly. It was possible to check the passage of a single object from point to point within the 200-mile boundary, but it simply vanished when it reached that limit. I termed these circles "windows." In the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, these windows were often centered around an "Indian" mound or ancient archaeological site. Perhaps the early mound builders had made observations similar to those of the Chinese and

built their monuments along the UFO flight paths. Knowledge of the earth's magnetic fields of force may have been universal in ancient times and considered so important to the human condition that men spent years of their lives in hard labor charting those fields and erecting huge monuments along them.

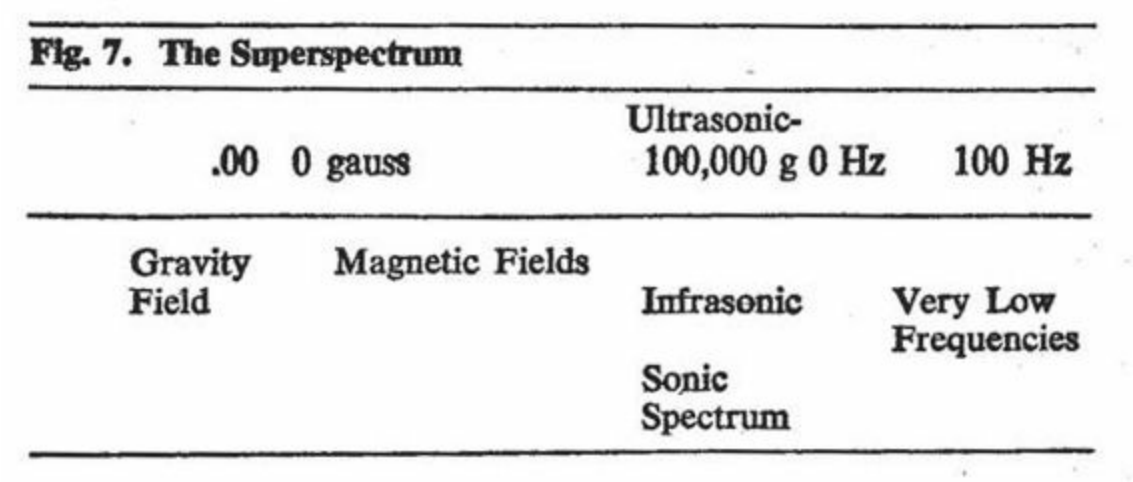
Two British authors, John Michell[7] and F. W. Holiday,[8] have systematically examined the ley systems of Great Britain and researched all the historical data. Holiday discovered that many of England's great churches and monuments (such as Stonehenge) were carefully aligned to some magnetic system and linked with the leys. Since it was a common practice (and still is) to erect new churches on the sites of ancient temples, we have managed to preserve the ancient systems even when we didn't know such systems existed!

Magnetism is measured in units called gauss, named after Karl Gauss, a German astronomer. The earth's natural magnetism and its many effects are important to our understanding of the overall phenomenon. Magnetic gauss appear below the Hertzian waves on our electromagnetic spectrum. An intense magnetic field has, of course, characteristics similar to a VLF wave. At this point we will start constructing what is known as the superspectrum. This is a hypothetical spectrum of energies that are known to exist but that cannot be accurately measured with present-day instruments. It is a shadowy world of energies that produce well-observed effects, particularly on biological organisms (namely people). This superspectrum is the source of all paranormal manifestations from extrasensory perception (ESP) to flying saucers, little green men and tall, hairy monsters. It is hard to pin down scientifically because it is extradimensional, meaning that it exists outside our own space-time continuum yet influences every thing within our reality.

On the edge of this superspectrum we have the force called

gravity. Gravity is a most peculiar business. We know it exists. We know that when astronauts leave this planet, they also leave the field of gravity. But we cannot define gravity precisely. We cannot measure it. It has been described as the intergalactic glue holding the universe together. In school you were taught that it is the attraction of one mass to another. That attraction is not magnetic. We don't know what it is.

Fig. 7. The Superspectrum



In the late 1950s and early 1960s the U.S. Air Force, NASA, and numerous scientific foundations poured a lot of money down the gravity rathole in an effort to find an antigravity device. Had they succeeded, our entire space program would have been very different. Unfortunately, gravity defied analysis. We couldn't build a machine capable of cancelling the force, because we couldn't find out what kind of force we were trying to cancel. Our failure was mainly attributable to our stubborn technological urge. Gravity can't be cancelled with a coil of wire or a pulsing motor, because it lies outside our electromagnetic spectrum. It can, however, be neutralized biologically, by the power of the mind. People have been doing it for thousands of years. While trekking through the Himalayas in the 1950s, I witnessed a lama performing an act of

levitation. Such feats have been photographed, and Nicholas Roerich, the great archaeologist and humanitarian, painted a lama floating on the surface of a Himalayan lake in the lotus position. Famous monks, nuns, and priests have experienced levitation, sometimes floating through the air in front of crowds of dignitaries. In countless thousands of séances, objects, heavy tables, and people have lifted off the floor and floated around she room. Daniel Douglas Home, one of the most famous mediums of the nineteenth century, managed to levitate frequently in full view of skeptical scientists and newsmen. And it is not uncommon for victims of demonic possession to be tied to their beds by doctors and priests because of their uncanny tendency to float to the ceiling.

Levitation—defying gravity without mechanical aid—is an accomplished fact and an important part of the religious and psychic lore. Yet some of the engineers and scientists sucked into the UFO controversy cling to the belief that flying saucers operate on some technological antigravity principle. But the truth seems to be that gravity is a condition of our environment or reality, and the so-called law of gravity may not exist in the extradimensional realm we are exploring here. Since gravity can be nullified by people who merely will themselves aloft, there must be a subtle biological link between this force and ourselves.

The superspectrum is made up of biological energies with gravity at the bottom of the scale (figure 7). Beyond gravity there are other biological forces that produce all psychic and occult manifestations.

Members of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE) have been studying and trying to test these super forces for years. They have found a weird natural phenomenon called “black streams.” These are harmful earth rays that affect chicken farmers by making chicks sickly and raise all kinds of havoc. “We find that

wires, cables or iron drains passing over a black stream will carry the trouble along their length," a British engineer noted in 1969. Other investigators have found that people living in houses built directly over these black streams have an unusually high rate of cancer.

Closely allied with the black-stream phenomenon is the ancient and honorable art of dowsing—finding underground water by walking back and forth across a field with a forked stick. About one person in seven has the ability to do this. In Vietnam, the U.S. Marine Corps used dowsers to locate the enemy's underground tunnels and buried supplies. Dowsing definitely seems dependent on some biological force. The forked stick acts as an antenna and the person holding it is a kind of biological radio receiver. Flowing water somehow generates an energy field that cannot be picked up by a mechanical instrument but can be sensed by a human receiver. Or, conversely, the human is radiating an energy that responds to alien force fields below the ground.

We still don't have an accepted name for these forces, but the dowsing ability is clearly connected with psychic ability and ESP. People who can receive and transmit thoughts to other people (and this is an ability that has been proven in thousands of laboratory tests) often make excellent dowsers. Many famous dowsers also have unique psychic talents. Some don't have to walk in a field. They are so psychic they just hold their stick over a map and it dips down at the spot where water can be found.

Fig. 8. The Superspectrum

.00000	.0000	.000	.00	0 gauss
	Dowsing Field	Black Streams	Gravity Field	Magnetic Field
Extrasensory Perception (ESP)				

In 1939, Dr. I. I. Rabi of Columbia University observed: "Atoms can act like little radio transmitters broadcasting on ultrashort waves…Man himself, as well as all kinds of supposedly inert matter, constantly emits rays. The existence of such rays coming from man and all living things, and probably from the inanimate, has been suspected by a few scientists for many years."

We no longer merely "suspect." We know.

8

In my early teens I found that I could sometimes sense what other people were thinking, and I assumed that everybody had this ability. Eventually, of course, I learned that only a small percentage of the population have minds tuned to the superspectrum. Soon after I returned to the U.S. from my global wanderings in 1957, I received a phone call from an articulate, middle-aged man who said he was a scientist working on a government ESP project in Pensacola, Florida, He wanted me to travel to Pensacola at my own expense and submit to a series of tests. I didn't go, and I have never heard a thing about the supposed project. Later, however, I did volunteer for a long series of tests at a parapsychology laboratory in New York headed by Dr. Karlis Osis, one of the superstars in physical research.

My ESP powers are very unreliable. Like "The Girl with Something Extra" in the TV series, I find I can read some people all of the time, some part of the time, and some none of the time. I have had friends who were operating on my same wavelength to such a degree that conversation was almost unnecessary. Raw ESP does not deal with the transfer of words or whole thoughts, but with the feelings that lie behind the thoughts. I do not sense actual phrases, such as "What an ugly necktie he's wearing!" Rather I sense the hostility behind the thought and somehow discern, accurately, that it is directed at my necktie.

Now and then I encounter someone whose mind is actually vulnerable to my own. I cannot only sense what they are thinking, I can project my own thoughts into their mind and they accept those thoughts as their own. In short, I can control that person's mind on a modest scale. There are people who have this power to a very developed degree. They can control others, even from a great distance. It is probable that some world leaders, especially the evil ones like Hitler, possessed and exercised this ability. One famous psychic claimed he could hand a railroad conductor a blank sheet of paper and the man would punch it, thinking it was a ticket.

Intercepting the thoughts and feelings of others is a meager accomplishment compared with the next item on the scale—precognition. The ability to see the future. People with this ability are not just tuning into other human minds; their brains are somehow tuned to the superspectrum itself, and they are tapping the information stored in it. The future already exists in the superspectrum.

The easiest analogy to this phenomenon is to compare the superspectrum with a boy with a microscope. When he peers at a drop of water on a slide, he is, in a sense, looking into another world quite separate from his own reality. In 30 seconds of his time, he can watch the entire life cycle of a microbe—its birth, its multiplying, and its death. Because of its very small size, if the microbe had a sense of time, those 30 seconds would seem like 30 of our years. Time, as Einstein observed, is not a real measurement but is relative. The microbe swimming about in his drop of water knows nothing about the universe outside his immediate environment, and the boy exists in a whole different dimension.

Our young scientist can see an obstacle in the path of the microbe long before the latter is aware of it. Thus, the boy is able to predict the future of the microbe to a degree. By inserting the

point of a needle into the water, the boy can manipulate the microbe. If it could see, the microbe would regard the needle as an inexplicable object that mysteriously appears and disappears. It would have no frame of reference for such an object, so it would have to speculate and theorize and invent an explanation. If you told the microbe the truth—that another whole world existed in a much larger dimension and that the phantom object was just a needle wielded by a child—the microbe would laugh in your face. Everyone knows, it would explain patiently, that the whole universe is liquid.

The plastic masses of energy that form the nucleus of the UFO phenomenon exist outside our time in the same way, and, like the boy's needle, only pass through our dimension occasionally. Being detached from our reality, they are unaffected by the natural laws that rule us. Earth's gravity, for example, exerts no real influence on these masses. They don't defy gravity mechanically. They just ignore it in the same way that the point of the boy's needle ignores the minuscule currents in the microbe's drop of water. Flying saucers don't fly. They merely float as "ghosts" float.

In hundreds of UFO reports, we find that the entities asked questions about time: "What is your time cycle?" "What time is it?" "Where are we in time?" In a way, they are as confused as the microbe would be if you tried to explain the boy's time frame to it. They have entered our reality from a very different time field. The boy could watch several generations of microbes in a single afternoon. Perhaps the UFO energies can also span many human generations and move as easily from our past to our future as the boy's needle. They are extradimensional, not extraterrestrial.

The energy field of the superspectrum shares the space of our solar system, defying another one of our physical laws: Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Because the energy of the superspectrum is markedly different from the energy

of the electromagnetic spectrum, the two can occupy a single space.

Our world is the drop of water. Another world of intelligent energy is intermingled with ours and is very aware of us while we are only vaguely aware of it. It not only has a clear view of future events in our dimension; it can manipulate past and present events to prepare the way for the more important future events. In other words, the future can control the present, just as thousands of people have received mysterious mental warnings not to take a certain plane or ship. Suppose, for example, that the grandfather of the inventor of the transistor had been booked on the Titanic. If he had sailed on the doomed ship, the inventor would not have been conceived. The grandfather would never know why a phantom voice warned him not to sail. It was not to save his skin, but it was to protect an event that was still far in the future—the development of a device that would change a large part of our technology.

The extradimensional world is not a place where trees grow and politicians steal. It is a state of energy. All kinds of information about our trivial reality are stored in the energy field through a system of particles or units of energy in a negative or positive state, just as our brains store information by opening and closing billions of nerve switches called synapses. The field is like a massive radio wave, and certain human brains have the ability to tune into it. Some of these brains are adjusted to the frequency of the bank of future data. So they receive glimpses of the future in sudden thoughts, visions (images in the conscious mind), dreams (images in the unconscious mind), or a combination of all three. Since the superspectrum is outside our time frame, its system for measuring time is different from ours, and few humans with precognition are able to unscramble the time cycle of the future events. Even our best prophets have difficulty pinpointing the exact dates and times of future events.

Some human receivers not only pick up information from this field, their minds are so sensitive that the data is translated into words in their native language and piped along their auditory nerves to their brains so they seem to hear a voice relating the information. This is called clairaudience.

Like any conventional radio receiver, the brains of sensitives are subject to much static. The rubbish from the lower ESP band constantly filters through to becloud the information being received by precognition and clairaudience.

While foretelling the future is a rare gift, millions of earthlings have some ESP powers. Their brains are channeled to the superspectrum band, which is largely devoid of any other kind of information. Imagine this as a CB (citizen's band) radio frequency flooded with the charter of children using toy walkie-talkies, taxi-cab dispatchers, and housewives chatting with their neighbors on CB sets. It is a mess, and if you tune into it with a powerful receiver, you will pick up a torrent of nonsense and jabberwocky. The ESP band of the superspectrum is just as cluttered.

Then, too, the capricious human mind throws up a smoke screen of its own. If it has been programmed to accept religious, occult, or scientific beliefs, the mind can inject these beliefs into the messages being received. But the receiver thinks he or she is hearing directly from God, the late Aunt Clara, or Ashtar, the big cheese in the Great Intergalactic Federation. The bodiless voice will even assume the chosen identity. Thousands of years ago men figured out that the "spirits" who came through in the séances were impostors and poseurs. The static from the ESP band creates mischievous, sometimes even evil patterns, because the majority of all human minds are preoccupied with greed, ego, and lust. If the clairvoyant's mind is tuned more to the lower ESP scale than to the higher databank circuit, a large part of the information that comes through will be colored by the thought processes of the billions of

minds groveling in everyday trivia. While all these minds may not be able to read each other, they are all broadcasting on the superspectrum, and that great energy field is blindly recording all that worthless material. A clairvoyant has to be able to tune to desired parts of the superspectrum selectively and not too many are able to do this successfully. So séances and even scientific experiments in parapsychology are cluttered with all kinds of garbage.

Adjoining clairaudience is a purely medical phenomenon—schizophrenia. Schizoid personalities also hear voices. Very often these voices urge them to commit arson and murder. Psychiatric theories for this are numberless, but actually we don't know much about schizophrenia. Some doctors now think it has a medical cause. A few years ago a substance found in the blood of schizophrenics was injected into spiders and they began to spin crazy, misshapen webs. Others have found that some schizophrenics respond to massive doses of vitamins. But the disease is still regarded as incurable.

Like the clairvoyant, the schizophrenic clothes his voices with an identity. He thinks he is talking with a saint, a great personage from the past, or a Martian from outer space. In some cases, the unconscious mind seems to take over the conscious mind, and all of the victim's repressed fears and hostilities surface in overt action. But it is possible that some schizoids are tuning in to the jumble of rubbish that fills the ESP band, and they are sorting out thoughts that represent their own attitudes and beliefs. Clairvoyants do not lose control of their own personalities, but schizoid types do. In many ways, schizophrenia is a kind of mediumship gone awry.

And mediumship is the next point on the superspectrum. A medium is a person who surrenders his or her body to the cosmic energies. A medium lapses into a state of unconsciousness. The

pulse slows. The body temperature goes down. The trance state is close to death. While he's in this appalling condition, another consciousness occupies his body. A voice completely different from the medium's own will emerge from his vocal cords. Sitters can conduct conversations with this intruder. It usually assumes a familiar identity, that of a known deceased person or an Indian "guide." The flying-saucer lore really developed in 1946-47 when a medium named Mark Probert produced the consciousness of a UFO pilot and spelled out the secrets of outer space to Dr. Meade Layne and others. And, of course, nearly all our information about heaven and hell and the vagaries of death have been produced in this fashion.

Séances can turn into hilarious games with multiple entities vying for control of the medium. Good guys and bad guys show up on that other plane, and silly information is laced with astonishingly accurate declarations.

Usually the medium's body remains completely inert throughout the performance, but there have been incidents in which the possessing force took control of the medium's facial muscles, and the sitters felt they were talking directly to some supernatural entity.

Spiritualism enjoyed great popularity toward the end of the 19th century, and materializations became quite common. The entranced medium would suddenly produce a quantity of luminous material called ectoplasm. Or, in many cases, an actual entity in human form would slowly take shape in front of the eyes of the amazed sitters. In recent years séance materializations have become a rarity.

Countless cults and religions have always tended to separate and isolate these phenomena, but, as you can see, each is inexorably linked with the other. All are based upon human perceptive equipment. The degree of sophistication of that

equipment is one important key. A brain tuned to only small part of the superspectrum is just as blind as an eye tuned to only one part of the visible radiations of the electromagnetic spectrum. A brain that ranges untuned over a broader section of the superspectrum is going to pick up nothing but confusion and cosmic trash. A brain that has been programmed to the ideas of a singular belief or frame of reference is going to color and distort anything it receives. A person who is colorblind may think the whole world is gray. And to him it is.

A best-selling book and a hit movie have made millions aware of the age-old phenomenon of demonic possession. Yet possession is nothing more than an overt, involuntary version of mediumship. The victim's body and consciousness are temporarily controlled by an exterior intelligence. If the victim and those who investigate his case and try to heal him believe in the devil, then the controlling force assumes that identity. The same thing happens in ufology with the entity claiming to be a spaceman. I'm embarrassed now when I recall how I stood in darkened fields with contactees who suddenly began talking in a deep baritone, declaring themselves to be from outer space. No matter how devious and complicated the questions I asked, they always had a quick and reasonable answer. They seemed to know everything about everything, just as the demons in religious cases of possession know the most minute details about the lives of their exorcists, or as the spirits speaking through the mouths of trance mediums know where your Uncle George hid his valuable gold watch.

I soon learned that this intelligence was also emotionally unstrung, childlike, even stupid. Battling this force is like battling a reel of tape in a computer. Unless it is following a carefully programmed procedure, it is discombobulated. There are clearcut rules to the games it plays, and you have to abide by those rules. Demonic possession is just a game perfected by countless believers

across the centuries. Spiritualism is another. And, of course, the outer-space game is the latest development and currently the most important.

Fig. 9. The Superspectrum

X^{10}	X^2	XX	.00000
Mediumship (Schizophrenia) Possession	Clairaudience	Precognition	ESP

You are constantly surrounded by energies from the electromagnetic spectrum, as I have already pointed out, and all the radio frequencies are now so overloaded they interfere with each other and sometimes produce breakdowns of electrical mechanisms. In addition to this EM incompatibility, we are also suffering today from psychic pollution. The energies of the superspectrum are overloaded, too. More than three billion human minds are pumping signals into the superspectrum today. The earth is surrounded by an enormous field of human energy. The greater proportion of this energy is negative, the byproduct of thoughts concerned with hate, prejudice, fear, and greed. Just as negative energies in the EM spectrum can produce a feedback and blow out a transformer, the negative energies of the superspectrum can and do generate all kinds of feedback. Theologians and philosophers have recognized this for centuries, and so most religions have placed an emphasis on love, the strongest of human emotions, and the need for thinking pure, positive thoughts. But without scientific understanding of the overall phenomenon, such efforts are doomed to failure.

Love becomes a negative force.

The rise of the "Jesus freaks" and many of the other cults currently extant demonstrate this negative love. The followers of these cults enter a state of possession, surrendering their bodies and their lives to an emotion as ruthless and destructive to the individual as the emotions of hate and anger that swallow up the victims of demonic possession. Both are cosmic systems for robotizing humans.

Witchcraft, black magic, and the even more esoteric secret orders all provide systems for trying to control elements of the superspectrum. The rites and paraphernalia of these groups are just window dressing, a part of the games. The energy of the participants is all that really counts. They try to direct those energies through their rites. The effort intensifies those energies, attracts negative energies from the superspectrum, and usually results in a form of possession and the ultimate destruction of the practitioner.

Each frame of reference provides its own explanations for paranormal manifestations. The religious orders conjure up angels, even great luminous blobs purporting to be God Himself. The magical crafts call up demons and great spirits. The spiritualists summon the shades of the dear departed. While their rites and beliefs may vary greatly, the basic methods are all the same. Persons with psychic ability—tuned minds—probe into the superspectrum and gather its energies to themselves. When fragments of that energy are collected by the human receivers, just as a radio collects the energies of the EM spectrum, the frequencies are changed. The energy is brought down to our reality, our space-time continuum, and in the cases of materializations it is altered from pure energy to atomic matter. The entities so produced have no actual mind of their own. Their mind is partly gained from the human receiver and is partly connected with the energy field of the superspectrum. Some of these transmogrifications attain a degree

of independence once they have been created. But they are mindless and lost. They wander around our dimension as ghosts and goblins, harmless until they find a believer. Then they feed off the mind and emotions of that believer, assuming the identity subconsciously chosen by the believer, and creating manifestations within the context of the belief or frame of reference.

During the Middle Ages millions of people believed in fairies, and there were fairies all over the place. But the fairy manifestations, and the medical effects on the human percipients, were identical to those in the later spiritualistic period and the modern flying-saucer period. While the games change, the basic phenomenon remains the same.

In the end, all paranormal manifestations may seem utterly meaningless. However, all these weird events and games do have a subtle underlying purpose. They very efficiently provide a cover-up camouflaging the presence of the real phenomenon and its purpose. Penetrating that camouflage and correctly interpreting the true nature of the phenomenon could well be the final stage of man's evolution.

9

In 1966 a polygraph expert named Cleve Backster wired a lie detector to some plants and discovered they produced humanlike responses indicating that they were capable of emotion and even seemed to have a memory system. They responded to pain and to the threat of pain. They also seemed to have a kind of psychic connection to the human experimenter. Other scientists have continued these experiments with amazing results. One man found that his plants even reacted when he had sexual intercourse some distance from his lab. It's all reminiscent of an old story by Ray Bradbury in which plants screamed with pain when a farmer approached with his scythe.

Semyon Kirlian, a Soviet electronics engineer, found he could photograph the energy field or "aura" around the human body by piping high-voltage, high-frequency current into the subject. Today Kirlian photography is an important parapsychological tool. Kirlian photographs of the human body have demonstrated that the ancient Chinese medical art of acupuncture (suppressing pain by inserting needles into certain parts of the body) is based upon a precise knowledge of the aura or energy field.

We have been learning some surprising things about these biological energy fields. All living things and some inorganic things (such as flowing water) radiate energy in the superspectrum range. What's more, there is a constant exchange of this energy

between organisms, and the organisms are influenced by energy waves from many sources on many frequencies. A cloud of these energy waves engulfs the earth, and the process of energy exchange is undoubtedly cosmic as well, with the earth broadcasting and receiving energies from all parts of the universe. The flow and pulse of the earth's natural magnetic field influence this cloud of biological energy just as they affect the weather. Paranormal manifestations tend to occur in areas where magnetic deviations occur and during magnetic storms.

Ancient occultists spoke of "gateways." specific geographical areas where paranormal events occurred with regularity, generation after generation. The leys and dragon tracks of yesterday apparently delineated these magnetic fields of force. Modern UFO events follow them, as do certain religious events (the appearances of apparitions). Psychics—people whose brains are tuned to the superspectrum—see remarkable things in these gateways or window areas when all the conditions are just right. In a speech in London in 1969, no less an authority than RAF Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard stated that he had reason to believe that when non-psychic people stood within the range of a psychic's aura, they could also perceive UFOs and entities that would normally be invisible to them.

At the 1970 Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE) International Symposium on Electromagnetic Compatibility in Anaheim, California, Rexford Daniels, president of Interference Consultants, Inc., stared that these energies have many names, such as

> a second force of gravity (Gravitons); Eloptics; Hydronics; dowsing, radionics and radiesthesia—to name a few. Modern electronics is beginning to stumble over them but has no means of tying into them for practical answers…A group in Georgia obtained a patent on instrumentation on both to transmit and receive this energy which they called ELOPTICS from a combination of the words electricity and optics because the energy obeys some, but not all, of the laws of electricity and the laws of optics. It is described as energy which radiates from, or is in some manner given off from, or

forms a force field around, everything in our material world under normal conditions, at ordinary room temperature and without any treatment of any kind.

Some psychics have always been able to see the aura around living things. People under the influence of psychedelic drugs have reported seeing auras. Acupuncture was probably developed originally by gifted aura watchers.

Extrasensory perception is unquestionably the result of human minds tuning into the superspectrum and riding these high-frequency waves. Sir William Crookes was already aware of this when, in 1897, he said: "It seems to me that in these rays we may have a possible mode of transmitting intelligence…Let it be conceived that the brain contains a centre which uses these rays as the vocal cords use sound vibrations and sends them out, with the velocity of light, to impinge on the receiving ganglion of another brain."

While we become enthralled with minor manifestations of this force, such as Uri Geller's bizarre ability to bend keys without touching them, Soviet scientists have been conducting elaborate methodical experiments. They have found, for example, that talented psychics locked into Faraday cages (a screen that blocks out all radio waves) can still receive and transmit ESP messages. Some tests have found that the waves of the superspectrum exceed the speed of light despite Einstein's contention that this would be impossible. Radio waves travel with the speed of light (186,000 miles per second), so there is a slight time lag when they are broadcast over a great distance. But ESP waves seem to travel instantaneously from brain to brain no matter how great the distance involved. This is further proof that the superspectrum is outside our space-time continuum and so not governed by our natural laws. Theoretically a psychic on a planet billions of miles from earth could send a message to us instantly even though it would take a radio wave years to teach us.

If the UFOs are masses of energy from the superspectrum, they could also transfer themselves across the universe instantaneously making trips that would take our primitive rockets hundreds of years.

Since plants and animals can apparently send and receive signals through the superspectrum, it is also probable they can receive signals from a higher source, a source that is able to exert subtle control over the whole organism. The superspectrum is therefore not only controlling us, but it is directing all living things in our environment, producing same order out of what would otherwise be total chaos.

Early man discovered that he could even talk to the superspectrum directly and ask favors of it. When the request was within the range of the superspectrum's manipulative abilities, it was answered in some fashion and prayer was born. Later it was found that prayers were more effective when they were performed collectively by whole groups of people. So religious rites began. Pagan religions tried to control the superspectrum through magical rites and sometimes succeeded, for it has a computer-like intelligence and can be controlled. But as the population increased, the lower frequencies became jammed with static while the upper frequencies became more and more concerned with dealing with growing numbers of minds.

The fabled Akashic Records of the Orient (legendary books said to contain the complete histories of all individuals, past, present, and future) may exist out there somewhere. If we could learn to tune into these cosmic tapes selectively and at will, we could control our awn individual and collective destinies. But until we manage that important step, the superspectrum controls us like radio-operated robots in some mad scientist's laboratory.

10

Dr. John C. Lilly, the scientist who became famous through his experiments in communicating with dolphins, conducted a long series of tests on human subjects with psychedelic substances. He set out to prove that the human mind could be reprogrammed like a computer, but he went beyond the standard methods of brainwashing and psychological warfare. Through the use of drugs, his subjects were guided into experiences that seemed to confirm the test beliefs. In 16 experiments the subjects were led into "leaving the body and parking it" while they went off to explore new universes. In psychic phenomena this is known as astral projection. The consciousness is presumably detached from the body and goes wandering all over the landscape. This phenomenon also occurs in ufology with the percipients travelling to other planets while their bodies stay home. All of our contact cases are a form of astral projection. The percipient stands alone in a field, entranced by a bright light flickering on the same frequency as his or her brain waves. The body becomes "paralyzed," and the subject hallucinates a spaceship and a trip in it. Later he is "returned" to the very same spot, and when he resumes consciousness, he remembers the hallucination with vivid clarity. [9]

In psychic phenomena, some astral projectionists have been

able to describe distant events occurring at the very moment of their trance. It is interesting that many astral projectionists have a psychic guide, usually an Indian or Oriental, who leads them through their adventures in the cosmos, just as UFO contactees are led by a spaceman from another planet.

Some of Dr. Lilly's subjects were led to believe in "the existence of beings in whom humans exist and who directly control humans." Others were guided to "seek those beings whom we control and who exist in us." In other words, Dr. Lilly deliberately contrived some devil theories and reprogrammed his subjects to accept those theories.

"Group acceptance of undemonstrated existence theorems and of seductive beliefs adds no more vitality to the theorems and to the beliefs than one's own phantasizing can add," Dr. Lilly warned. "Anaclitic group behavior is no better than solitudinous phantasies of 'the truth.'" [10]

Flying-saucer enthusiasts point with glee to the various polls that show that half the population, including many scientists, now believe in the existence of UFOs. But the people of other ages also accepted the existence of dragons, vampires, werewolves, and fairy folk on the strength of the very subjective testimony of the witnesses. However, as Lilly states, group acceptance of a belief does not convert it into a reality. Such group acceptances are merely the product of metaprogramming and a mass suspension of disbelief.

If you could view some of your personal occult and spiritual beliefs (and, in many cases, political beliefs as well) with total objectivity, you might suffer the shock of recognition and realize they are based more on conditioning and metaprogramming than on actual fact.

However, thousands of years of careful observation and the experiences of millions of people, repeated endlessly throughout

history, indicate another type of programming—the direct interference of the superspectrum in the lives of humans, a staggering accumulation of unaccountable coincidences, even the subtle direction of whole nations. Major events that seemed completely evil (antihuman) to one generation often prove to be, generations later, beneficial to the general human condition. The affected generation could not understand this or foresee the results, but it sometimes appears that certain events were part of a larger plan. In earlier periods, many important human events were actually staged by leaders following the directions of oracles (trance mediums), astrologers, and black societies who conjured up supernatural entities and obeyed their orders. Man was conditioned from the very beginning to accept the existence of the gods and to obey their orders without question. The god-king system deteriorated in the Christian era, becoming increasingly more political with the advent of the Holy Roman Empire. And a religious-political system controlled most of the world until 1848 when widespread revolutions took place and the Industrial Age really began. That year the long, painful transition from occult rule to human rule got underway. It took us at least five thousand years to reach that point.

God or the God-like force would be at the highest point of the superspectrum; energy vibrating at an incalculable frequency, storing all information in negative and positive charges, and operating with an intelligence so refined and so all-encompassing it defies description. Like a computer, it would be without compassion or emotion as it manipulates all the physical components in the universe from microbes and ants to whole galaxies. It would be capable of changing frequencies at will, descending down the spectrum, manipulating energy masses into the lower EM spectrum, creating matter, even living things, from energy. Hairy monsters, bug-eyed spacemen, loathsome things, and

shining angels would all be its handiwork, its way of reaching down and communicating with us. The entities thus created would have no identity of their own, no past and no future. They would come from outside of time and space, forever repeating the cryptic statement, “We are One.”

In a real sense, we are all one with this infinite energy field. It is not a part of us. We are a trivial part of it. Energies on the lower frequencies would sometimes be responsive to rites and prayers. Man’s own mind, being part of the greater mind, could unconsciously manipulate some of these energies and form a pseudo-reality populated with spirits and demons. As Emanuel Swedenborg and other great thinkers discovered, we can even program these entities ourselves and bestow them with identities. Like Dr. Lilly’s experimental subjects, we create the supernatural world. It is a part of us. The ghosts of our dead are an offshoot of the beliefs of the living. The devil is the byproduct of the evil that is in all of us.

Today even the more conservative religious journals are discussing this energy concept, although it has been around a very long time and is an integral part of Mary Baker Eddy’s Christian Science, Soon we will have a mathematical equation for this force as simple as E=mc2. As our technological society exhausts our resources and limps to a halt, we will revert back to an age of magic. The world of tomorrow will not be a world of wall-to-wall television and a spaceship in every garage. It will be a world of oracles. We may be able to accurately foresee the future and avert terrible disasters. We may be able to levitate ourselves and great blocks of stone so we can build pyramids in our backyards. If we can just develop ESP on a practical level, we can drive the telephone company into bankruptcy.

Perhaps men have gone through all this before. Perhaps 100,000 years ago, or five million years ago, there were intelligent

beings who discovered these energies and used them. Like us, they started with pragmatic sciences and eventually their physicists, like ours, found themselves confronted with the unexpected, the inexplicable. Once they achieved direct, conscious communication with this force, the values of their material world evaporated. Oneness with the cosmos would eliminate the need for money, for productivity, for an organized civilization. The whole population would become like the scattered few ascetics who sit entranced in caves, enjoying Godhead, total ecstatic unity with the superspectrum. Our world would grind slowly to a halt as those elusive fragments of energy we call consciousness deserted our bodies and joined the main mass.

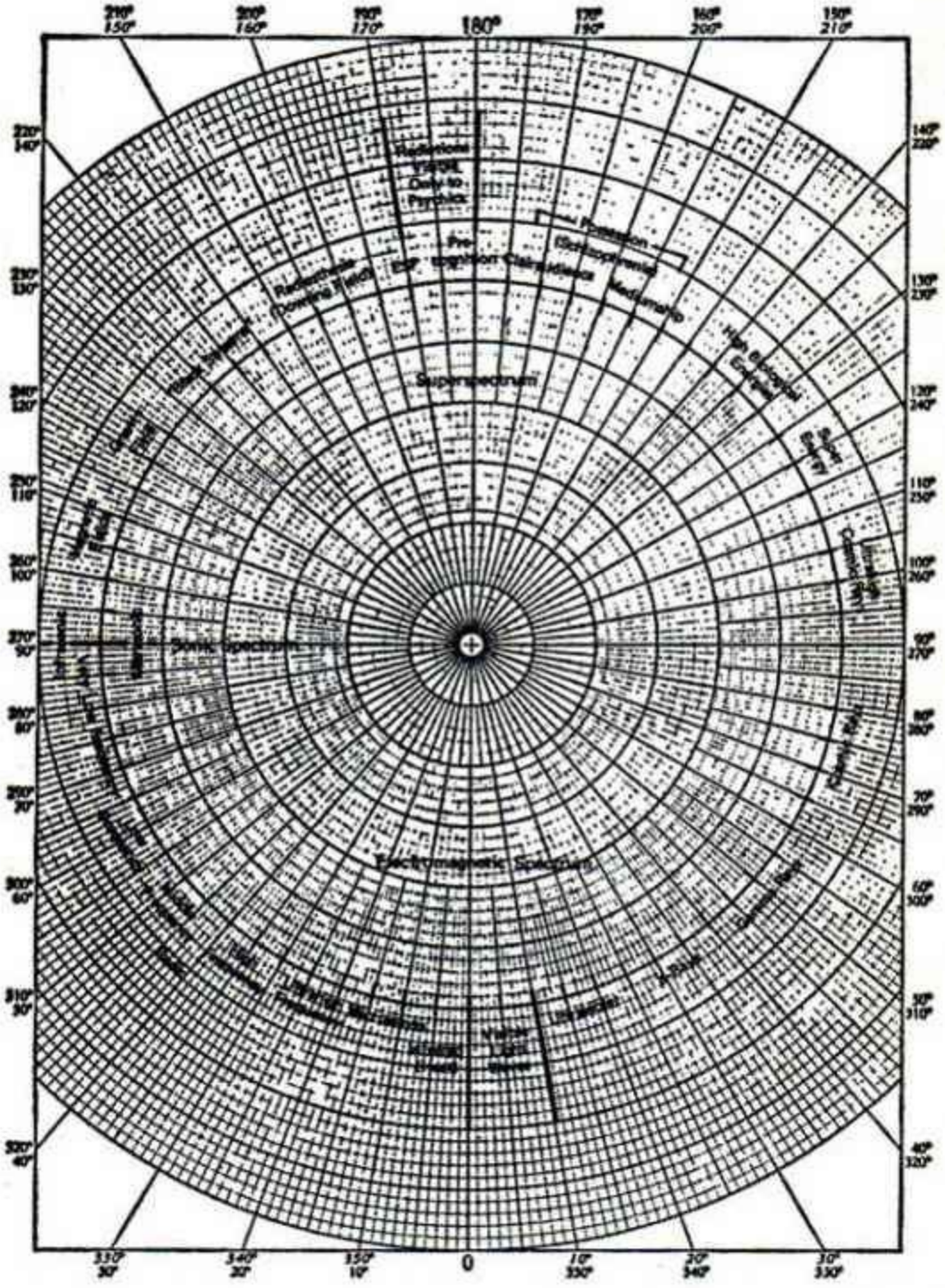
The earth's aura, which is now decidedly black or dirty brown, would turn golden again.

This is the destiny all religions promise us. The Bible states that the end will be near when wonders appear in the skies, old men dream dreams, and young men see visions. The "youthquake" of the 1960s marked the beginning of this phase. Back in the 1950s everyone laughed when the UFO contactees spoke of a "New Age" when an interest in psychic phenomena would be revived and new wonders would unfold. Occultism seemed dead, killed by our materialistic and technological strivings. But the New Age did arrive, and Ouija boards did outsell Monopoly games. Famous astronomers are quietly studying old astrological records. Physicists are pouring over ancient books on alchemy.

The superspectrum is no longer a remote fantasy. It is becoming a scientific reality in a thousand laboratories. What seemed immeasurable and untestable only a few years ago is now being measured and tested.

What will we find at the summit of the superspectrum? When a particle vibrates at the highest possible frequency, a strobe effect sets in. It stands still. The energies at the peak of the spectrum

must therefore change. They change into a form of cosmic rays and this means our whole spectrum is really a huge circle (figure 10). We can return to our starting point—to Marconi stalling automobiles on the Italian seashore, to lonely people standing on hilltops watching unearthly beams of light darting across the night skies, to a sense of wonder and a dark land of sea serpents, dragons, and things bumping in the night.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ESP
Electromagnetic Spectrum
Sonic Spectrum
Visible Light

PART TWO

I now have a theory that, of themselves, men never did evolve from lower animals: but that in early and plastic times, a human being from somewhere else appeared upon this earth, and that many kinds of animals took him for a model, and rudely and grotesquely imitated his appearances, so that, today, though the gorillas of the Congo and of Chicago are only caricatures, some of the rest of us are somewhat passable imitations of human beings.

— Charles Fort

11

Dr. Carl Jung, the psychoanalyst and one of the world's leading parapsychologists, viewed the superspectrum from a slightly different angle. He speculated about a collective unconsciousness —a supermind composed of the unconscious minds of all humanity—having a will and reality all its own. But ancient Chinese philosophers did him one better. They visualized a monstrous spirit inhabiting space and feeding on the souls of earthlings. We were nothing but "moon food" in the cosmic order of things.

The late Ivan T. Sanderson, a zoologist and a very original thinker, went one giant step further. If this collective unconsciousness existed like a magnetic blanket over the entire planet, and if it could manipulate our reality independently, then it would mean that this world is really a living organism with a mind of its own. To assure its own survival it has to feed off us. It has to "jolly us along," as Ivan put it, urging us to breed and giving us some kind of hope so we won't just throw up our hands and commit genocide. The earth needs us because each one of us is a cell in its massive brain. Just as the human brain controls each cell and organ in its body, the supermind has the power to control each of us and can direct our individual and collective destinies. In short, the earth itself is God.

Some religions reach that humans are put here to house souls. Earth is a kind of farm, and people are its most important product. Other religions believe that souls move from one body to another in the long and boring process of reincarnation. The soul is being educated slowly over many generations, and when it finally receives its celestial diploma, it is freed to drift into space and become a part of the cosmic mind.

Medical science does not recognize the human soul, because no pathologist has ever whittled one from a corpse and put it in a bottle. But men have always believed in the existence of a special force or fragment of energy which survived after death. Burial rites in many cultures took this belief into account. Egyptians portrayed the soul as a little bird flapping away from the corpse. Modern psychics claim to see a small light rise from the human body at the moment of death. Dogs stand in the dark and howl pitifully the moment their masters pass on. What signal triggers their cry? Do their sensitive eyes see a chunk of energy rising into the sky?

In the 1960s UFOs had a curious tendency to hover above funeral homes and hospitals. In some cases the UFO lights appeared over homes nightly for weeks until one of the residents died. The "inspired" book, Oahspe, mentions "soul ships"—great luminous spheres that travel across the landscape collecting the souls of the recently departed. The ancient Egyptians were familiar with this phenomenon, and soul ships were even a part of their funeral rites.

If you really think about it, the standard concept of the soul is quite impractical. That is, a soul that retains all the memories and personality characteristics of its owner when it ascends to another "plane" and settles in a little rose-covered cottage on the other side seems absurd and, more important, unnecessary to the cosmic order. Mark Twain once commented that he had no desire to go to a paradise where everyone is given a harp and a pair of wings.

Imagine the clatter of all those non-musicians strumming their harps while they flutter helplessly into each other. Robert Ripley of "Believe It or Not" fame once calculated the number of people who have walked this planet since Eden and then estimated how big heaven would have to he to hold them all comfortably. The figure was staggering. Heaven would have to be much larger than our entire solar system. More to the point, what could be the possible purpose of such an inane immortality?

The cosmos is too orderly and the individual is too insignificant. Other facts get in the way of immortality. Our personalities are really very closely related to our physical bodies. If we are gorgeous, we will develop a personality quite different from the one we would have were we born ugly. Strip the physical body from most people and you have removed 90 percent of their personality. As for our personal memories, our brains record memories with an electrical system. When we die, the oxygen is cut off from our brains and it is the first organ to shut down—usually within three or four minutes. It is as if a switch has been pulled. The brain circuits become a meaningless jumble of animal matter.

There is an old saying, "Angels have no memory." If we are released from this world without our memories and our personality, what could be left?

Consciousness is exclusive to only a few animals, including man, and anthropologists have always been bothered by it. When did man first develop a conscious mind, and how? Religion credits God with the gift. Erich von Däniken thinks that ancient astronauts may have had something to do with it. There is another theory, backed by so much evidence that few people find it acceptable. They reject it because it simplifies everything and leaves no room for basic religious concepts.

Man is a biochemical machine, a cleverly engineered robot. He

is unlike all the other creatures on this planet, and, despite the strenuous efforts of several generations of evolutionists, there is no evidence whatsoever that he followed an evolutionary route from the lower animals. Man just suddenly appeared here, beetle-browed, arms gangling, walking erect with slobber dripping off his chin. Science would have us believe that this hairy biped loafed in caves for two million years or so and then, very suddenly, became incredibly industrious and within a mere eight or ten thousand years graduated from caves to skyscrapers. This does seem plausible when you consider that it has taken us only about 150 years to transform an agrarian culture into an industrial society. But we made the quantum jump by reforming the ancient god-king system and rejecting the stranglehold of religion and superstition. Before 1848, the pivotal year in modern history, man had submerged himself in his spirituality and had spent nearly two thousand years groveling to a God he did not understand but dared not question.

Charles Darwin changed things with his theory of evolution, taking the credit for creation away from God and blaming, instead, a long series of natural accidents and coincidences. Woman did not spring from Adam's rib, we decided, but evolved from a female salamander. Man hailed not from the stars but from the ocean's depths, shedding his gills and fins along the way, while other critters learned to grow feathers and fly.

Today a very quiet revolution is taking place among scientists. The theory of evolution is losing ground, and new versions of the concept of cosmic creation are springing up. Man is too complex and too different to have simply sprung from a puddle of chemicals enervated by random lightning bolts. A more orderly process was undoubtedly involved; a controlled process. But controlled by whom or what?

Ignore man for a moment and think about the other animals on

this spinning ball of mud. Thousands of our fellow creatures are total absurdities both in appearance and habits. Some are covered with armor. Some have silly long necks, ridiculous noses, insanely unique sensory organs, and scandalous sexual practices. Were all these critters produced by accidental natural processes, or were they devised by a biological tinkerer with a perverse sense of humor? Is earth the Disneyland of the gods?

If God, the Cosmic Mind, alone is responsible for all of the absurd life forms here, we have another good reason to question His sanity. Many lower animals have very practical and efficient systems for reproducing themselves. But the higher up the scale you go, the sillier sex becomes. Man's reproductive system requires not only the awkward coupling of two different types of being but is accompanied by a very complicated mental and. emotional process. The participants are rewarded for their efforts by a series of signals transmitted to the pleasure center of the brain. Having granted us this biological reward, God—through His messengers and prophets—perniciously made it sinful to enjoy it. We become like rats in a maze, wandering through all kinds of confusing hazards to receive a kernel of corn at the end. The biochemical robot is preoccupied with the urge for self-preservation, first and foremost, and the instinctual need for sensual gratification. These two things are programmed into us, and then our society tries to short-circuit our nervous systems by banning expression of those instincts. We are allowed to find release under carefully specified conditions.

When you reduce the system to its basics you have the kind of thing mad scientists dream up in their castle laboratories: (1) Stimulus, (2) response to stimulus, and (3) reward. Pavlov ringing bells for his dogs. Dr. Frankenstein's friend walking through a wall to reach the blind fiddler.

If God wanted man to fly, someone might have told the Wright

brothers, He would have invented LSD sooner. If God wanted man to go forth and multiply, why did He invent so many sexual taboos? The answer, of course, is to protect society. If He had wanted Earth to be overcrowded, He could have created millions of people instead of just two.

The process of creation is not a continuing one, much to the annoyance of the evolutionists. New species are not appearing on a large scale. Lightning bolts are no longer lashing at pools of ammonia. The story of Adam and Eve can be traced back to the earliest cultures. It served to explain the appearance of man and the beginning of his sexuality. Christianity later added the fillip of original sin.

Man may be the holdover of a very ancient civilization, and perhaps he was the invention of that civilization, assembled by some slightly demented child with a biochemical set. My friend science-writer Otto Binder has argued persuasively for the man-was-planted-here-by-spacemen theory. Otto, like most scientists and evolutionists, carefully overlooked one of the most persuasive arguments of all for supernatural creation. Each month, somewhere on this planet, a monster appears briefly. It leaves huge footprints behind. Then it vanishes. For a short while it was real, a physical entity seen by one person, or ten, or one hundred, and then it ceased to be. These monsters take many forms and have been observed by millions of people over the past several thousand years. So far as we know they have no sexual system, but they do operate according to a set of specific rules. Rules that could only have been invented by a mad scientist.

If some force in this universe can temporarily create a monster, then that same force could certainly create a man. The evolutionists should gather together their foundation and government grants and go into the field to investigate the monster reports. They would not have to travel far. Our monsters have visited the suburbs of New

York and Chicago. They are seen annually throughout the Mississippi valley. They are an integral part of the mysteries of the superspectrum.

12

“My dog took off right up the ridge and up on top of the hill,” Edgar Harrison said, recalling how he and a group of reporters pursued a tall, hairy humanoid. “They took off after the thing when they heard it. Boy, you should have had a recording of those men when they hit the smell. I was with them, and it stank so bad you would have thought you were walking in horse manure. It was that strong. The dog went three hundred feet up there, then he came back with his tail between his legs. He laid right down in back of the house and just got sick as can be. His eyes got bloodshot and he lay there for over an hour throwing up. I can’t get him to go near that hill anymore.”

Harrison was the central figure in the famous Momo (Missouri Monster) episode of 1972. Momo was first seen on July 11, 1972, by the three Harrison children. “It was right by a tree,” said Doris Harrison, 15, “six or seven feet tall, black and hairy. It stood like a man but it didn’t look like one. I started crying and ran to call Mom on the telephone.”

This first sighting was at 3:30 in the afternoon, a rather exceptional fact since most of our bilious bogeymen are nocturnal critters. Terry Harrison, 8, said the animal’s face was completely covered with hair, it seemed to have no neck, and it appeared to be carrying a dead dog flecked with blood under one arm.

In the days that followed, some odd white and green “fireballs” were seen in the skies around the town of Louisiana, Missouri. The night air was rent with horrible screams described variously as the sound of a woman screaming, a baby crying, and an animal in pain. Some huge footprints and bits of black hair were found in the woods on Marzolf Hill near the Harrison property. Police Chief Shelby Ward organized a twenty-man posse, and they scoured the area. Although the monster remained hidden, the screams and terrible smell returned again and again. These episodes stirred up considerable publicity. A team of UFO investigators from Oklahoma City visited the site and soberly announced that a flying saucer had obviously dumped the monster there. It was, they said, just another friendly visitor from outer space.

Eventually Edgar Harrison moved his family out of their little house and tried to sell it, but there were no takers. No one wants to live with a monster for a next-door neighbor.[11]

However, thousands of people do live in monster territories throughout the United States. These giant, smelly bipeds leave their massive three-toed footprints everywhere. One inhabits the Brookside Park area of Cleveland, Ohio, and is seen every year or two. Another has been bedeviling campers at Lake Worth, Fort Worth’s reservoir in Texas, for several years.

In Florida the “Abominable Sandman” has been stinking up the Everglades since the big UFO wave of 1966. Up along the Atlantic Coast of New Jersey, the “Jersey Devil” has been blundering around in the Jersey marshlands for at least 40 years. California boasts of “Bigfoot,” a giant humanoid who practices discus throwing with truck tires. Further north in Oregon and Washington, there is the Sasquatch. He seems to be a tourist from Canada. There have been so many sightings in British Columbia that a local newsman, John Green, has published fat catalogs listing his appearances. American Indians called Sasquatch “the

Windigo." He stomps around the Great Lakes region, particularly in Michigan and Illinois, where his activities are an annual event.

Two teenagers, Cheryl Ray and Randy Creath, got a glimpse of the furry outer-space visitor in June 1973. This one was covered with white hair, according to Miss Ray of Murphysboro, Illinois. It walked around on two legs like a man and didn't seem to pay any attention to the startled couple.

A few years ago I collected documented reports of 70 cases of this sort. Forty-four described creatures taller than a man—from seven to ten feet tall. In 16 cases, the creatures had approached or even attacked automobiles and their drivers. Animals such as dogs, sheep, and cattle were found killed or mutilated in six cases. Clearly, these fellows were nobody to fool with.[12]

Throughout 1972 dozens of people in the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, area received unwelcome glimpses of a tall, hair-covered monster. Stan Gordon, a local investigator, interviewed over one hundred witnesses. A few years earlier when I published some of my own findings, hardcore UFO enthusiasts howled with derision. Now Gordon and others have confirmed some of my stranger discoveries. For example, I found that both UFOs and monsters seemed to zero in on human females undergoing their menstrual period. I also noted that animal disappearances and mutilations were commonplace in UFO/monster areas. Gordon found that dogs, cats, chickens, and sheep were disappearing or meeting horrible fates in the wake of the monster sightings.

This raises a very important question: If these creatures are real, what do they eat? The obvious answer is anything or anyone they want to. An animal seven to ten feet tall and weighing from 300 to 800 pounds (judging from the depth of the footprints) must have a voracious appetite. If they are vegetarians like, say, elephants, they would leave a wide path of despoiled foliage. If they are carnivorous, they would certainly require more than an

occasional dog or cat. They would be emptying entire chicken coops, gulping down whole herds of sheep, or grabbing dozens of toddlers on their way to kindergarten.

The animal disappearances and deaths in these areas are too few. They seem to be nothing but token attacks, perhaps to support the belief that they are real animals.

However, thousands of cows do vanish during each big UFO wave, often leading local police on wild-goose chases thinking they are pursuing cattle rustlers equipped with airplanes or helicopters. The first known UFO cattlenapping case took place during the "dirigible" wave of 1897. A family named Hamilton reportedly watched a cigar-shaped object swoop over their farm near Vernon, Kansas, that April. It was occupied by "six of the strangest beings I ever saw," Alexander Hamilton said. They jabbered in a foreign language as they lowered a rope, lassoed one of his cows, hauled it aboard, and flew away. This episode has been reprinted in great detail in almost every UIFO book extant so I'm giving it short shrift here. There are many modern cases identical to this.

There is an ancient religious theory that contends that demons and gods need physical matter from this world to aid their own materializations. And once they have materialized in a physical form, they must replenish themselves frequently to retain that form. This, of course, is found in numerous variations in the vampire lore of middle Europe. The deaths and disappearances of animals and people during these mysterious invasions have always been carefully explained by some kind of phenomenon acceptable to the people of the period. We no longer believe in vampires, but millions of us now believe in flying saucers from outer space, and even in giant red-eyed monsters.

California's "Bigfoot" stomped around the redwood forests in the late 1950s, and there was a resurgence of UFO reports

worldwide from 1960 on. The biggest monster story of 1958 did not involve Bigfoot or UFOs, however. It happened in Riverside, California, on the night of November 8.

One Charles Wetzel was driving along North Main Street in Riverside when a fearsome apparition leaped in front of his car. It was at least six feet tall, according to Wetzel, and it attacked his car.

"It wasn't human," he said. "It had a longer arm than anything I'd ever seen. When it saw me in the car, it reached all the way back to the windshield and began clawing at me.

"It didn't have any ears. The face was all round. The eyes were shining like something fluorescent, and it had a protuberant mouth. It was scaly, like leaves."

Wetzel stomped on the gas, and the critter fell back from the car with a loud gurgle. "I think I hit it," he told police. "I heard something hit the pan under the car."

There were long sweeping scratches on his windshield, but nothing was found at the site. The next night another motorist reported an identical encounter at the same spot.

Here we have a simple coincidence to ponder. Wetzel is a rather unusual name (how many Wetzels have you known?). But there is a Wetzel County in West Virginia. There have been periodic UFO sightings in Wetzel County since 1897. In 1967 1 saw an unusual aerial light there myself. It was hovering just a few feet above the summit of a high ridge. Perhaps if some investigator could track down Charles Wetzel, they would find he was from West Virginia or had relatives there.

One of the biggest problems facing investigators is the enormous difficulty in rechecking old cases. The witnesses move or disappear. If their story receives publicity, they are often hounded by wild-eyed enthusiasts, crank phone calls, and nut mail until they finally decide to simply deny the whole thing. Others eventually talk themselves into accepting a rational explanation for

an irrational event. They decide they had seen nothing but a meteor or a prankster in a Halloween costume.

The most chilling problem I found in my own efforts to reexamine some old cases was the disturbing fact that witnesses, particularly monster witnesses, often die within six months to two years. The apparitions seem to be omens. The deaths usually natural—heart attacks, accidents, prolonged illnesses. Ancient folklore linked the appearances of demons with impending death. There may be more truth to this than we can admit.

In keeping track of the witnesses of more recent events, I have found an unusually high rate of death, suicide, emotional disturbances, divorces, etc. Unfortunately I have never had the time to properly catalog such cases and prepare the necessary statistical breakdowns to confirm or deny this speculation. This is one of the many areas of real research that has been totally neglected by the believers and their organizations.

If death or tragedy does follow a majority of these events, we have another important link with psychic phenomena.

West Virginia's Tucker County hosted a tall, red-eyed, hairy monster throughout 1960. It was seen several times that summer around the villages of Davis and Parsons. One group of campers described it as being at least eight feet tall with shaggy hair all over its body and two huge eyes that "shone like two big balls of fire." It didn't smell very good, either, and it left behind some giant footprints just to prove it had been there.

Sightings in two other counties were more important, however. The most significant one was, of course, the one most neglected by the newspapers. It was a rare instance in which an electromagnetic effect occurred simultaneously with the appearance of the monster. In fact, the witness, W. C. "Doc" Priestley, claimed the critter ruined the ignition system of his car.

In October 1960, Priestley was driving through the

Monongahela National Forest about three miles north of Marlington, West Virginia. Marlington is about 60 miles south of Parsons. Both are on Highway 219. A group of his friends were riding ahead of him in a bus. Suddenly his car, which had been "purring like a kitten," sputtered and the engine quit. As he coasted to an unexpected stop, he saw a huge beast standing beside the road staring at him with two big eyes "like two balls of fire." It was eight feet tall, he estimated, and was covered with shaggy hair that stood straight up, bristling like a porcupine.

Man and monster stared at each other for a long time. Priestley couldn't judge just how long. The men in the bus ahead noticed he was no longer behind them, so they turned around and went back.

"I don't know how long I sat there," he said, "until the boys missed me and came back to where I was. It seemed this monster was very much afraid of the bus and dropped his hair, and to my surprise as soon as he did this, my car started to run again. I didn't tell the boys what I had seen. The thing took off when the bus stopped."

But Priestley's nightmare wasn't over. As he was following the bus, his car began to falter again. Sparks flew from under the hood, he claimed, as if it had a bad short. Again, he glided to an unexpected stop. And again he saw the strange animal standing by the road staring at him with huge, luminous eyes. The bus backed up once more and the thing disappeared into the forest.

"The points were completely burned out of my car," Priestley complained afterwards.

If I had been around in 1960, I would have tried to ascertain just how long the two had stared at each other (the time element is extremely important in these cases). I would have examined Priestley's eyes for signs of conjunctivitis, and I would have collected his entire life history. Often people who see these things have a history of psychic experiences—prophetic dreams, hearing

strange sounds in the night, seeing gnome-like figures when they were small children.

Our directory of furry freaks is almost unlimited, and the pattern is always the same. Reliable witnesses report seeing the elusive Big Hairy Monsters (BHM). Massive searches are launched. Footprints are found. But the creatures themselves have seemingly vanished into thin air.

Canton, Alabama, 1960: Several witnesses observed a giant hairy creature prowling the local woods. It left huge tracks.

Madison, Indiana, 1962: Several farmers glimpsed another hairy humanoid. Footprints were found. Posses were formed. No results.

Lost Gap, Mississippi, 1962: Many reports of a giant nine-foot-tall being with glowing green eyes. Local police were convinced it existed. Helicopters and bloodhounds were used in a massive search. It got away.

In 1964, another nine-foot something was seen by many witnesses near Sister Lakes, Michigan. Mobs of hunters tried in vain to track it down. It came back the next year, appearing in the vicinity of Monroe, Michigan. Mrs. Rose Owen and her daughter, Christine Van Archer, said that a seven-foot-tall hairy monster that "grunted and growled like a mad dog," jumped on the side of their car and grabbed Christine by the hair. The girl suffered a black eye from the incident. Another girl, Shirley Morrirn, 18, of Temprance, Michigan, said that a similar beast had leaped at her car, broke her windshield, and scratched her arm. As usual, huge posses covered every square inch of the ground in the area. All of these incidents took place near the controversial Enrico Fermi Atomic Power Plant. Flying-saucer sightings are commonplace in the region, and the famous UFO wave of March 1966 occurred nearby. UFOs have shown a decided interest in atomic installations all over the world. The Fermi plant suffered some "impossible" sabotage in the 1960s.

Foreign objects were somehow introduced into the atomic pile despite the fact that the plant was heavily guarded (it has since been shut down).

In July 1966, a giant hairy monster reportedly prowled the streets of Jessore, East Pakistan, killing four people. Witnesses swore it was not a tiger or other known animal. The army was called out to search for it. It was never caught.

That same month, on the 31st, five people in a car stuck in the sand on a beach on Presque Isle in Erie, Pennsylvania, reportedly saw a brilliantly illuminated flying saucer land. They were terrified when a tall figure shuffled up to their car in the dark. Large animal-like footprints were later found at the site. A few days later, a tall hairy entity appeared near a small lake in Edinboro, Pennsylvania, 18 miles from Erie, and a posse of college students went hunting for it. Although they claimed to have glimpsed the creature, it got away as usual.

South America has not been excluded. Between 1952 and 1965, there were no less than 18 well-documented instances in which people in Venezuela, Argentina, and Brazil were attacked and injured by unidentified hairy animals in human form. In several of these cases, the witnesses insisted the creatures had come from grounded flying saucers.

In May 1964 a truck driver named Alberto Kalbermatter was driving along a deserted road late at night near Resistencia, Argentina, when a nine-foot-tall thing stepped in front of his vehicle and uttered a loud, terrifying cry. He said it was covered with long black hair. Local police told the press that a strange luminous object had been seen in the trees at that very same spot only a few days before.

Spain had a monster wave in January-February 1968. A tall ape-like animal with long arms was seen by many near Gerona, outside Barcelona. It left behind footprints that were neither

apelike nor human. Again, mobs of police and soldiers swarmed over the area. "This region is in a state of panic," the Madrid newspaper Arriba reported.

Believers in monsters—and there are growing numbers who are convinced these things are real animals—try to explain the simultaneous appearances of UFOs as mere coincidence. The UFO believers, for the most part, prefer to believe flying saucers have nothing to do with hairy monsters. Yet both monster witnesses and UFO sighters often suffer from the same aftereffects: conjunctivitis, thirst, headaches, and muscular soreness. In many cases motorists had been inspecting their motors after their engine had stalled when the monsters sprang at them from the trees or bushes. Obviously there is a relationship between these manifestations and the superspectrum.

Both flying-saucer buffs and monster believers were nonplussed when a 69-year-old dairy farmer in Wisconsin reported encountering a UFO with a hairy pilot in December 1974. William Bosak was driving home to his farm outside Frederic, Wisconsin, around 10:30 p.m. when he saw something parked in the middle of the road. As he slowed down, he could see it was some kind of circular object with a curved front made of glass.

"Inside I could see a figure with its arms raised above its head," Bosak reported. "The figure had a square face with hair sticking straight out from the sides of its head. Its ears were long and narrow and stuck straight out. Its arms were brown and furry, and there was fur or hair on the top part of its body."

The creature seemed to be taller than a tall man and it had very large protruding eyes. Mr. Bosak stepped on the gas and sped around the object. "When I passed the thing," he said, "the inside of the car got dark, like a shadow being cast, and I could hear a kind of soft whooshing sound, like a branch brushing against the side of the car."

When he got home, he did not tell his wife or son about the experience immediately. “I was so god-darned scared I was afraid to go out at night for a few days,” he admitted. “I’m over the shock now, but I was pretty shook up for a couple of weeks.”

In similar incidents in Sweden and South America witnesses have actually grappled with the furry spacemen and claimed the creatures were incredibly strong and so solid a knife deflected from their bodies. In the 1950s Venezuela had an epidemic of furry little men accompanied by flying saucers. In the Soviet Union and China the tall hairy critters have been observed frequently over the past one hundred years and, like the North American Sasquatch and Bigfoot, none have ever been captured and examined. Ireland has a long tradition of “wildmen” who live in the woods.

These hairy humanoids are probably no more real than the little glowing green men. In 1966, there were reports from Malaysia of a real King Kong—a hair-covered “ape” no less than 25 feet tall. People in Nova Scotia saw one 18 feet high in 1969. Any animal of that size would certainly consume a vast quantity of food daily and should leave all kinds of evidence in its wake, but these fellows don’t even leave any deposits of fecal matter for us to study.

A few (very few) photographs have been taken, and one short strip of movie film. But there are also thousands of photos of ghosts and quite a few pictures of the elusive Nessie, the 90-foot sea serpent of Loch Ness in Scotland.

That ace Nessie chaser, F. W. “Ted” Holiday, has turned from a believer into a skeptic after spending years pursuing the lake monsters of Great Britain. There were many reliable reports of a giant sea serpent in the lakes of Ireland a few years back, and when Mr. Holiday investigated, he found the lakes where the creature had appeared were very shallow, about six feet deep, and filled with fish. A sea serpent would undoubtedly upset the ecological balance of a small lake in a single afternoon by gobbling

up all the resident fish.

We also get occasional reports of dinosaurs that terrify unprepared campers and motorists in Italy, France, and the U.S. Midwest. They leave appropriate dinosaur tracks, but, as usual, when armies of police and hunters turn out to track them down, they simply vanish into thin air.

Where does a dinosaur hide? Or a 90-foot sea serpent? Or an 18-foot-tall, hairy humanoid? Do they creep into a hidden network of deep caverns, as some of the believers claim?

It is more probable that these are not actual animals but are distortions of our reality, inserted into our space-time continuum by the mischievous forces of the superspectrum. The reported density of some of these creatures indicates they are not flesh and blood but are composed of highly condensed atoms comparable with plutonium. And like plutonium, a man-made radioactive metal, they deteriorate at a very rapid rate. Plutonium is very heavy, and it only takes eleven pounds to make an atom bomb.

Since energy masses in the superspectrum can alter their frequencies and move up and down the electromagnetic spectrum, we can assume they can also manipulate atomic structure and enter our plane of reality by creating atoms compatible with our atomic structure. The ancients called this process transmogrification. Heavier, tightly compacted atoms with a dense field of orbiting electrons dissipate their energy quickly. Plutonium is a very unstable element, prone to spontaneous combustion. Let's imagine that when energies of the superspectrum vibrate down into our reality, they change into very short-lived atoms of unusual density. In the early stages of creation, the transmogrified entities are relatively harmless to us, but when deterioration begins to occur, they throw off electrons and radiation that can harm humans and animals in the same way that flying saucers harm us.

Another byproduct of atomic deterioration is its curious effect

upon electrical apparatus. One of the first devices invented to test radioactive materials was the electroscope. This was simply two pieces of gold leaf hanging from a metal rod in a bottle. The gold conductors were charged with static electricity and repelled each other, spreading apart. When a radioactive substance was held over the rod, the gold leaves fell together, their charges having been instantly dissipated. This same effect can stall electrical ignitions and disrupt power lines and telephone communications, not because of any electromagnetic effect but because the energy field of the radioactive monster or UFO interferes with the atomic qualities of the wire temporarily. Electricity cannot pass through the affected wiring until the energy field is removed.

Some of our funny monsters remain in an area for several days and are seen by many people before they finally disappear. Token attacks on domestic animals occur throughout the period, because the monster is somehow replenishing its diminishing energies with earthly animal matter. But it is a losing battle, and the monster must ultimately melt away leaving nothing but a terrible stench behind.

In several instances, UFO lights have appeared above the monsters and cast a powerful beam of light onto them. The monsters vanished, leaving only a residue of silicon carbide (SiC), a very hard crystalline compound, which has been found at hundreds of UFO and monster sites all over the world. Often it is mistaken for common furnace slag. It is logically the only remains of the transmogrification process.

The fact that UFOs have been seen “attacking” entities with light beams has inspired theories that the flying saucers are policing earth and protecting us from monsters. At the Presque Isle sighting mentioned earlier, a tall hairy monster approached a group of witnesses in a car. A luminous aerial object appeared, firing beams of light in all directions and the monster vanished. Its footprints were found on the sandy beach, and a small quantity of

silicon and silicon carbide was found at the spot where the tracks stopped abruptly.

Believers in the extraterrestrial hypothesis have been repeatedly disappointed by the appearance of forms of silicon—one of the most common substances on earth—at UFO sites. They would prefer to find some exotic, unidentifiable metal "not of this earth."

In the prelude to the great 1947 UFO wave in the U.S., the "ghost rockets" that swarmed over Scandinavia in 1946 left large quantities of silicon carbide in their paths. And the most important UFO event of 1947, the complex Maury Island mystery in Tacoma Bay, also produced a great heap of "slag."

We cannot name the place where flying saucers and hairy monsters come from, but we do know where they go. The poor slobs literally melt.

13

Ancient dragons, monsters, and demons supposedly reeked with the smell of brimstone (sulfur). Burning sulfur smells like rotten eggs. Modern witnesses often complain that the monsters—and some UFOs—smelled like rotten eggs. Sometimes the smell is even more rancid and is compared with the wretched stench of marsh gas. Marsh gas is composed of hydrogen sulfide, methane, and phosphine.

Our first clue is, therefore, the awful smell. It can be so bad it makes dogs and people ill. I've received a powerful whiff of this myself in my travels. It reminded me of the hydrogen sulfide stink bombs I used to make with my chemistry set as a boy—when I wasn't trying to build an atom bomb and become the first kid on my block to take over the world. But to saturate an outdoor area with this stink (it sometimes lingers for hours) would take an enormous quantity of hydrogen sulfide gas.

Another important characteristic of our monsters is that they nearly always appear close to water—lakes, streams, reservoirs, swamps. This has stimulated some discussion that the creatures might be amphibians that actually live at the bottom of bodies of water and only rarely venture onto land. If this were actually the case, they shouldn't be so desperately in need of a bath. They might be faintly scented with the odor of stagnant water. But

hydrogen sulfide?

Hydrogen is, of course, the first and most basic element in the universe. Some kind of chemical reaction is occurring in the UFO flap areas, probably a simple combination of carbon and hydrogen (methane gas) stimulated by the injection of a mass of energy. No mere animal could produce such a huge volume of gas by itself, no matter how long it had gone without a bath. So we can safely conclude that the smell accompanies the animal and is not necessarily produced by the animal. This smell is a byproduct of the chemical process which produces the transmogrification. In countless ghost stones well-documented in the psychic lore, there are descriptions of the smells that permeated the air while the spirits walked. The smell of rotten eggs is common, as is the smell of violets. In the famous "Bell Witch" case of the last century, a ghoulish visitor was able to fill a whole house with a wretched odor almost instantly. Like Mr. Harrison's Momo, the Bell Witch smelled like excrement.

There is something rotten out there, and it isn't from Denmark.

The horrible stench of the hairy monsters visited Trenton, New Jersey, in 1956 and felled a night watchman. The case deserved far more notice than it got at the time, for it was one of the rare incidents that provided some hard evidence, medical and legal. Harry Sturdevant, a watchman for 20 years with the Herbert Elkins Construction Company, was making his usual nightly patrol of a construction site when he saw a red light in the sky.

"It was about 60 to 100 feet in diameter," Sturdevant described it easing closer.

> It was shaped like a cigar, had no wings and no fins. It made a hissing sound like escaping steam.
>
> It gave me the greatest shock of my life. There was a smell like sulfur or brimstone, but it was different. I don't know what it was really except it was very nauseating and it made me sick. I lost my sense of taste and smell; my throat would not swallow properly. My stomach felt worse than the time I was overcome with mustard gas in France in World War I.
>
> I collapsed in pain, and lay there on the ground for half an hour before I was able to drive.

Sturdevant also suffered a temporary loss of hearing, possibly because of a sudden change of air pressure or ultrasonic waves coming from the object. He applied for workmen's compensation and won his case. A thorough, sophisticated medical examination might have told us something important about the phenomenon. Unfortunately, even today medical examinations are rarely performed on witnesses. Investigating UFO enthusiasts are more interested in extracting minute details of what the witness saw (or thought he saw) than what he felt or suffered. The UFO experience is a total one, not just a visual perception. Indeed, many of the visual impressions are fleeting and inaccurate or even completely erroneous.

Ufology was in disgrace in the 1950s. The few ufological spokesmen of the period were dedicated to attacking the sinister conspiracy to withhold the "truth" from the public, and no practical research was taking place on any level. Hairy monsters with body odors were of no interest to believers in Martians and Venusians. Even UFO landings, and there were many during that decade, were ignored or denounced as hoaxes by the ufologists who were striving for respectability and public acceptance. On the one hand they believed UFOs were space ships, but on the other they could not believe the things were actually landing and assorted creatures were climbing out of them.

A family near Mahomet, Illinois, had an encounter with a UFO in October 1967, which resulted in a very peculiar aftermath. Their lights didn't go out, but their electric bill for the following month went crazy, jumping from a normal $14 to a staggering $72. Whatever the thing was, it kept coming back to the Kelly homestead and apparently made their electric meter run wild. Then, at 4 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, December 19, 1967, Mrs. Maryellen Kelly looked outside to see what was agitating her

dog. There, hovering directly above some nearby trees, she saw what she described as a great glowing orange-yellowish "thing." It rose to the northeast and zipped away.

"The next day," she said later, "my face started to get red, my eyes were bloodshot, my hands too were red and the exposed area between my short slacks and boots I had been wearing turned red, too. My left ear hurt and when I blew my nose it bled."

I have examined dead animals in UFO flap areas that had blood running from their ears, noses, and mouths. This is almost a sure sign of concussion, a sudden increase in air pressure. An ordinary explosion can cause this, of course, but in many of these cases no explosion was heard. There are cases of unexplained deaths by concussion going all the way back to 1946.

Skyquakes—mysterious explosions in the sky—have been reported all over the world for many years, long before man broke the sound harrier and invented the sonic boom. Fort listed a number of skyquakes from the nineteenth century. This seems to be some kind of meteorological phenomenon, a sudden massive displacement of air in the upper atmosphere. So far as I know, no legitimate scientist has made a serious study of this phenomenon. Skyquakes are rarely associated with the appearances of UFOs even though the UFO enthusiasts do labor to put the blame on flying saucers. Phantom objects have been tracked electronically with radar and visually with theodolites traveling at speeds far exceeding the speed of sound within the atmosphere without producing sonic booms. To the believers, this is proof of their superior technology, but more sober minds, such as physicist-writer Arthur C. Clarke, think the absence of sonic booms proves their paraphysical or non-material nature. They simply do not displace air because they are not solid constructions.

Thunderous explosions, causing little or no damage, have also occurred in haunted houses and in psychic manifestations. One

explanation might be that when an entity or force suddenly materializes on or near the surface of the earth, it naturally displaces a mass of air equal to its own mass. This sudden displacement would produce an explosive effect. In ufology there are a number of cases in which the objects did not land or fly away but appeared or disappeared very suddenly, accompanied by a loud bang. In several recorded "little man" or fairy events, the creatures disappeared suddenly with a loud noise. If a temporarily physical object is abruptly removed from the atmosphere, the air would rush in to fill the hole and this would produce an implosion.

Skyquakes could be a partial answer to the periodic epidemics of shattered windows and windshields that can be traced back to the 1920s.

Throughout the year 1954 and again in 1974, thousands of automobile windshields suddenly shattered or became strangely pitted. Maybe it happened to your own car. Newspapers from Canada to Florida busily reported this peculiar phenomenon which actually began in 1952 and continued through until the fall of 1954. Plate-glass windows were also affected, and hundreds of people in Toronto complained of a mysterious substance falling from the sky that burned their skins. Today, normal pollution would probably be blamed. But normal pollution does not include massive quantities of hydrofluoric acid, a chemical that attacks silica and is widely used to etch glass. Spray it on an automobile windshield and see what happens. Add it to hydrogen sulfide, and you not only have a terrible smell, you have a gas that can give you fluoride poisoning. It attacks the nose and throat, produces fainting spells, weakness, nausea, and respiratory failure. Excessive exposure to this gas can even cause the teeth to mottle and, in extreme cases, to fall out.

A luminous cloud of this stuff visited Youngstown, Ohio, on

Tuesday, July 4, 1967. At 9:15 p.m. that evening, Thomas Valley was sitting on his front porch when he suddenly found it hard to breathe. His neighbors also found their eyes watering and their lungs bursting as they plunged indoors to reach for their phones. A few blocks away, patrons in Lee and Eddie's Lounge stumbled frantically into the street, and some collapsed as three police officers cruised along Market Street and noticed what appeared to be a large cloud of faintly luminous smoke rolling along the ground.

"We pulled into the lot to check if a fire had started," Lt. Howard Moore said. "When I got out of the cruiser, I began to choke, got dizzy, and my eyes watered."

The Youngstown Fire Department rushed pulmotors and oxygen equipment to the area. "It was like a phantom cloud that made your eyes water and made you feel weak," Battalion Chief Glenn Schultz declared. Both the firemen and the police searched for the source of the gas but could find nothing. The mysterious cloud drifted away eastward. In the two weeks following the gas "attack," hundred of citizens in the Youngstown area reported observing low-flying circular objects and strange lights. Some said the objects gave off a smell "like burning tar."

A similar incident was recorded on August 13, 1954, in far-off Singapore. An area covering two square miles around the Chiangi Airport was affected, and everyone indoors and out was choking and crying copious tears for several hours. Authorities could not pinpoint the source. In May 1967, a large section of Naples, Italy, had to be evacuated because of an overpowering toxic gas no one could identify.

Several times since 1935, cities and villages around the Gulf of Mexico, particularly those along the coasts of Florida and Texas, have been hit by huge clouds of these noxious gases, apparently blowing in from the sea. Whole towns have been evacuated during

these strange inundations. The phenomenon has spread all the way up the New England coast.

On January 19, 1968, everyone in lower Manhattan held their noses as acrid, eye-smarting, throat-burning fumes poured over New York and Brooklyn, starring around 8 p.m. New Jersey's oil refineries took the rap for that one. Unfortunately, the New Jersey smells would have had to not only fight the ocean breezes, but they would also have had to build up after peak working hours. Fifteen large luminous objects had been reported in the vicinity of nearby Jones Beach the week before, and the phones in neighboring Long Island villages had been out of action from 6:30 to 8 p.m., January 13, the hours when the objects were in the area. Between the thirteenth and the nineteenth, there were extensive local power failures in the Bronx, Queens, and on Long Island. When you add all these things up, you can conclude that something very unusual was happening in the New York area that January.

Something even more unusual took place in 1963-65, when a section of Roger Mills County in Oklahoma had to be evacuated, because an evil-smelling something had settled there and was systematically killing off livestock and making all the inhabitants ill. Forty farms were affected by something that smelled like—you guessed it—rotten eggs. Roger Mills County is on the eastern tip of the state, far removed from any industrial complex and far from the stink factories of New Jersey. Total population of the county is only five thousand.

This affair began in January 1963, on the farm owned by the Daniel Allen family. According to Mr. Allen, they suffered "terrible odors which made us nauseated and ill with suffocating, coughing, diarrhea, and burning of our flesh to a deep red." The Allen home, a concrete-block ranch house built in 1955, started to crack and crumble. Within weeks, the invisible "stuff" was peeling and blistering the paint and plaster and causing curtains and clothing to

disintegrate.

"Dishes were eaten until they looked like mice had chewed them around the edges," Mrs. Allen later told reporters. "Black holes were eaten in silver tableware, stainless steel articles, and cooking utensils."

While eating supper on the night of March 12, 1963, both Mr. and Mrs. Allen suddenly fainted. As soon as they recovered, they fled, abandoning their furniture, clothing, and house wares. They moved twice again to homes northeast of their original spread, but the curious plague followed them. Dr. Frank Buster, the county health authority, warned them to move further away. Dr. Philip Devanney of Sayre, Oklahoma, told them, "You have only hours to live if you don't get out of what's poisoning you."

The evil "stuff" spread to the Woodrow Myers farm 3.5 miles south of the Allen home. The Myers's cattle sickened, and their three small children turned frail and pale, began to lose their teeth, and suffered fits of nausea, burning skin, dysentery, and coughing. Even the mice, birds, and insects seemed to vacate the county. Forty farmers in the area appealed to Oklahoma Gov. Henry Bellmon, and the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare joined the investigation. They concluded that "an air pollution problem does not exist in the vicinity."

The sheriff of nearby Hutchinson County, Hugh Anderson, issued a quarantine forbidding any resident of Roger Mills County from entering Hutchinson County "until such time as 'the stuff' is identified."

I have collected a fat file of reports describing mysterious "gas attacks" in recent years, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to Phoenix, Arizona. Some of course have perfectly natural explanations, such as the leakage of chlorine gas, but most are inexplicable and point to the insertion of hydrogen sulfide and hydrofluoric gases into our atmosphere by some unknown source.

As if we aren't already doing a pretty good job of poisoning our own atmosphere, somebody or something is helping its out.

That somebody staged a rather blatant demonstration over South Webster, Ohio, on January 9, 1975. People there saw a low-flying, unidentified aircraft circling over their village that afternoon, spewing out a cloud of mist. Within minutes everyone was gasping for breath. The gas caused nausea, burning of the eyes, sore throats, and skin irritation. Several people became ill from it, and 50 homes had to be evacuated overnight until the gas cleared.

"We don't know what it was or if it was dumped accidentally or on purpose," Dep. Archie Kirker said. "It covered about a square mile and took more than five hours to disperse."

Local officials tried vainly to identify the mysterious aircraft. After releasing its cloud of hydrofluoric gas, it disappeared into the wild blue yonder.

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If a long-haired blond Venusian knocks at your door while you are reading this and asks for a glass of water so he can take a pill (the pill will be green or orange, of earthly manufacture, and composed of a derivative of sulfur), you can be almost certain that the same little drama will be taking place at some other house at the same time, but perhaps hundreds of miles away from you.

This is the law of synchronicity. Duplicate paranormal events occur simultaneously in different locations to lend credibility to a belief or frame of reference. Ufological lore abounds with synchronous events, but so, too, does religious, occult, and psychic lore. Paranormal incidents take place in massive waves, sometimes grouped years apart. Poltergeist manifestations erupt simultaneously with UFO flaps. Angels, demons, hairy monsters, and sea serpents all surface at the same time that UFOs are stopping lone drivers on remote back roads. Window areas suddenly explode with all kinds of ghosts, UFOs, monsters, animal disappearances, and people suffering inexplicable lapses of memory. (A window area is a geographical location where unusual events have occurred over and over again, century after century.) Ufologists try to explain the flap phenomenon by pointing out that it takes a long time for the spaceships to go back and forth from their home planer. Occultists nourish a more complicated belief—

that the earth passes through zones in space inhabited by terrible spiritual beings. Each time we enter such a zone, the beings ooze through holes in our "etheric envelope," these holes being located in what I call window areas.

What intrigues me is the fact that each new wave produces a type of entity, even a type of event, unknown in previous waves and never repeated in later waves. There are, of course, numerous consistencies as well. Otherwise the beliefs inspired by the manifestations would die out very quickly.

On November 5-6, 1957, there were several UFO landings and contacts throughout the United States. Yellowish-green ufonauts spoke briefly in broken English to startled motorists on a highway near Playa del Rey, California, on the night of November 6, while a truck driver near House, Mississippi, was being confronted by a group of pasty-faced shorties who babbled in a language he couldn't understand. But the big event of that distant flap was the amazing encounter of a fertilizer salesman named Reinhold Schmidt outside Kearney, Nebraska. Schmidt claimed he was given a tour of a grounded cigar-shaped object by some German-speaking pilots (he spoke fluent German). The next morning, Everett Clark of Dante, Tennessee, reportedly saw a glowing object in a field outside his house. The German-speaking ufonauts were apparently trying to catch his dog. Many miles away, a New Jersey farmer named John Trasco was chasing a little man with large, bulging frog-like eyes off his property. "We are a peaceful people," the little man protested. "We don't want no trouble. We just want your dog."

Reinhold Schmidt went on to become a typical contactee. He claimed repeated contacts with the ufonauts for years afterwards. Like fairies, Brothers, and Elders, once the ufonauts make contact with a human being, they often hold on until they completely ruin him or her. In Schmidt's case, they kindly told him where there

was a mine of quartz with some unusual properties. This quartz could somehow cure cancer. Schmidt bought up the mine and began selling shares. His stockholders eventually hauled him into court, and the friendly spacepeople deserted him.

Is Hitler alive and well and living on Venus? Or were the German-speaking ufonauts of Kearney, Nebraska, and Dante, Tennessee, merely ultraterrestrials playing out another of their endless games? Aryan saucer pilots have become rare since 1957. For a time in the late 1950s, a group of beings with high foreheads and large catlike eyes appeared before cat-loving Englishmen. There have even been a number of cases in which nymphomaniacs from outer space have spread their favors among horny young farmers and college students. I investigated a rash of these sexual liaisons on several different college campuses in 1967, soon realizing they were a variation on the much older incubus and succubus phenomena (demon lovers). The short, blonde ladies with exceptionally long fingers and willing ways once plagued lonely monks and priests. In the last century, black males in the south often encountered these same evil ladies cavorting nude in the woods, trying to lure them into a tumble in the grass timed so they would be discovered by passing white men. In those days, the poor black would be lynched on the spot, while his mysterious partner uttered a banshee-like wail and ran off into the woods never to be seen again.

Not all the ultraterrestrial games are harmless fun.

Flatwoods is a tiny cluster of houses saddling the hills of Braxton County in West Virginia. It is about five miles from Sutton, the county seat. Braxton County is a window area, rich with folklore about monsters, UFOs, and things bumping in the night. For a few days in September 1952, Flatwoods enjoyed unhappy fame in the national media. A special kind of monster landed there, displaying all the characteristics I have been

discussing.

There was a massive UFO flap in the United States in 1952, following the usual patterns. It spread up and down the West Coast, then a pincer movement in the Midwest began with sightings stretching up into the Mississippi valley from the Gulf of Mexico, while other LITS (lights in the sky) swept down from Canada over the Great Lakes region and engulfed Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, etc. The Ohio River joins the Mississippi at Cairo, Illinois. When Cairo enters a flap phase, we know that the activity will quickly spread up and down the Ohio valley through Kentucky to Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. The problem is to figure out exactly where and how the phenomenon will strike in these areas. In one flap, it might produce a series of landings and contacts with little men. In another, it might come up with a brand new type of monster.

At 7 p.m. on Friday, September 12, 1952, a “fireball” roared across Baltimore, Maryland, headed west. It was seen by thousands of people on the East Coast.

A few minutes later Mr. Woodrow Eagle was driving near Gassaway, West Virginia, on his way to Sutton when he saw a flaming object hurtle out of the sky and crash into a steep hill to the south. Thinking it was a plane crash, he turned around and drove two miles to the nearest telephone to call the sheriff in Sutton.

At Flatwoods, a group of boys were playing on the local football field when, at about 7:15 p.m., they saw a bright red object coming at slow speed around a hill. It seemed to stop in midair and then dropped behind the hill. A moment later, a bright orange light lit up the sky and faded slowly away to a cherry red glow.

The boys started running toward the hill. At last something interesting was happening in Flatwoods! They raced up a hill road, passing a house occupied by the May family. Mrs. Kathleen May

came out on the porch and asked them where they were going.

"A flyin' saucer's landed on the hill," young Ronald Shaver told her. "We're gonna take a look at it!"

Mrs. May asked them to wait while she picked up a flashlight. Eugene Lemon, a 17-year-old neighbor, joined the excited group as they continued on up the hill in the darkness, his dog trotting on ahead. They came to a five-foot-high gate on the path, fumbled with the latch, passed through it, and closed it carefully behind them.

Near the top of the hill, the dog began howling and whining, then it let out a bloodcurdling yelp and came dashing back, a streak in the dark shooting past the group and heading downhill as fast as it could go.

A pulsing red glow lit the blackened hilltop, and a peculiar mist hugged the summit. When Mrs. May and the boys rushed into it, they were greeted by an overpowering "sickly" smell that made their eyes water.

The frightened dog and the terrible stench slowed their pace somewhat. Gasping for breath, they turned the final bend in the path and stood on the summit.

"There's nothing here," one of the boys announced.

"Over there. By that tree," Mrs. May cried, pointing to her left. Young Neal Nunley, who was carrying the flashlight, swung his beam to the tree. A large pair of eyes seemed to glow on a high limb. The whole party froze, transfixed for one awful moment. There, seeming to float in the air by the tree, was a gigantic object the size of a very large man. Its head, all the witnesses agreed later, was shaped like an "ace of spades" distinguished by two large luminous eyes which threw out powerful beams of pale blue light. No arms or legs were visible. It shifted slightly, moving its whole body, and the beams from its "eyes" turned to a spot in the grass where a large object suddenly pulsed, changing from a bright red

to orange and back again.

Eugene Lemon did the rational thing. He fainted dead away.

It would be an understatement to say they were terrified and confused. The other boys dragged Lemon to his feet, and they all beat a strategic retreat. When they reached the gate in the path, they didn't bother to open it. Mrs. May somehow jumped over it, a feat she could never repeat. The others went under it, around it, over it —none of them remembering how.

Lemon's dog was stretched out at the foot of the hill, vomiting.

A few hours later, the local sheriff arrived, accompanied by newspaper reporters from Sutton. The sheriff dismissed the whole story and refused to visit the hill, but the reporters found the area still reeked with a pungent odor that offended nose and throat. There were traces of a 15-foot, circular flattened area in the grass but no sign of the monster or the object.

According to our law of synchronicity, a similar monster should have turned up the same night in California or some other distant place. But the phenomenon threw us a slight curve. The monster reappeared all right, and the very next night—but near Frametown, West Virginia, the other side of Sutton.

At 10 p.m. on September 13, 1952, Mr. and Mrs. George Snitowski and their little girl were driving near Frametown when their car suddenly stalled. Mr. Snitowski got out of the car and noticed a strong sulphurous smell in the air. He started walking towards a very bright light in some nearby woods, thinking something might be burning. Nearing the light, he felt electrical pricklings throughout his body, and he staggered back to the car, falling down several times. He found his wife cringing in abject terror. She mutely pointed out a giant 10-foot-tall human-shaped entity about 30 feet away. They locked themselves in the car as the thing circled it, seeming to inspect it, then it loped away into the woods, Moments later a brilliant sphere of light rose from the trees

and soared away, leaving a luminous trail.

A few days after the Flatwoods monster paid his visit, two men appeared in Braxton County posing as peddlers. They systematically visited the homes of most of the witnesses, showing little interest in selling pots and pans but anxious to talk about the sightings for hours.

The law of synchronicity has created a fascinating statistical anomaly that suggests that witnesses are not accidental but are actually selected. In fact, the deeper you penetrate into this business, the more obvious it becomes that very little chance is involved. The sightings follow preset geographical and time patterns. In the seemingly chance contacts, they often carry out repetitive actions (i.e., inspecting their machine with a flashlight) that almost seem rehearsed.

While handling great mounds of clippings and reports dating back to the 1890s and naming thousands of witnesses, I noted the prevalence of odd surnames, such as Snitowski, and the relative rarity of really common names like Smith and Jones. Since we are dealing with thousands of reports,[13] not a mere handful, certain basic statistical laws should surface. They have not. If there are more Smiths than Snitowskis in the United States, why have so few Smiths been named in these reports?

Back in 1964, the Social Security Administration released a list of the most common surnames in the United States based on a computer readout of their records. The top ten were (in order): Smith, Johnson, Williams(on), Brown, Jones, Miller, Davis, Martin(ez) (son), Anders(on), Wilson. Even if you take a comparatively small "population," such as the 37 presidents, you find that three had names from this top ten (Andrew Johnson, Woodrow Wilson, Lyndon Johnson). Why are there so few Wilsons and Johnsons among UFO witnesses? Simple odds alone should give us more Smiths than Snitowskis.

In 1966-67, people with the surname Reeve(s) were caught up in the UFO games. The members of a Reeves family in Oregon were driven from their home by eerie lights that passed through walls and chased them from room to room like ball lightning (but this was definitely not ball lightning), while larger objects hovered above their roof and shadowy little figures moved about in their fields. A few months before that, John Reeves (no relation) of Brooksville, Florida, claimed contact with a being in a space suit who landed on a sand dune. And one of the most prominent UFO investigators of the 1950s and 1960s was an engineer named Bryant Reeve.

Mere coincidences, you might say. But ufological lore is shot full of coincidences. One of the victims of the collapse of the Silver Bridge in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, site of a big UFO wave in 1967, was named Alvis Maddox. Three months later, in March 1968, a deputy sheriff in Texas was mentioned in a widely published UFO sighting. His name, too, was Alvis Maddox.

In my travels I noted a number of odd variations in this name game. Spectacular sightings and landings occurred at places called Misery Bay, Misery Point, Mount Misery, and Misery Hollow. In each case I found the places had been so named because, logically, weird and miserable things had been happening in them for many years—hauntings, murders, strange noises, bizarre phantasms, disappearances of children and animals without explanation.

Sightings in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, were followed by sightings in Point Pleasant, New Jersey. Sometimes UFO sightings or monster appearances will occur simultaneously in two widely scattered places bearing the same name.

Some of these coincidences can really boggle the mind. The Flatwoods monster was one of the best-publicized events of 1952. There were few publicized sightings in the U.S. after that, until all hell broke loose in Kentucky in 1955.

Hopkinsville, Kentucky, has one chief claim to fame. It was the boyhood home of Edgar Cayce, the celebrated medium and prophet. On the night of August 21, 1955, a family named Sutton reportedly saw a light land on their property, and several silvery little men with elephantine ears attacked their farmhouse. The Sutton men grabbed their rifles and fired at the creatures for hours. When they hit one of the fellows, he would somersault (they had amazing agility) and come back for more. Finally, the family piled into their jalopy and fled to Hopkinsville for the sheriff. On the way back, the sheriff saw a light rising into the sky. There was no question but that the terrified family had seen something, and the bullet holes all over the property proved they had been desperately shooting at something.

The story was flashed around the country by the wire services. In 1952 the Flatwoods episode had made Sutton, West Virginia, temporarily famous. Now, three years later, a Sutton family was in the news. The Hopkinsville shootout has become a "classic" and is probably one of the most overrated episodes in the UFO annals. [14] The family was questioned routinely by officers of the Air Force, but about two weeks later a couple of hardware peddlers visited the area. They sold no merchandise because they were too busy questioning everyone about the incident.

Not many Suttons have been involved since, but I did finally meet a witness named Jones in 1967. Later, in the fall of 1973, 1 complained to various correspondents and researchers about the dearth of Smiths and Joneses in the incoming reports of the big October flap. Apparently some Venusian was also reading my mail. On Thursday, November 1, 1973, Mrs. Wanda Jones looked out her kitchen window and was stunned to see a rotating, orange-colored object hovering about five feet above the ground. It was "about the size of a double-car garage," she said, and it emitted a loud buzzing sound. She gathered her children and fled to a

neighbor's house.

"There's no doubt about it, Mrs. Wanda Jones saw something that caused her to become hysterical," Police Sgt. Gary Jurkowski told reporters.

Mrs. Jones lives outside the village of Perry, New York. Most of the people in Perry are of Polish descent and have difficult names, like Sergeant Jurkowski's. So why did our friendly Venusians decide to show themselves to one of the few Joneses in the area? The answer is as simple as it is paranoid.

Perry is my hometown. Mrs. Jones knows my family. This was one of the first UFO sightings in the Perry area since 1966.

Allied with the synchronous events is what I call the reflective factor. Somehow the phenomenon reflects back material that supports whatever beliefs or theories motivate the investigators. Once, just for the hell of it, I doodled with the notion that some of our parahumans might be aquatic. They were often seen wearing turtleneck sweaters, and I wondered, not very seriously, if their turtlenecks might be concealing something like gills. Naturally, I didn't discuss this preposterous theory with anyone, but—and this was utterly amazing to me—the week I played with this idea I suddenly received a letter from a young man in Florida who described a remarkable encounter. He had been hitchhiking and was picked up by a very strange man who had gill-like flaps on his throat. I've never received any other reports of this type. It is a one-of-a-kind.

15

The two sounds most closely allied to the monster sightings are a baby crying and a woman screaming. The baby crying sound is also well-known to psychic researchers and, according to the folklore of North Carolina and other southern states, is often heard in haunted houses and deserted cemeteries late at night. The sound of a woman wailing or screaming is, of course, the classic cry of the legendary banshee known from Africa and Ireland to Southeast Asia.

Actually, the banshee cry could be mechanical, caused by an abrupt temperature change. Phoney mediums produce this sound in séance rooms by rubbing a warm silver dollar across a piece of dry ice. Sudden temperature changes are quite common in both ghost stories and UFO reports. A room, or the interior of a car, can become unbearably hot or unbearably cold in a matter of seconds in the presence of an apparition or UFO. Flying-saucer believers regard this as a mechanical effect of the UFO's superior technology.

It is more probable that these sound waves are being produced by the same phenomenon that alters the chemical composition of the air and generates the terrible stench. They do not emanate from a set of lusty, hair-covered vocal cords but are the result of an abrupt temperature change, which creates sudden sound waves as

the warm air is forced away from a mass of frigid air.

The animals have been heard to make another sound, but it is a guttural, blubbering noise.

Sound plays another role in the monster mystery. Do you know why your local church has a loud bell, which jars you out of a sound sleep every Sunday morning? It is a holdover from a very ancient tradition known and practiced by almost every tribe on this planet. Demons are supposed to be allergic to loud sounds, particularly sounds in the ultrasonic range. When an Abominable Snowman is reported in the Himalayas, the local lamas still turn out with their bells and horns and set up an enormous racket to drive the creature away. Loud bells were used in temples long before the Christian era, not to summon worshippers but to drive away devils and evil spirits on holy days. Very high-pitched bells and musical instruments similar to dog whistles (which can't even be heard by human ears) were the most effective way of getting rid of dragons and red-eyed monsters.

Apparently some footprint-making phantasms dissolve when exposed to a high-frequency sound. But loud sounds lower on the scale also affect them. A blast on an auto horn, for example, will send a BEN (Big Hairy Monster) scurrying for cover. A shrill note on a trumpet will clear the sky of UFOs. Police and fire sirens are also effective anti-bogeymen devices.

Dogs, cats, horses, and other animals with hearing far more sensitive than human ears often react with fear and panic before the human witnesses hear or see anything unusual. Gordon Creighton, a retired British diplomat, has compiled a catalog of hundreds of cases in which such animal reactions were noted before or during UFO sightings and occult manifestations. Flying saucers are frequently accompanied by weird science-fiction-like hummings and beepings high up on the audio scale. These sounds have even been recorded on tape a number of times. UFO

enthusiasts generally explain such sounds as being the by-product of the technology of the objects. But in studying many of these cases, it occurred to me that areas were being bathed in high-frequency sounds for some other purpose. Were these things driving away other entities or forces on the ground before they swooped down to collect a few cows or whatever? Or is the purpose even more sinister than that?

Our funny ultraterrestrials are not only sensitive to sound, they seem very sensitive to light. Historically, psychic manifestations take place in complete darkness. If there is a light, the phenomenon somehow puts it out. Long before the invention of the electric bulb there were thousands of carefully reported cases in which candles in sealed rooms (no possibility of a draught) suddenly went out mysteriously before the ghost made his appearance. Nonelectrical machines like clocks and even windmills stop abruptly in the presence of these forces.

Modern UFO incidents have generated thousands of reports of what is known as the electromagnetic (EM) effect. Automobiles stall and all their electrical systems fail when a UFO appears. Widespread power failures occur in UFO flap areas. Radios and telephones go haywire. Battery-operated cameras refuse to work. For years the UFO enthusiasts have regarded these events as proof that UFOs are surrounded by a very intense magnetic field. But the EM effect goes far beyond normal magnetic aberrations. A few years ago the Ford Motor Company conducted a series of tests to find out just how much magnetism it would take to stall an automobile. It was found that a magnetic field of 20,000 gauss would be required, and that such an intense field would certainly alter the normal state of magnetization of the car (and could be easily detected afterwards), and would bend and damage many of the delicate parts.[15]

Clocks and watches also stop in the presence of UFOs. Even

watches made of non-magnetic alloys. This EM effect is not isolated to UFO cases at all. It also occurs in monster sightings, ghost stories, and even in our sea serpent mystery. The UFO enthusiasts have simply isolated and renamed a phenomenon long known to parapsychologists and ghost hunters. In some cases it bas been found that wires refused to conduct current while the UFOs were present. It sounds as if the phenomenon has the ability to drain off energy, particularly electrical energy, and paralyze all kinetic force. Wheels won't go around. Clocks won't run. Manually operated cameras won't work. Our ultraterrestrials are able to manipulate, to enchant, all of our toys and machines. Even more alarming, they are able to manipulate human beings just as easily. Our brains are, after all, electrical organisms operating on known frequencies of the electromagnetic spectrum.

As you can see, these mysteries have many built-in contradictions. Some entities or forces react negatively to high frequency sounds, while others emit such sounds. Part of the phenomenon avoids light. Part of it produces light, even light of blinding intensity. Yet if you project a powerful flashlight at one of the aerial lights, as I have done on a few occasions, the object will actually leap out of your beam. If the object is fairly close, you may find that your flashlight won't work at all.

All of these forces have existed on our planet since the beginning, as I have already pointed out. But we are caught up in a game of re-explaining them in each generation as they manifest themselves in new ways. Today one group of pragmatic scientists are soberly investigating BHM while they scorn, even laugh at, the psychic investigators and UFO enthusiasts. Another group is bent on trapping sea serpents. Still others are chasing ghosts and poltergeists. None of these groups seems willing to examine the evidence of the others. Yet they are probably all pursuing the same intangible force. Before we can make any real progress, all of these

separate studies must be brought together. The BHM smells may be more important than their footprints. The hums and whines of the flying saucers may not be produced by intricate machinery but may just be another indication of the complex forces at work in these cases.

Some of our sea serpents, hairy humanoids, and silver-suited spacemen have huge self-luminous eyes. It may be that these "eyes" are the only real things about some of these entities. The bodies to which they are seemingly attached are often shadowy and indistinct. The witnesses' minds fill in the missing details. They see a pair of bright lights seven feet off the ground so they assume they are connected to a giant body in the dark. The same glowing patches become a sea serpent when seen inches above a lake.

In occult lore, eyes—or a single huge eye—play a very important role. The eye is an ancient symbol for the deity. Persons suffering from paranoia-schizophrenia see eyes everywhere. They turn on a water faucet and a huge eye oozes out. In Egyptology, the Eye of Horus is one of the most important symbols. It represents all sorts of mathematical equations. On every dollar bill, atop the pyramid on the obverse side of the Great Seal of the United States, there is this same great eye. On my field trips I am always alert for two phenomena: witnesses who see sudden flashes of light, "like a flashgun going off," and people who have seen some sort of eye during their experience. The visions of eyes cannot really be rationally explained, but they are significant.

Every reader has probably heard of the famous "abduction" of Betty and Barney Hill. They were driving through the mountains of New England in 1961 when they were allegedly stopped by a UFO and whisked aboard by a group of little men who proceeded to give them a medical examination. The story first appeared in Look Magazine and later as a book.[16]

Barney was driving. Later he reported seeing a huge eye seemingly suspended in space in front of his windshield before he halted for the little men in black leather jackets who, incidentally, bore a remarkable resemblance to a group of normal young men he and his wife had seen earlier in a roadside restaurant. The floating eye is the tip-off that the Hills' experience was largely hallucinatory.

Separating the real from the unreal in these cases is an awesome task. But this is the task I am undertaking here. A weird, unbelievable paranormal force is at work on this planet, and it is time we looked at it the way it is, not the way we think or wish it to be.

The most damning evidence against the physicality of the creatures is their amazing ability to vanish into thin air. Dozens of times in recent years, large posses of armed men, backed up by bloodhounds and helicopters, have searched the areas where the monsters were seen by reliable witnesses. Every rock, cave, bush, and gully was carefully examined. No trace of the animals, their nesting or sleeping places, or their feeding grounds has ever been found.

Ancient investigators suffered the same frustrations when they turned out to track down the dragons, fire-breathing chimeras, horned demons, and hairy bipeds reported in earlier times. Then, as now, deep tracks pursued courses through muddy fields only to stop suddenly as if the animal had been snatched into the sky. The footprints in themselves are not impressive. Ghosts, fairies, vampires, dragons, and clove-hooved demons have all scattered such physical evidence in their paths to prove their reality and support the frame of reference in which they had been manifested. So thousands of years ago men concluded that the monsters were not real. The Greek word khimaira ("chimera") came to mean an unreal, fire-breathing, smelly transmogrification. The word

specter, meaning ghost or apparition, stems from the Latin spectrum, for the ancients noted that land-bound and aerial apparitions often passed through all the colors of the spectrum just as modern UFOs do. When new frames of reference, such as the fairy faith of the Middle Ages, were introduced, scholars and scientists performed careful investigations and ultimately concluded such things were unreal.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, once published a series of apparently authentic photos of the little people. Nessie, the phantom sea serpent of Loch Ness in Scotland, has been photographed several times, but divers, submarines, and all kinds of modern gadgets have failed to locate Nessie in the lake and confirm his existence. However, the photographic evidence for our Big Hairy Monsters and Sasquatches is depressingly inadequate. A few pictures have been taken, it is true, but they do not stand up under expert examination by biologists and anthropologists. Considering the wide range of the beasts' wanderings, and their frequent appearances, there should be more photographic evidence than there is.

While these things seem very tangible to the surprised witnesses, they are actually as intangible as puffs of marsh gas—glowing one minute, gone the next.

Nevertheless, a growing band of anthropologists, college professors, and adventurers are convinced of their reality. Some well-financed expeditions went chasing the Sasquatch in the Canadian forests in 1973-74. They found more tracks, more witnesses, and even produced a couple of dubious photographs. Other expeditions have been busy at Loch Ness for years. Cameras have been mounted around the perimeter of the lake. A Japanese submarine was introduced into the murky waters in 1973. There were new sightings of the elusive sea serpent but no conclusive evidence was developed.

One of Nessie's most persistent pursuers, F. W. Holiday, has now rejected the physical theory. He has studied the strange psychic manifestations which haunt the Loch and hinder the scientific investigators. In his most recent book,[17] Holiday outlines the weird coincidences and the fascinating historical material, which all point to a paraphysical explanation.

In August 1968, Holiday was present when Nessie reared his ugly head for a look around. Though there were a number of good witnesses along the shore, the beast chose to pop up in one of the very few places that were obscured from the various cameras!

"The Loch Ness Investigation Bureau had a camera truck at Quarry Brae," Holiday reported, "and another one four miles away at Tor Point. The observers were watchful and keen but they had seen nothing. The phenomenon had concealed itself so there was nothing for them to see."

Eager would-be UFO photographers the world over have been puzzled when their expensive cameras failed to function at the critical moment, returning to normal as soon as the UFO had soared out of view. Holiday cites a number of instances in which this has occurred at Loch Ness. In some cases, the cameras seemed to work, but the developed film came out completely blank. This has also happened to innumerable UFO photographers, ghost hunters, and BHM chasers.

Even more remarkable, there have been many instances in which UFOs, apparitions, and monsters seem to have deliberately posed for photographers. They have actually waited around while excited witnesses ran to their homes or cars for their cameras, loaded them with fumbling fingers, and returned to snap the picture. Chief Greenhaw's silvery man in Alabama apparently posed (see Chapter 16), as did the Sasquatch photographed by Ivan Marx in 1973.[18] Nessie, too, has posed a few times over the years. As soon as the shutter clicks, the entity or object dashes

away.

Obviously there is some kind of intelligence behind all these manifestations. It is very mischievous, with a great sense of humor. Would beings from some distant galaxy travel hundreds of light years to play such jokes on us? Parapsychologists devoted to poltergeist cases (a poltergeist is a noisy, troublesome but invisible "ghost") have noted this same kind of joke-playing. After investigating many poltergeist cases, zoologist Ivan Sanderson compared their mentality with that of a small child or an animal like a monkey. In my own peculiar adventures with people claiming to be in contact with the UFO entities, I found that the representatives of that superior technology in the sky were astonishingly stupid, had a wild, even vicious, sense of humor, and also had furious tempers like the devils, demons, and valkyries of old.

By human standards these phenomenal entities are emotionally disturbed. The lonely explorers adventuring in the various frames or reference have struggled to endow them with human qualities, to find some rationale for their irrational behavior, to render plausible their totally implausible nature. Few have dared to confront the obvious truth: the source of all of these subhumans and parahumans is not sane. We have wasted the time of our greatest scientists, philosophers, and theologians for centuries in a futile effort to find wisdom in the follies of the superspectrum. When a hairy monster stalks across the landscape and peers into a bathroom window, the event has no meaning, so we invent a meaning for it. We have complicated our reality by developing whole cults of unreason to define unreasonable intrusions and make them important in our own lives. If the source is crazy for teasing us pointlessly, what are we who allow ourselves to be so easily teased?

16

Where was Dan Koehler on August 19, 1973?

Mr. Koehler is the tallest man in the United States, standing eight feet two inches tail. But at 8 p.m. on that warm summer evening, someone even taller went striding down the main street of the little village of Buffalo Mills, Pennsylvania. Whoever he was, he seemed to be at least nine feet tall and looked very human except for his clothes, which were cut in an odd way and were made of a strange shimmering material. As he passed along the street, doors slammed shut, and startled faces peered anxiously around the corners of taut lace curtains. His dark, penetrating gaze transfixed the amazed passersby in Buffalo Mills while he loped along casually, his long legs barely seeming to touch the sidewalk.

He passed through the town quietly, peaceably, and walked into oblivion, just another one of the hordes of peculiar visitors who appear out of nowhere periodically, often in the center of major cities, and then dissolve again into the unknown.

A few months earlier a similar stranger entered a bar in Tres Arroyos, Argentina. He was also unusually tall and had a discomfiting gaze. The customers in the bar gaped in astonishment as he walked into the men's room. Several minutes passed, and when he didn't reappear, the owner decided to check. The little windowless men's room was empty. There was no other way out.

The barkeeper called the local police, and they examined the john minutely. Apparently the seven-foot-tall stranger in the funny suit had flushed himself down the toilet.

There ate hundreds of stories of this kind every year, troublesome little mysteries that rarely receive much attention. Individually, these incidents are senseless and unimportant. But they keep occurring year after year, decade after decade, century after century, in every part of the world. Often, aside from their bizarre appearance, these creatures manage to call attention to themselves through some quirk of speech (when they speak at all), odd behavior, or unusual garment. Frequently their hair is a peculiar shade, as if it were badly dyed or as if they were wearing some kind of homemade wig. In 1954 one of these characters allegedly turned up in Kentucky wearing odd shoes. According to a witness:

> Several months ago a young man, boarding at my house, took me to lunch in a basement restaurant. When we had finished eating our lunch, we each went to the Rest Rooms. When I came out of the Ladies Room, my escort was standing by the revolving doors that lead upstairs. He said: "Meg, did you see that man sitting on that seat back there, with shoes that had a place for every toe?" I said: "No, Jack." He suggested: "You go back into the Red Room, look at him, and come back out."
> I did. This man was sitting there with his hands on his knees. He was a tall man. His head and shoulders were higher than any other person's there. He did not say a word. He just watched everyone. When he saw me look at him and at his feet, he got up and walked out. He was wearing a dark brown suit, and his five-toed shoes were dark brown. His toes were long and big, and his foot looked narrow at the heel.

A writer named Charles Fort (1874-1932) collected hundreds of stories about these mysterious strangers in the 19th century and presented them in a series of books published in the 1920s. He called them "a procession of the damned." The parade goes on. The damned still march among us, their feet lurching to the beat of a distant and very different drummer. For our part, we ignore them or laugh uneasily when we hear about their periodic and senseless visits.

A small group of people who call themselves Forteans lovingly

collect and file such anecdotes after documenting them as carefully as possible. The Buffalo Mills story was published in The INFO Journal, the organ of the International Fortean Organization, after being first reported in the Jeanette (Pa.) News-Dispatch. The Argentine story was translated from a South American newspaper and published in Case Histories, a serious magazine published by England's highly respected Flying Saucer Review. The tale of the man with the funny footwear in Kentucky was recorded by the late Harold T. Wilkins, the great British researcher.[19]

If we accept these stories at face value, we could believe that this planet is the home of a wide assortment of parahuman entities who do not pay taxes, vote, or contribute one whit to our fluctuating economies. Some of them climb out of flying saucers and hitch rides with passing motorists (there are many such reports). Some seem to reside in our swamps and cemeteries. All of them are absurd.

The lore of these strangers extends far back in history and permeates every society. In other ages we tended to regard them as agents for God or the devil. Today millions accept them as visitors from outer space, and some flying-saucer cults even believe that thousands of space people now live in our midst unnoticed.

Until a few years ago, these characters seemed to prefer the company of backwoods farmers and tribesmen in isolated areas of the world. But as the popular belief in extraterrestrial visitors spread, the entities began to select police officers, doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers, and other so-called reputable types as witnesses. Down in Falkville, Alabama, Police Chief Jeff Greenhaw even managed to take a picture of an unidentified walking object.

It happened on Wednesday, October 17, 1973. Chief Greenhaw spotted the critter standing on the edge of a gravel road. It was shaped like a man, he said later, "but it looked like his head and neck were kind of made together.... He was real bright, something

like rubbing mercury on nickel, but just as smooth as glass—different angles gave different lighting. I don't believe it was aluminum foil."

Greenhaw grabbed the camera he kept in his police car and snapped a picture. Then he turned on his blue flashing light and the entity dashed away, moving stiffly like a robot but running "faster than any human I ever saw."

After he released his photograph to the Associated Press, his life became a nightmare. First, he was hounded by crank telephone calls, many of them threatening. The engine of his automobile blew up. His wife left him. His house burned down. In mid-November, a month after his incredible experiences, the town council handed him his walking papers. Like many others who had been briefly exposed to the paranormal, his life suddenly came down in ruins around him.

Another police officer, Dale Spaur of Ravenna, Ohio, was involved in a much-publicized pursuit of a low-flying unidentified flying object in 1966. It was seen by many other people along his route, even though the U.S. Air Force later announced that he had foolishly chased Venus. Within weeks after his story had hit the press, Spaur's wife left him, and he was fired from the force. He suffered incredible hardships for years afterwards.

Actually, such tragedies are commonplace. In many cases, witnesses with unlisted telephones were haunted by threatening calls after their sightings of monsters or UFOs, even when they had not reported their experience to anyone. Sudden misfortunes have plagued them, with fires and automobile accidents topping the list.

Students of the occult can recognize this tragedy syndrome. Practitioners of witchcraft and the black arts are often engulfed in such horrors. The fairy lore of the Middle Ages is filled with identical tales. The wee folk, like the entities conjured up by

glassy-eyed sorcerers, often turned on their human benefactors. But the lore can be traced much further back to that hazy age when men encountered gods on lonely deserts and mountaintops. The gods, according to the ancient saying, drove men mad and destroyed them.

Long before the Europeans arrived, the North American Indians had developed a rich lore based on the appearances of the devilish "Trickster," and the mischievous little people. While studying petroglyphs (Indian rock carvings) in Canada, Sigurd Olson came upon drawings of "a figure I had seen nowhere else."[20]

> These were the Mannegishi, who, according to legend, are little people with round heads and no noses who live with only one purpose: to play jokes on travellers. The little creatures have long spidery legs, arms with six-fingered hands, and live between rocks in the rapids. When a canoe comes hurtling down, their greatest delight is to grasp the ends of the paddles, and if the craft tips over, their shrieks can be heard above the thunder of the water. If anything strange or unaccountable happens anywhere in the land of the Crees, it is the Mannegishi who are responsible.

Every culture has its personal devils and devil theories. These are based in part on the purely subjective experiences of random lone individuals who suffered convincing hallucinations. When enough people have undergone similar hallucinations, their stories are accepted as being objectively real. A lore develops, followed by studies and analyses that arrive at conclusions founded on the testimonial evidence. Paradoxically, as more and more people accept the hallucinatory lore, the hallucinations increase and witnesses grow in astonishing numbers. The problem is compounded by the fact that certain types of hallucinations do not seem to spring from the percipient's mind but seem to be created by an exterior force, a force which has the ability to bypass the normal channels of perception and broadcast directly to the percipient's brain. Some dragons, sea serpents, and BHM are purely hallucinatory, while others are transmogrifications capable

of snapping off tree limbs and stomping great footprints in the mud. The empty-eyed beings who look like us yet come from a far, far place beyond the reverse side of Alice's magical mirror are in the same category, twisting out of the vortex of the superspectrum into our reality as lost as the wandering dead and as purposeless as the animated corpses of the secret voodoo rites. The transmogrified types can be seen by anyone who stumbles their way. The hallucinatory types are invisible to most of us, but psychics who have seen them have filled the occult and UFO lore with tales of dark encounters.

Here is an account of a visit from a hallucination published on February 7, 1824, in the New York Mirror and Ladies Literary Gazette, Volume 1, Number 28:

DELUSION

The following story will appear to you incredible and fabulous; and perhaps I need not assure you that I had great difficulty in believing it; but as I had it from the lips of the individual who forms the subject of it, and as he was a visionary, I attributed it to the affects of a disturbed imagination. The event (at least as far as this person's mind is concerned) occurred in our day, and it is attested by many in the city of Nismes [I have been unable to locate a "city of Nismes" in any atlas. Perhaps the name has been changed since 1824. Perhaps it never existed. Author]. The tale is thus told:

Mr. Graverol was alone in his study one day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a stranger was ushered in: as soon as he was seated, a conversation started up between the two. The stranger addressed Mr. G. in elegant Latin, saying that he had heard his learning spoken highly of, and he had come from a distant country to converse with him on things which had embarrassed the ancient philosophers. After Mr. G. had replied suitably to the compliment offered to his talents, some very obstruse subject was introduced, and handled in a scientific manner. The stranger did not confine himself to the Latin languages, but he spoke Greek and some Eastern tongues, which Ms. G. also understood perfectly. The latter was astonished and delighted with his guest's profound information; and for fear some person should call on him and interrupt it, he proposed to walk, which was readily acceded to by the stranger. The day was delightful, and you know there are some beautiful walks in the neighborhood of Nismes. They left the house with the design of going through the gate, called Crown gate, which leads to some gardens, and a very fine avenue of noble trees. But as Mr. G.'s house was a considerable distance from the place above mentioned, they were obliged to cross several streets before they reached it. During the walk, Mr. G. was observed by many of his acquaintances (he being well known in the city) to use much gesture; what added to the surprise was that no person was seen accompanying him. Some of his friends sent to his wife, expressing their fears that he was deranged, and describing the manner in which he was noticed to pass through the streets. She being greatly alarmed at intelligence so extraordinary, dispatched several persons in search of him; but they could not find him, as he had gained the shady walks outside the city, with his

new acquaintance. After expatiating on subjects of ancient and modern philosophy, and reasoning on the secrets of nature, they entered on the wide fields of magic and enchantment. The stranger agreed with great ingenuity and power, but he exceeded the bounds of probability, and Mr. G. cried out "Stop, stop! Christianity forbids us proceeding to such lengths, and we should not pass the prescribed boundaries." He had no sooner said (at least according to the narration spread abroad), than the stranger vanished. Mr. G. being at that moment at the extreme end of one of the avenues, which was terminated by some pallisadoes, was compelled to return the same way he went. On turning around, and not perceiving his companion, he became greatly alarmed, and uttered a dreadful shriek which brought some men who were employed in pruning trees, to him. When these people perceived how pale and frightened he was, they gave him some wine, and then used all the means which they could devise to restore him to himself. As soon as he had recovered his recollection, he inquired if they had noticed where the gentleman had gone with whom he had been walking? He was very much agitated when these good people informed him that no one was with him when he passed under the tree where they were at work: neither had a single individual been in his company since he came in their sight, and they had observed him some distance before he reached them. They added, moreover, that when he passed, it struck them as being somewhat singular that he should be so deeply engaged in apparent conversation, although he was alone. Mr. G., on learning this, went immediately home, where he found his house in disorder and alarm, concerning reports that had reached his wife. He then related his adventure. When the story was noised abroad, it was publicly asserted all over the city, that the devil had visited Mr. Graverol! He was a very gentlemanly man, and an advocate, and related the circumstances to me as I have detailed them. When he concluded, he said, "This is accurately what happened; you are now acquainted with the facts as well as myself, and you may exercise your judgement respecting them as shall best seem fit. And all I can add, is the stranger was a very learned and eloquent man, and reasoned like a philosopher."

These subjective hallucinations have launched a thousand religions and eccentric cults. Sometimes the entities pose as members of some secret order of Brothers watching over the human race. Some claim to belong to a long-gone Elder race that once inhabited this planet and constructed the pyramids, Stonehenge, and the other ancient artifacts that baffle us. Others pretend to be from lost Atlantis or mental projections from a secret temple high in the Himalayas. Today they are inclined to identify themselves as denizens of another planet and add to the propaganda being circulated to advance the extraterrestrial hypothesis (ETH)—that is, that we are being visited by people from another galaxy.

However, some of these apparitions can actually materialize into our physical reality and produce physical evidence of their existence. Tall stately Indians (usually wearing a metal headpiece

of some sort) have actually appeared at thousands of séances and even shaken hands with all the sitters before walking through a wall or just fading away like a motion picture projection.

This is not a rare phenomenon. It is extremely commonplace.

Each year thousands of these transmogrifications appear briefly all over the earth. They are usually accompanied by one or more telltale manifestations—sulfuric odors, bright flashes of light, or actual changes or distortions of the landscape where they appear. In olden times, witnesses to such events were said to be enchanted, because they honestly thought they had seen things they could not possibly have seen, and often they suffered displacement in time and space along with amnesia.

One of the newer members to the contactee club is a well digger named Carl Higdon. While hunting elk in the Medicine Bow National Forest in Wyoming during the last week of October 1974, Mr. Higdon suddenly turned a corner and found himself in a time warp. He spotted an elk, took aim, and fired.

"I could see the bullet going out the end of the gun," he later mused, "and this is not normal. I saw the bullet go out about 60 feet and it just stopped and fell."

Like so many others, Higdon's personal sense of time had been suddenly altered. A brief second was expanded until the speeding bullet seemed to be moving in slow motion. This can be compared to a normal dream in which a long, involved story can be played out in the dreamer's mind in a few seconds. The dreamer has left our reality and slipped into "dreamtime." (It is interesting that the aborigines of Australia refer to the ancient, dimly remembered age of the gods as "dreamtime.")

As the bullet slowly fell to the ground, Higdon saw a man in a skin-tight black suit with a slanted head, no chin, and a yellow complexion. This being approached him and asked if he was hungry. Higdon admitted he was, and the man in the cosmic

wetsuit handed him a package of pills and told him to take one. After Higdon obeyed, he followed the man to a transparent object, which flew off to a tower illuminated with rotating multicolored lights. There Higdon was examined by some kind of machine, apparently rejected as a 4F, and returned to the Wyoming forest.

In other cases the contactees have been handed strange cigarettes or cups of an oily liquid. I call this the ambrosia factor. It can be traced back to the days of Greece and Rome when those who were privileged to have a meeting with the gods on Mount Olympus were offered cups of the magical cure-all said to render the drinker immortal. Since no one has ever run across a 3,000-year-old man, we can assume that ambrosia's only effect was to make the drinker high enough to commune with the gods, just as Higdon's pill probably conditioned him for his time-bending adventure in the UFO tower.

In May 1969, Jose Antonio, a Brazilian soldier, underwent a similar experience when he was kidnapped by a group of tiny humanoids and transported to a cavern-like room of stone. There his captors offered him a drink from a stone cube with a pyramidal cavity in the center. It was a dark green liquid, he reported, with a bitter taste. But he said he felt better after drinking it.

George Adamski, a controversial contactee in the 1950s, imbibed with some beautiful Venusian ladies and said his space drink tasted like water but was "a little denser, with a consistency like a very thin oil."

Some adventurous earthlings have even taken a bath in the stuff. The story of Antonio Villas Boas of Brazil is now well known. In 1957 he was allegedly taken aboard a UFO and introduced to a sex-starved blonde spacewoman. Before his X-rated experience began, the little men on board the craft took off his clothes and bathed him with a wet sponge. "The liquid was as clear as water," he later told Dr. Olavo T. Fontes, "but quite thick,

and without smell. I thought it was some sort of oil, but was wrong, for my skin did not become greasy or oily."

Larry Foreman of California didn't receive a ceremonial anointing, but during a series of UFO contacts near Socorro, New Mexico, in the 1960s, he claims to have tasted ambrosia. To him it was "some kind of punch, a berry of some kind, I think."

Many contactee experiences can be compared with dreams, as already noted, and, like normal dreamers, it is probable that physical sensations occurring during the trance are translated into the context of the dream. If you are sleeping and a mosquito digs its stinger into your arm, you might dream that you are being stabbed with a hypodermic needle. The UFO contactees are having an experience on two levels. On the real level, their body is paralyzed in a trance and is being subjected to who-knows-what-kind-of manipulations, while on the mental level they are enjoying a dream of spacemen and UFOs. As with ordinary hypnosis, the trance state overlaps into reality and they are unable to distinguish between the two. Later, when they look at their watch, they are amazed to find that hours have passed when the whole thing seemed to take only a few minutes, or, vice versa, minutes have passed when it seemed to take hours. Higdon's sense of time was accelerated. His whole adventure took much less time than he thought.

Unpleasant sensations experienced during the trance include sharp pains in the solar plexus, the area long believed to be a center of psychic powers. Betty Hill thought a long needle was being driven into her stomach while she was aboard a UFO. Her husband, Barney, was supposedly in another chamber, where the little ufonauts pulled out his false teeth and examined them in amazement.

In my investigations I have been troubled to find that thousands of people have apparently had contact experiences

without remembering them. They might recall seeing a UFO approaching their car, but the rest is a blank, and, until I begin my complicated questioning, they have no inkling that more might have happened. Those who do seem to remember the experience are programmed to remember only misleading nonsense about spaceships and eerie medical examinations. This ploy has been very effective and has kept most self-styled UFO investigators off the track for years.

It is probable that a majority of all people in every generation have a direct experience with the superspectrum sometime during their lives. In ancient times people sipped ambrosia and mentally visited the palaces of the gods while something else was actually happening to their bodies. During the Middle Ages we met with fairies and leprechauns, took a swig from their jug, and visited their magnificent underground palaces while something else was actually happening to our bodies. In modern times we visit flying saucers while something else is actually happening to our bodies.

Those who do not drink a syrupy or oily liquid are triggered by a flash of light. Many UFO contacts (and religious contacts with angelic apparitions) begin with a sudden flash of light—energy from the superspectrum tuned to the exact frequency of the percipient's brain. The flash induces the trance-like state, but the percipient thinks he or she is still wide-awake and that the hallucination that follows the flash is a part of reality. They remember seeing the flash, and then an entity comes out of the darkness holding some kind of flashlight or even a camera. Or they see a pulsing light, become transfixed, unable to move, and the light slowly changes into a wondrous spaceship. Helpless, they are hauled aboard, tossed onto a table, and given a medical going over—they think.

Although the hallucinatory cases have enthralled the hardcore flying-saucer believers for years, they do not offer us much

information about the actual phenomenon. The "hard" cases of physically real entities are a little more promising. In this category we have the celebrated "Men in Black" (MIB)—sinister beings who ride around in black Cadillacs and menace practitioners of witchcraft and black magic, and over-earnest UFO investigators. For years the UFO cultists believed the MIB were agents of the CIA and the U.S. Air Force hell-bent on "suppressing the truth" about flying saucers. Their tactics, and their facial features, are often identical to those of the UFO pilots themselves. They spray gas into the faces of their victims, or they make them swallow a pill or smoke a peculiar cigarette. Their eyes sometimes are a fiercely glowing red, so they hide behind dark sunglasses of the wraparound type. They prefer black suits and black turtleneck sweaters.

Whoever—or whatever—they are, they've got us surrounded.

17

In the 1960s the Men in Black led me on many merry chases. With my usual impeccable logic, I reasoned that I would never be able to catch a flying saucer, but if the MIB were real (and the testimony of many people indicated they were), I might be able to head them off at some cosmic pass and force their big black automobile to the side of the road.

On a number of occasions I actually saw the phantom Cadillacs as advertised, complete with sinister-looking Oriental-like passengers in black suits. On Long Island, following the directions given me in an anonymous phone call, I pursued one of these cars down a dead-end road where it seemingly vanished into thin air (there were no side roads or turnoffs). On other days I arrived at witnesses" homes only minutes after the MIB had driven off. Their empty threats, passed along by concerned percipients, filled my mailbox and rang in my ears for years.

From Sweden to Spain, Australia to South Africa, these phantom James Bonds have stalked the wild-eyed nuts, scattering fear and confusion along their trail. During Colorado University's Air Force-sponsored UFO study, a black limousine even visited Boulder, and a stocky, olive-skinned man in dark glasses and black suit approached the head of the project, Dr. Edward U. Condon. He identified himself as "Mr. Dixsun" and offered to hand over the

secrets of the universe for a paltry few million dollars. Dr. Condon and his staff wasted a lot of time trying to check out his outer-space credentials. When they failed to produce the money, Mr. Dixsun got back into his limousine and rode off into the sunset.

In 1880 Galisteo Junction, New Mexico, was not exactly a thriving metropolis. Today it has a population of 150. It lies south of Santa Fe, somewhat off whatever beaten tracks existed in those days. On the evening of March 26, 1880, four men were walking there when they saw a fish-shaped "balloon" cruising low in the sky. They could even make out eight or ten figures in the craft, and could hear them babbling in some unknown language. As the object passed overhead, something dropped from it—a vase of some sort covered with strange hieroglyphics. The men carted it to the local general store as proof of their sighting, and it was placed on display there. A couple of days later, a stranger came into town. He identified himself as "a collector" and bought the vase for an unspecified amount of money, then, like Mr. Dixsun, he rode off into the western sunset.

The story might seem apocryphal until you realize there were no operational dirigibles in the U.S. in 1880. The great "airship" craze of 1896-97 was still seventeen years away. Communications between Galisteo Junction and the outside world at that time were not the best. Yet somehow this "collector" from some far-off place heard about the vase and traveled to this remote little town to buy it.

This particular charade has been repeated endlessly since. Some kind of evidence is found at a UFO site. The person who retrieves it is soon visited by a stranger who buys it or steals it.

There were many interesting UFO sightings in the 1920s, and at least one of these was accompanied by MIB manifestations. Mr. John Cole, a retired newsman in West Virginia, told me the story in 1967. The incident had puzzled him for years. In 1924 a farmer

outside Gem in monster-haunted Bratton County reported seeing an airplane crash in a forest. Planes were a very rare sight in those days, especially in West Virginia, and a crashing plane was big news. According to the farmer, the plane was very odd in that it didn't seem to have any wings, didn't make any noise, and seemed unusually large. "As big as a battleship" is the way the farmer described it. A party of men, including the local sheriff and Cole, systematically searched the woods. Within hours they found the wreck in a small clearing. According to Cole:

> We weren't the first ones there, though. There were already five or six men in the clearing. Some of them were dressed in black business suits, neckties and all, and that seemed damned silly in that neck of the woods. Others were dressed in coveralls of a funny color—some kind of very shiny material. They were talking among themselves in a rapid-fire foreign language when we found them. They got real excited when they saw us. The men in coveralls ran into the wreck—like they were trying to hide. Some of our men were carrying guns and one of them said to me, "By God, they're spies!" and he raised his gun. The strangers were all small, just a little over five feet tall, and they all looked like Orientals. You know, with high cheekbones, slant eyes, dark skin. One of them spoke English. He told us nobody was hurt, that everything was all right. He said he would call on the sheriff later and make out a complete report. There wasn't much we could do. No crime had been committed. Nobody was hurt.
>
> But here's the real funny part. While I was looking around I spotted a little thingamajig on the ground. I picked it up and decided to keep it. Don't know why I didn't turn it over to one of the foreigners. Anyway, I put it in my pocket. We all finally went away, leaving the foreigners to fuss with their contraption. It didn't look like much of a flying machine. In fact, I don't think it could fly at all. It was like the fuselage of a modern plane, with windows and all. But it didn't have any wings, tail, or propellers. And, like the farmer said, it was mighty big. I'd say it was at least seventy-five feet long. It filed the whole clearing.
>
> I went back home… I was living in Weston in those days. I went right to bed. I was pretty tired from all the day's hiking. About three a.m. somebody started pounding on my door. I got up and looked and there was an army officer standing there. He was dressed in one of those broad-brimmed hats they used to wear, with those leg wrappings and all. It was a U.S. Army uniform all right. I was in World War I. But we didn't see many soldiers in West Virginia in those days. Anyway, except for his clothes he looked just like those foreigners from the airplane. Slant eyes, dark skin, but he was maybe a little taller.
>
> "You picked up something today," he said. "We need it back." I was half asleep and at first I couldn't think what he meant. Then I remembered the metal thingamajig. It was still in my coat pocket. I went and got it.
>
> "Is this what you mean?" I asked him. He didn't answer. Just grabbed it and walked off without a word. He didn't seem to have a horse or a car. I shuffled back to bed. But the next day I started wondering about it. How had he managed to track me down? A couple of days later I went back to those woods and found that clearing. It was empty. The grass and bushes were all crushed down where the airplane had been but there was no other sign of anything or anybody.

> You know, I never wrote the story up. After that army officer came by I figured that maybe it was a secret army deal of some kind and I though it was better to leave it alone.

Some years later I received a letter from a man in the Northwest recounting an identical incident which supposedly happened in Oregon in the 1930s. A strange plane crashed. Local farmers collected pieces of it. And shortly afterwards army officers visited them and collected the souvenirs. The U.S. Army was remarkably efficient in those days.

The Illuminati, the International Bankers, the Freemasons, the Jesuits, and the CIA have all been blamed for the antics of the MIB during different periods in history. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries secret societies were popular, not so much to join as to blame. By the turn of the century a new mythical group seized the public imagination—the sinister International Bankers—a loathsome cartel of munitions makers, money manipulators, and archfiends. Like the Illuminati and other phantom orders before them, they were accused of running the world from behind the scenes. The mischievous men its black suits were tagged as agents for the International Bankers in the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

The CIA may have been busy at Key West in 1951 when several naval officers and crewmen out in a motor launch saw a pulsating cigar-shaped object hovering over the water. They watched it through binoculars and could see a greenish column of light extending down to the surface of the water. The sea was strewn with dead fish. Suddenly a fast-moving fighter plane appeared, and the object took off, vanishing in seconds. As soon as the motor launch docked, the naval men were surrounded by officious gentlemen in dark suits who hustled them away and held them for hours, questioning them in a manner, one of the witnesses said years later, that “seemed more aimed at discrediting” them than anything else.

These “silencers” did not confine their activities to the U.S.

Shortly after an engineer named Gianpietro Monguzzi took some controversial photos of a flying saucer in the Italian Alps in 1952, he claimed he was visited by "an American secret agent" disguised as an Italian ski mountain policeman, who interrogated him through a long night, apparently trying to get him to repudiate his story of having seen a disk-shaped object land on a glacier.

Dr. Jacques Vallee uncovered another odd Italian story from that year. The witness was fishing near Vico, Italy, on the night of July 24, 1952, when he allegedly saw a disk descend and lower a hose into the water. While he was watching, a ray of light darted from the disk and gave him a severe electric shock, leaving him weak and helpless while the saucerers continued about their business. Six days later he was again fishing in the same spot when a tall, thin man who spoke Italian with a foreign accent approached him and asked him if he had seen any airplanes or flying saucers. The witness said no. The stranger offered him an unusual-looking gold-tipped cigarette, and when he took a couple of puffs on it, he became suddenly ill. The stranger tossed the cigarette into the water and walked off.

A surprising number of talkative witnesses claim to have been coerced into signing an "oath of secrecy" by alleged government agents. In 1955 twenty workmen were making repairs on the outside of a large factory building in southern New Jersey when a gigantic circular craft silently descended from the sky and hovered almost at ground level above the six-hundred-car parking lot. The object was so big that it covered the entire lot, and the workmen watched it for several minutes, hardly believing their eyes. Later, as they all filed in to punch out on the time clock, a man in civilian clothes herded them all into a meeting room.

"We want you all to sign an oath of secrecy," he told them grimly, flourishing a sheaf of papers, "promising not to tell about what you saw today. Those of you who don't want to sign needn't

come in to work tomorrow—or ever again."

Everyone signed.

Who was this man? What was the purpose of this secrecy oath? One thing is obvious: He had to know that the flying saucer was going to appear that day. He had to be prepared for it, just as the hush-hush officials in Florida had to be immediately on hand when that motor launch filled with witnesses reached dock. These agents must have also had the necessary credentials to get them onto the navy dock and into the factory building (which was engaged in classified work for the Navy). They had to know what was going to happen in advance, and they had to have some reason for suppressing the witnesses.

Or the whole story has to be pure baloney.

As a matter of fact, the Florida story comes from an anonymous letter published in a Miami paper. The factory story is more folklore than fact. The story has circulated by word of mouth for years, but no one has ever pinned down any of the original witnesses, if they exist.

But there are many other stories of this type, which have been verified to some extent, were reported by reliable witnesses, and were investigated by qualified journalists and scientists.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek tells of two men "engaged in work requiring military clearance" who saw a UFO land in North Dakota on a rainy night in November 1961. Thinking it was a plane in trouble, they stopped and ran towards the object. "Their surprise was understandably great when they discovered humanoids around the craft, one of which boldly waved them off in a threatening manner," Hynek says.

The men did not report their sighting to anyone, but the next day one of them was called out from work and introduced to two strangers. "They asked to be taken to his home, where they examined the clothing he had worn the night before, especially his

boots, and left without any further word," Dr. Hynek reports.[21]

Such incidents raise a lot of questions. How did these men know the witness had seen something? How did they know how to find him? What were they looking for when they examined his clothing?

The late Frank Edwards, a newscaster and best-selling UFO author, reported similar encounters. He told of a minor official in a large industrial plant who saw a huge glowing object at four-thirty one morning in December 1965. He stopped and reported it to the state police. A few hours later two "military officers" turned up at his plant and questioned him for two hours. At the conclusion of the interview, one of the officers said, "We can't tell you what to do, but we can offer a suggestion: Don't talk about this matter to anyone."

A feisty farmer in Ohio once told me how he had seen a strange object land in one of his fields one night in 1966. He ran to his house to get his rifle, and when he returned, the object was gone. It had been circular and glowing, he said. Very early the next morning a black limousine pulled up to his farm, and a man in an Air Force uniform knocked on his door. He told the farmer to forget what he had seen the night before. Annoyed, the farmer ordered him off the property and said he would tell anyone he damned please.

When I asked for a description of the Air Force officer, the witness looked thoughtful. "I'll never forget him," he answered. "He didn't look like an American at all. He was a little fellow, maybe five-feet-four, and with a face like a Chinaman or a Jap. But he talked good English."

The flying-saucer enthusiasts of the period never bothered to collect detailed descriptions from witnesses in this type of case. The moment they heard "Air Force," their faces turned purple. Since the U.S. Air Force had been telling everyone for years that

UFOs didn't exist, it seemed reasonable that Air Force officers would try to silence witnesses and suppress civilian investigations.

On May 26, 1964, a British fireman named James Templeton took some snapshots of his five-year-old daughter in a park near the Chapelcross Atomic Energy Station. When the pictures were developed, he was astonished to find that "someone else had gotten into one of the pictures." That someone was a very tall human-shaped being in a white garment with a helmet over his head. No one in the park at the time the pictures were taken had seen such a man. Baffled, Mr. Templeton took the picture and negative to the firm that had processed it. They couldn't explain the anomaly, nor could police photographic experts.

Two sedate gentlemen in bowler hats appeared at the Templeton home a few days later and questioned him carefully about the picture. This pair did not identify themselves and referred to each other by numbers. Certainly any self-respecting secret agents could invent phoney cover names for themselves. They could call each other Charlie and George instead of Number 9 and Number 14.

These two numbered agents asked Mr. Templeton several intriguing questions including: Had he seen any birds in the area when he had taken the pictures? From the fireman's bewildered description of this encounter, it is obvious that these two men knew a great deal more about the UFO phenomenon than most amateur ufologists. Again, who were they, why were they so blunderingly conspicuous, and why were they so interested in a freak snapshot of someone in a "space suit"?

Our MIB also gad about in helicopters. Ray Hawks was running a tractor outside of Boulder, Colorado, in 1960 when his engine stalled and he heard a humming sound "like an electric motor out of phase." Then he saw a wobbling gray disk in the sky, oozing smoke and seemingly undergoing repairs. He heard a

distinct click as a metal plate snapped into place. As the object scooted off, he felt as if he were coming out of a dream, possibly a symptom of trance. A few days later he returned to the same spot and was surprised to find a helicopter containing three men waiting there. Men dressed as an Air Force colonel and major approached him.

"We want you to tell the newspapers that the saucer will be back on August 20," the colonel told him.

"I can't do that," Hawks says he protested. "The whole town would come out here on the twentieth, and when the thing didn't show up, everybody would think I was some kind of nut!"

Were the three men really from the Air Force? Would high ranking officers indulge in such a shabby exercise? Investigators from the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization thought so. And that's probably just what somebody wanted them to think.

Three years earlier an Ohio house painter named Olden Moore took a ride in one of these helicopters. On November 6, 1957, Moore allegedly observed the landing of a large circular machine with a pointed dome in a field near Montville, Ohio. The next day the Lake County Civil Defense Director, Mr. Kenneth Locke, examined the site and found it was highly radioactive. He also discovered six strange footprints in the field and two fresh holes three feet in diameter. Moore voluntarily visited a local Air Force base where he answered questions for several hours. His story, and Locke's findings, were written up in extensive detail in the local papers.

A few days later, according to Moore's account, the local sheriff drove up to his house with some men in Air Force uniforms. They asked him to accompany them. They drove him to the field where he had seen the UFO. A helicopter was waiting there. He was flown to an airport and put aboard a plane which took him to Washington, D.C. Two officers closeted him in a

hotel-like room in the city and grilled him for three days, trying to get him to admit he had seen nothing but a "fireball." He was literally held prisoner and was never left alone. Finally, he was asked to sign an oath of secrecy, and then he was flown back to Ohio.

The whole story is absurd on the surface. He had already told the Air Force everything he knew. His story had already been widely published. Dozens of others had similar experiences that same night.

Olden Moore did not keep his oath of secrecy for very long. He told his strange tale to local UFO buffs, and it spread like wildfire. But the sheriff would not back his story, and when more responsible investigators sought some kind of verification from the Air Force, they were met with astonishment. Moore's trip was either a total fabrication or else he had been the victim of a distortion of reality.

Over a twenty-year period hundreds of encounters of this type were reported to the eager anti-Air Force UFO cultists. Many of them began with convincing anonymous letters and phone calls. Others were based on raw assumption. Anyone who tried to silence a witness just had to be from the Air Force or the CIA. Not that the Air Force is completely innocent. But many of their cover-up efforts have smacked of a comic opera. Major Quintanilla, head of Project Blue Book in the 1960s, once berated an Ohio police officer and tried to get him to switch his story of a saucer sighting while a tape recorder was running in full view and recording the whole conversation. The major never realized he was on Candid Microphone. In other well-documented cases in my files, the Air Force shamelessly took material evidence from witnesses and later returned shabbily contrived imitations of the original substances. They have even been caught in the act of doctoring UFO photos so they could brand them fakes. In instance after instance, the Air

Force has found its blue trousers at half-mast.

But the phenomenon has exploited the Air Force, just as it has exploited the culpable flying saucer enthusiasts. While it manipulated belief and spread propaganda for the outer-space hypothesis, it also generated anti-Air Force feeling, greatly reducing public cooperation with Air Force investigations, until finally the paranoia was so widespread that, in a very real sense, the public was not telling the Air Force the truth about UFOs. Witnesses kept silent or singled out amateur UFO enthusiasts to tell their stories to.

Working alone, I managed to personally investigate several hundred UFO incidents in the 1960s. In about fifty cases I learned that someone representing—or claiming to represent—the Air Force had also been in touch with the witnesses—usually by telephone. In some of these instances, several different alleged Air Force officers had interviewed the witnesses for as long as three hours on long-distance phone. But when I later tried to get the Pentagon to verify the investigations in some manner, I was told there was no record of these particular cases.

One witness of the Wanaque Reservoir (New Jersey) sightings in 1966, a policeman, received a call from a "Mr. Johnson in Washington" who questioned him at length. The mystery is: The policeman had an unlisted phone number and doesn't know how Mr. Johnson located him. Other witnesses in the Wanaque area received phone calls immediately after their sightings and before they had reported to anyone, warning them to keep quiet about what they had seen!

In a series of investigations on Long Island in 1967, I was repeatedly told of visits from an Air Force colonel with a pointed face and dark complexion who demanded that witnesses remain silent. Even witnesses to relatively uninteresting lights in the sky. The man was using the name of a sergeant who was actually

stationed at the local Air Force base.

The law of synchronicity has been apparent in many MIB incidents. Author Brad Steiger has also been concerned with the Men in Black and has investigated several cases in the Midwest that matched my own Northeast file. For example, one of Brad's friends received a visit from "the cadaver," an extraordinarily emaciated man who looks like "those World War II photographs of someone in a concentration camp." This pale, scrawny animated bone heap first appeared in New Jersey, and I have since received descriptions of him, or someone like him, from Wisconsin, Georgia, and California.

We are also troubled by doppelgängers—living duplicates of known persons, a classic form of psychic phenomenon. A duplicate John Keel has appeared on several occasions. James Moseley, publisher of the now-defunct Saucer News, has also had a phantom twin. But the strangest doppelganger experience happened to a British filmmaker who spent several years traveling the world to film UFO witnesses for a movie documentary, which as far as I know was never completed or released. In Brazil he and his camera team tracked down a backwoods farmer who had allegedly seen a UFO land and claimed to have talked with the pilot. The farmer welcomed them nervously and agreed to show them the site where the saucer had set down. Before leading them to the nearby field, he said goodbye to each member of his family in an elaborate and moving manner. When they finally reached the field, he looked enormously relieved to see there was no spaceship waiting there. Then he explained that the filmmaker's appearance had really shaken him up, because the captain of the flying saucer had looked exactly like the Britisher right down to his neatly trimmed goatee. The farmer thought they had come to take him away in a saucer!

Our Men in Black seem mainly interested in retrieving evidence

that points to terrestrial origin of the UFOs! Their secondary interests are to enhance the extraterrestrial belief and to create suspicion—even acute paranoia—among the UFO believers.

One of the first UFO investigators to be harassed by the MIB, Albert Bender of Connecticut, abandoned the extraterrestrial hypothesis when he calculated that the UFOs seemed to be originating from some point near the North and South poles. Other investigators who have discarded the extraterrestrial hypothesis and studied the apparent earthly links with the phenomenon have experienced more harassment, mail and phone problems, etc., than their colleagues who believe in outer-space vehicles. If you collect a piece of unidentifiable metal from a UFO witness, you will have no problems. But if a witness hands you a piece of aluminum, magnesium, or silicon—all common earthly substances—you are very apt to receive an unwelcome visit from the mysterious "enforcers" in black suits.

By mid-1967 I began to freely discuss and write about energy fields and terrestrial origin. During a trip to Washington, D.C., I was invited to record an hour-long tape for "Voice of America." At that time the late Al Johnson was doing a series of UFO programs, which were broadcast throughout the world over VOA. Johnson interviewed me on mike for an hour, and I discussed the whole problem of terrestrial origin. A few days later he phoned me full of apologies. Our tape had inadvertently been placed in "the wrong pile" and had been erased completely before it could be aired. It was just one of those things.

Or was it?

That same year a team from a German television station was touring America interviewing UFO witnesses and investigators. They were seasoned professional technicians. They came to my New York apartment, set up all their expensive equipment, and filmed me for half an hour. A few days later I received a call from

their Washington office. Their film of me was unusable. Parts were overexposed, and the magnetic sound track was spoiled by inexplicable static. It was just another one of those things.

Variations of these "coincidences" happened to me continually. Radio and TV transmitters would suddenly go dead during UFO discussions. Vital tapes were mysteriously erased. Precious photographs were lost in the mails. Somebody physically cut my telephone line with wire cutters twice. A duplicate John Keel popped up in areas where I had conducted investigations and was seen by reliable witnesses who knew me. Meanwhile, a woman claiming to be my secretary systematically visited other witnesses in West Virginia and Ohio, displaying a very sophisticated knowledge of UFOs. No wonder so many UFO investigators develop a nervous twitch and look over their shoulder constantly!

These games are by no means restricted to the U.S. In 1974 France Inter, the Paris radio station, aired a series of 39 programs about UFOs, beginning with a pro-UFO talk by M. Robert Galley, France's minister of defense. French broadcasters had spent much of 1973 locating and recording statements by leading authorities in France, England, and the United States. The list was an impressive one and included such luminaries as Dr. David Saunders, the psychologist at Colorado University who has been programming thousands of UFO sightings for computerization; Dr. Jacques Vallee, author of three UFO books; Pierre Kohler, a famous astronomer; and even Cardinal Danielou, a prominent churchman.

The broadcasts were divided into two parts. The first part consisted of statements by UFO witnesses and local French enthusiasts and officials. The more advanced students of the phenomenon were scheduled for the second part. This second section was never aired because someone broke into the radio station and stole the tapes.

M. Jean-Claude Bourret sent the following explanation to

Gordon Creighton, the distinguished British linguist and UFO authority: "Unfortunately, on Monday, March 18, 1974, a mysterious burglar carried off all the tapes which were still waiting to be broadcast. That this was an act of deliberate malevolence is beyond question. In the metal press where these taped recordings had been stacked, there were two piles side by side! Those interviews that had already gone out, and those that were still to be broadcast. Only this second pile was taken."

What was the gist of the missing tapes? Like most of the professional scientists and journalists who have undertaken a serious study of UFOs, Dr. Vallee and his colleagues have found the popular extraterrestrial hypothesis untenable. For some time now they have been weighing the awesome alternative—that UFOs are similar to psychic manifestations and are produced by complex distortions of space, time, and even of reality itself.

Both the U.S. Air Force and the FBI have made efforts to track down these Men in Black without success. It should be an easy task for experienced lawmen. Many witnesses have managed to get the license numbers of the phantom vehicles, but when a check is run, the numbers are always found to be unissued. Likewise, efforts to trace the epidemic of mysterious phone calls have failed: Those gentlemen in the wraparound sunglasses are just as elusive as the tall, hairy bipeds with red eyes. And they are probably just as unreal.

18

Any force that can scar your eyeballs, paralyze your limbs, erase your memory, burn your skin, and turn you into a coughing, blubbering wreck can also maim and kill you. And an unknown number of persons have died after their encounters with monsters, spacemen, and UFOs—unknown because there is no way to collect and document all such reports. Too few UFO investigators remain in touch with witnesses over a long period of time. The death rate of contactees and UFO hobbyists also seems unduly high and filled with spectacular coincidences. Several of the biggest names in the field have died on the twenty-fourth of the month, and the twenty-fourth happens to he the busiest day for UFOs. (For example, Puerto Rico had a UFO wave in the fall of 1973 with the greatest number of sightings occurring on November 24.)

In psychic phenomena, many investigators as well as students of black magic and witchcraft have met sudden, untimely ends, often in horrible ways. The machinations of the Men in Black also occur in these other fields of interest.

Both the reflective factor and synchronicity are at work, too, because the human mind when properly oriented—or disoriented—attracts the static from the superspectrum. When the famous radio writer Arch Obler (remember “Lights Out”?) was working

on a novel about witchcraft a few years ago, he was plagued for the first time in his life by poltergeists and a variety of frightening coincidences. Locked doors in his home opened by themselves, the knobs turned by invisible hands. A deadly rattlesnake suddenly appeared in his path one day as he got out of his car. He lived through it all, but it gave him many second thoughts about the world of the supernatural, which so many people regard as purely mythical.

Another writer, named Gustv Davidson, produced a massive Dictionary of Angels in the 1960s. While he was compiling this seemingly harmless encyclopedia of angelology, he was "literally bedeviled by angels."

"I moved, indeed, in a twilight zone of tall presences," he wrote. "I remember one occasion—it was winter and getting dark—returning home from a neighboring farm. I had cut across an unfamiliar field. Suddenly a nightmarish shape loomed up in front of me, barring my progress. After a paralyzing moment I managed to fight my way past the phantom. The next morning I could not be sure whether I had encountered a ghost, an angel, a demon, or God. There were other such moments and other such encounters…"

While writers and investigators are often given a bad time, witnesses of the paranormal frequently suffer unspeakable horrors after their initial experience. Apparently once these forces zero in on a hapless innocent, they hang on tenaciously. For years the UFO enthusiasts, most of whom were totally unfamiliar with the correlative psychic and occult lore, actively suppressed the more bizarre reports or reduced them to paranoid rumors.

Only rarely have reports of UFO injuries and deaths received any notice. Back in April 1950, a twelve-year-old boy named David Lightfoot was playing outside Amarillo, Texas, when he and a friend saw a flying object about the size of an automobile tire. It

dropped out of the sky and hovered a few feet above the ground. David walked over to it and boldly touched it.

"It was slick like a snake and hot," he reported.

The bluish-gray thing responded by releasing some kind of gas or spray, which turned his arms and face bright red, even raising welts. Then it zipped off into the sky. Doctors and other adults took the boy's story seriously and it was reported by United Press on April 9, 1950.

Charles Cozzens, 13, of Hamilton, Ontario, received a curved burn on his hand when he touched an "antenna" on an eight-foot-long object hovering behind a police station in March 1966. And nineteen-year-old Tiago Machado of Brazil made headlines when he was badly burned by a UFO in front of scores of witnesses in 1969.

Hundreds of people in the Pirassununga, Brazil, area saw a strange circular machine swoop low over the town and settle on tripod legs in a nearby valley on February 7, 1969. Young Machado was closest to it, and he headed for it cautiously.

"It seemed made of a material similar to aluminum, but it was luminous," he explained to doctors afterwards. "The saucer's rim was spinning around the center. It never stopped whirling. The center section was stationary and appeared to be made of a transparent substance. I could see what seemed to be shadowy figures in the cabin, gathered around what looked like an instrument panel."

He crept to within 30 feet of the object while scores of people gathered on the more distant hills to watch. Suddenly a bright beam of light shot from the disk, striking him in the legs. He fell over, partially stunned and paralyzed. The object leaped into the air and disappeared into the sky with amazing speed.

Machado was rushed to the hospital where Dr. Henrique Reis noted, "There were no visible wounds or marks. At first I thought

it could be snakebites, but it was not."

The youth's legs turned bright red and became painfully swollen.

Machado got off lightly. Beams of light from these objects have killed others.

At 4 p.m. on August 13, 1967, Inacio de Souza, 41, and his wife, Luiza de Souza, watched a "strange aircraft resembling an inverted wash basin" hovering above their farm at Pilar de Goias, Brazil. Three entities were standing near the object. At first, Inacio thought they were stark naked, but as the trio moved towards him, it appeared they were wearing skin-tight yellow coveralls. Sr. Souza was carrying a .44-caliber rifle at the time, and the appearance of these individuals was so alarming that he raised the weapon, took aim, and fired at one of them. That was a big mistake.

A "beam of green light" instantly shot out of the hovering object, striking him about the head and shoulders and knocking him unconscious. As his wife ran to his aid, she saw the three entities enter the object and it took off vertically at high speed, making a noise like the "humming of bees."

"On the first and second days, Inacio complained of numbness and tingling of the body, and of headaches," investigator Nigel Rimes, one of Brazil's most respected ufologists, wrote in Flying Saucer Review.

> On the third day the same symptoms were present, plus continuous tremors of the hands and head... His doctor discovered burns on the trunk and head, such as might have been caused by some poisonous plant, and indeed tried to establish whether or nor the patient had eaten any poisonous plants.
>
> The burn marks were in the form of a perfect circle 15 centimeters in diameter… The doctor thought Inacio had suffered an hallucination, and was suffering from some disease, for he had no time for flying saucer stories, did not believe Inacio's story, and advised all concerned to "keep silent on the matter."

After four days treatment, Sr. Souza was released from the

hospital. The diagnosis was leukemia (cancer of the blood). He quickly wasted away to skin and bone and was covered with yellowish-white blotches. He died on October 11, 1967, after undergoing considerable pain.

In reviewing this incredible sequence of events, FSR's editor, Charles Bowen, remarked:

> We do know that excessive exposure to radiation can cause leukemia. And if the beam of green light focused on lnacio de Souza was the cause of the onset of the killer disease, then it must have been very intense radiation, for I have never heard of a victim being carried away so quickly after exhibiting the first symptoms of the disease.
>
> Finally, if this account is to be believed—and I do not think it should be dismissed our of hand—then the warning inherent in the story is that if anyone is unfortunate enough to come within striking range of one of these objects and its attendant entities, then they should not take any offensive action.

There are various clues in the UFO lore suggesting that the objects and the entities are surrounded by powerful gamma rays. These same rays could account for the so-called electromagnetic effect, for they dissipate electrical energy. If one hovered over a power line, the gamma rays would drain off the current, just as a bit of radium drains the charge from the gold leaves in an electroscope. A power failure would naturally result.

Gamma rays also do the terrible damage in atomic blasts. And the most horrifying case of them all, also from Brazil, was probably caused by a concentrated blast of gamma rays. The victim disintegrated!

It happened in 1946 but the case was recently reinvestigated by Professor Felipe Machado Carrion of the Colegio Julio de Castilhos in the Brazilian State of Rio Grande do Sul, and by a dental surgeon, Dr. Irineu Jose da Silveira. Their full report appeared in Flying Saucer Review, March-April 1973.

On Tuesday, March 5, 1946, flying saucers were not yet a subject of notice, although unusual aerial lights were being observed in the skies over the little village of Aracariguama, Brazil, a place so poor it had no electricity or telephones at the time. Joäo

Prestes Filho, 40, had spent the day fishing with a friend. He returned home about 7 p.m., and, since it was a warm, clear night, he went to open a window. As he raised the window, a beam of light flashed outside the house and struck him. He threw up his hands to protect his eyes from the sudden glare and fell stunned to the floor but didn't lose consciousness. As soon as he could pull himself together, he fled the house and ran through the town seeking help, finally running into the home of his sister, Maria. She called her neighbors, and they gathered while Prestes repeated his story over and over. He did not display any burns, but his eyes were filled with terror, neighbor Aracy Gomide recalled 25 years later.

While everyone watched in horror, "Prestes's insides began to show, and the flesh started to look as though it had been cooked for many hours in boiling water," according to Professor Carrion's report.

> The flesh began to conic away from the bones, falling in lumps from his jaws, his chest, his arms, his hands, his fingers, from the lower parts of his legs, and from his feet and toes. Some scraps of flesh remained hanging to the tendons, and none of those present dared to touch them. Soon every part of Prestes had reached a state of deterioration beyond imagination. His teeth and his bones now stood revealed, utterly bare of flesh.
>
> Prestes meanwhile vigorously refused the food and water that were offered to him. But at no time did he appear to be feeling any pain.
>
> Now his nose and ears fell off, sliding down his body on to the floor.

He was placed aboard a cart and taken to the nearest hospital, but he died en route.

Shades of Hiroshima!

How many other episodes of this type still remain undiscovered? Probably a good many. There have already been enough to fill two books.[22]

As you can see, we know a great deal more about this phenomenon than has ever appeared in your daily newspapers. We still do not know a thing, however, about their supposed

technology, probably because no technology is really involved. What is involved in all these cases is the manipulation of energy, particularly the energies from the upper end of the electromagnetic spectrum.

The stultifying smells of the monsters, little green men (yes, they also stink), and the UFOs themselves could be the result of chemical reactions, the breakdown of earthly hydrocarbons when exposed to a force or energy unnatural to the earth's atmosphere. The sulfuric content of our atmosphere is now quite high, thanks to auto exhaust fumes generally and the numerous refineries and chemical factories in New Jersey, the Ohio valley, and elsewhere. The moving fields of force cause a sudden new mixture to be formed in areas where the sulfuric content is high. The result is a potent cloud of hydrogen sulfide or, where there is more fluoride gas than sulfuric gas, hydrofluoride.

Individually our monsters and pseudo-spacemen have never revealed an intelligence beyond low animal intelligence, yet the patterns of the phenomenon indicate intelligent order and purpose. We have not been viewing the masters, only the slaves. To understand this intelligence—this thing that hides from us by donning a million silly disguises—we must examine the percipients and try to understand what they really experienced, not what they think they experienced.

PART THREE

I think we are property.
I should say we belong to something.
That once upon a time, this earth was No-man's land, that other worlds explored and colonized here, and fought among themselves for possession, but that now it's owned by something: That something owns this earth—All others warned off. — Charles Fort

19

"Stretching across Asia, from Northern Manchuria, through Tibet, west through Persia, and ending in the Kurdistan, was a chain of seven towers, on isolated mountaintops," William Seabrook wrote in his Adventures in Arabia, "and in each of these towers sat continually a priest of Satan, who by 'broadcasting' occult vibrations controlled the destinies of the world for evil."

Thoughtful men have always uneasily recognized that some superhuman force seems to manipulate human events and subtly guide human history. It was a natural step to divide such manipulations into two parts. The good (pro-human) events were credited to the gods, while the bad (anti-human) events were blamed on assorted demons and devils. It gradually became clear that the bad events outnumber the good, so it was obvious that the demons were pretty much in control. The earliest myths of Africa, Asia, and South America—myths produced by completely isolated cultures—contain many interesting correlations. They claim that in the beginning men were actually enslaved by the gods. We were like cattle in a pen, forced to build senseless monuments for the use of our masters and even to sacrifice our physical bodies to them. Many cultures continued these ritual sacrifices into this century. Even the Old Testament of the Bible carefully depicts God as a vengeful, jealous, egotistical tyrant who frequently punished

man with horrible disasters.

When we emerged from the Dark Ages, we began to search for new demons who could be held responsible for the mess we were in. Religion slowly receded into the background, and our devil theories became more sophisticated. The Orient was particularly rich with devil theorists. The story of Seabrook's seven towers occupied by chanting Satanists was only one of their inventions. Visiting "angels" materialized before awed prophets in every generation and planted the seeds of racial prejudice. The Jews and the blacks were the most popular scapegoats, but there were many others. Mystical human organizations and secret societies began to share the blame. The Catholics muttered about the Freemason conspiracy, while Jewish factions looked suspiciously towards the Vatican (and, in fact, the Society of Jesus—the Jesuits—did get involved in political plots in the eighteenth century). A pathetic little band of men who believed in such revolutionary ideas as freedom of the press and religious freedom and who called themselves the Illuminati horrified the church-dominated countries of Europe and were ruthlessly hunted down and slaughtered. The thirteenth president of the United States, a fellow named Millard Fillmore, later ran for office on the anti-Catholic platform of the aptly named Know-Nothing party. (He distinguished himself by installing the first bathtub in the White House.)

Throughout Mongolia and Tibet there are myths describing the all-powerful king of the world who lives in a fabulous underground city high in the Himalayas. His minions, nasty but relatively normal-looking gentlemen in black garments, sally forth from the city occasionally to stir things up among the surface dwellers. The Shaver mystery, which was the prelude to the flying-saucer wave of 1947, claims that deros (detrimental robots) live in underground caves and control us through the use of fiendish rays. A writer named Richard Shaver introduced derodom in a series of

novelettes published in Amazing Stories beginning in 1944. Editor Ray Palmer was astonished when he received thousands of letters from readers who testified they had had personal experiences with the deros. But if you ask any policeman, you will find that one of the most universal of complaints is the paranoid belief that someone is aiming deadly rays at the apartment or home of the complainer. The Shaver mystery gave thousands of lonely misfits a frame of reference, a devil theory, for their own misfortunes. Yet it was rather uncanny that Shaver somehow foresaw the appearance of flying saucers, Men in Black, and many other accoutrements of the UFO age.

In the 1920s and 30s the legend of the International Bankers provided a frame of reference for the MIB activities. The International Bankers were supposed to be an elite group of munition manufacturers and financiers who were running the world from behind the scenes. A small group of so-called Superbuffs still flourishes and believes that a powerful, moneyed secret committee runs the world. And, of course, the Central Intelligence Agency has earned the wrath of all devil theorists, both right and left wing.

The big UFO waves of 1947, 1952, 1957, and 1966 were each followed by a revival in the belief that beings from outer space were invading us and preparing to take over the world. Since they look just like us, they could move into the vacant house next door and we would hardly notice.

Each of us creates his own personal devil theory. Dr. Jung's collective unconsciousness was his. Ivan Sanderson's living planet was his. But in the years ahead a true devil theory will take form around the superspectrum, and as we come to understand it more fully, we will reduce its influence on us and, in the process, unload many of our religious and occult reliefs. If we're lucky and intelligent, we may even be able to bring the superspectrum under

our control, just as Dr. Frankenstein's monster took over the castle.

The word biosphere came into popular usage in the 1960s. It means the whole earth, including all animal and plant life and the ecological systems that support them. We now see this planet as a total organism, and it is suddenly conceivable that this organism has an intelligence of its own and is able to control its many parts. The ancient Greeks had their own version of the biosphere in their goddess Gala, Mother Earth. She bore a son, Uranus, then had an incestuous relationship with him that produced the first earthly race—the twelve Titans. Both Uranus and the Titans worked their way into the UFO lore in the 1950s when innocent contactees met entities professing to be the old gods. Uranus represented the heavens, so it was logical for him to join with Gaia in forming a whole.

A British research chemist, James Lovelock, gained fame 1974 when he revealed that freon, the gas used in aerosol cans, was collecting in the upper atmosphere and endangering the ozone layer. We are about to spray ourselves into extinction. Following this discovery, Lovelock unveiled his "Gaia hypothesis." He sees the earth, its atmosphere, and all its life forms as part of single gigantic system, controlling and being controlled by the total organism. The Greeks, Sanderson, and Jung were all ahead of Lovelock, but he is bringing legitimacy to their metaphysical concepts. The ultimate devil theory—the Eighth Tower—is now taking shape in scientific circles. The earth itself is alive, and the earth's mind is our God, just as ants thriving in the artificial environment of a glass ant farm may worship the small boy who tosses crumbs into their narrow, sandy world.

There are actually many models of this superorganism. Our own bodies are made up of billions of separate cells, each with the ability to reproduce and each with a kind of instinctive intelligence of its own. By banding together they assure themselves of a food

supply, among other things, for our bodies are chiefly designed to provide the groceries to these single cells. Unfortunately, when a key part of the larger organism is badly damaged, the flow of food ceases and the whole unit dies. The earth is in the same danger. If a key part of an ecological system is disturbed or damaged, the whole organism could shut down. This process has already begun. Ocean algae, which supply a large part of the earth's oxygen, are being polluted out of existence. We are hastening things by spewing all kinds of garbage into the atmosphere, including freon. Angry scientists with furrowed brows appear on late-night shows and grumble that man has only 15 or 20 years left, but the news has not had any real effect on us. Animals in the Central Park Zoo are dying of lead poisoning from the fumes of automobiles. On nightly weather forecasts TV weathermen soberly discuss the pollution count and more and more frequently announce that "today's air was unsatisfactory." In November of 1966, I drove fifteen hundred miles and never once broke free of the heavy, putrid layer of smog that covers the Northeast. More recently I was flying a private plane above the pristine Catskill Mountains when a vile odor invaded the sealed cabin. I threw a suspicious glance at my passenger and studied the dials and gauges, thinking that perhaps engine fumes were getting into the cabin. "It's those factories down there, " my friend explained, pointing to a row of cement factories thousands of feet below us on the scum-covered Hudson River.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote a short story titled "The Day the Earth Screamed."

The earth is screaming. It has a virus called mankind. For years now the mysterious entities materializing on the back roads and deserts have been telling us to discontinue our atomic foolishness because we are upsetting "the balance of the universe." Perhaps the supermind is just worried that we will perfect a Doomsday weapon

and blow ourselves up, destroying the whole planet as well. The earth may have the same kind of instinct for self-preservation that all lesser organisms share, and as we wantonly commit suicide, we are killing our cosmic host. Self-preservation may be the only real instinct of the supermind. All of its manipulations may be motivated by that single urge.

Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by the earth organism not to punish men but to preserve itself. Our greatest single racial memory—the memory of a flood that destroyed most of the planet's surface in some far-off time—may have been a cosmic bowel movement when failing experiments with nature were purged and the whole process was started over again. The Eighth Tower is not a perfect creator. It makes mistakes. Even insane mistakes—for sanity and order are inseparable, and the seeming order of the universe conceals great chaos. The distant star clusters wheeling aimlessly in the void are the buttons of the straightjacket that confines this screaming planet. Another sad racial memory is in the making.

20

A newspaper in Philadelphia carried an odd little story in its back pages several years ago, a story that did not appear anywhere else and has never been confirmed in any fashion. Frayed photostats of the article still circulate among the cultists and buffs dedicated to many different devil theories. The fact that there was never any follow-up is proof again, some say, of the great governmental conspiracy to conceal the truth. More likely the whole thing was a hoax dreamed up by a bored newsman on a slow day. Such hoaxes are more commonplace than you might want to believe. Some are concocted by mischievous teletype operators working the night shift. Others are planned for April Fools' Day issues and spread among Forteans minus the date.

Whatever the case, the yarn excited devil theorists everywhere. It told how an unnamed scientific expedition of unnamed scientists was exploring Greenland with special instruments when they detected a massive object buried deep under the ice. It was rectangular and appeared to be a construction of some kind. But what really stirred the scientists, according to the story, was the fact that the thing was emitting radio signals! The implications were staggering. A huge electronic device existed in barren Greenland, planted so deep in the ice that it must have been there hundreds, even thousands, of years. Who put it there? Who was it

broadcasting to? The UFO cultists presumed it was the work of extraterrestrials and was sending tellurian weather reports to some receiver on Andromeda. The Atlantologists speculated that it was the legendary power transmitter of lost Atlantis. (Charles Berlitz, a member of the tiny band of Atlantis searchers, has suggested that the hundreds of ships and planes that have vanished inexplicably in the notorious "Bermuda Triangle" were the victims of that ancient crystalline power source—a true Eighth Tower now boiling away under hundreds of fathoms of ocean.)

However, one of the truths of the earth organism is that it has always been surrounded by mysterious organized radio signals. As soon as we applied our feeble brains to the problems of radio telephony, we detected these powerful signals. But they may have been the same signals that fed Moses's brass snakebite machine, and transmitted prophecies of the future to the breastplates and amulets of the ancient priests.

Back in 1899, a tall, spare man named Nikola Tesla built a strange-looking tower on a six-thousand-foot mountain outside Colorado Springs, Colorado. Tesla was a genius way ahead of his time (among other things he invented alternating current), and that summer he was experimenting with radio. The only radio transmitter in existence anywhere on the planet in 1899 was Marconi's primitive apparatus located in Europe. It used long waves and had a range of about fifty miles. Nevertheless, Tesla's receiver picked up organized, intelligent signals from somewhere!

"I was familiar, of course, with such electrical disturbances as are produced by the sun, Aurora Borealis, and earth currents," he later wrote, "and I was as sure as I could be of any fact that these variations were due to none of these causes... The feeling is constantly growing on me that I had been the first to hear the greeting of one planet to another."

Twenty years later, following the War to End All Wars, Marconi

publicly announced that his receiving stations had also been picking up unidentified signals from an unknown source, and, like Tesla, he speculated they might be coming from outer space.

The phantom signals persisted, often coming in with such power they seemed to be broadcast from someplace very close o the receiver, not from outer space. Innumerable scientific projects were set up to study these signals in the 1920s, but their source was never pinpointed. On occasion their intensity was measured, and it was found they were more powerful than any known man-made transmitter then in existence. Interest in the signals ran so high that on August 24, 1924, all government, commercial, and ham radio stations voluntarily shut down their transmitters and listened. Around the world men bent over their crude receivers and pressed their earphones against their heads, listening to the strange signals. Dr. David Todd sat in the naval observatory watching a device called the Jenkins radio-camera as it spewed out a moving strip of photographic paper. When the strip was developed, it was covered with eerie images—not dots and dashes but tiny drawings of human-like faces! The Jenkins machine was technically incapable of producing such drawings!

In the 1930s, experimenters discovered that radio waves were pouring in on us from distant stars and the science of radio astronomy was born. Today the world is covered with huge dish-shaped antennae listening to the static and noises from deep space.

The cosmic hoaxer who drew those faces on Dr. Todd's paper strip is still with us. All kinds of curious radio hoaxes are reported each year. NASA's highly directional space radios using ultrahigh frequencies (UHF) have been plagued by everything from Indian war whoops to the sounds of fire sirens, and astronauts on their way to the moon have listened to strange music and mysterious voices on channels reserved exclusively for space transmissions. (Very few impish amateurs could afford the equipment necessary

for these hoaxes.)

Even more curious, the phantom radio broadcaster somehow manages to fake broadcasts from doomed planes and ships, particularly in that stretch of the Atlantic known as the Bermuda Triangle. These broadcasts are picked up hours—even days—after the ship or plane has gone down. There are dozens of these incidents. For example, when the submarine Scorpion suddenly sank in 1968, naval installations received signals on the very exclusive Very Low Frequency (VLF) channel used by nuclear subs. The signals used the proper—and secret—naval code, and were triangulated (a simple technique for pinpointing the location of the source). Ships and planes were rushed to the empty spot on the ocean that had produced the signals. Months later the wreckage of the Scorpion was found on the ocean bottom hundreds of miles away from that spot. Naval officials vaguely termed the signals "hoaxes."

What kind of hoax? Had some enterprising joker loaded a rare and expensive VLF transmitter into a boat together with a copy of the U.S. Navy's secret codebook, sailed out into the middle of the Atlantic, broadcast his phoney signals, then somehow eluded the massive search fleet that rushed to the scene?

If you watch your daily newspaper closely the next time (and, sadly, there will be a "next time") there is a naval disaster in the Atlantic, you will almost certainly find a mention of mysterious radio signals received by the Coast Guard, Navy, or private operators. A day after the Anita, a freighter, sank in March 1973, our phantom broadcaster was sending messages in the Anita's name.

The National Bureau of Standards has taken a special interest in these ersatz broadcasts for years. They have gone so far as to mount special ultrasonic microphones along the edge of the Bermuda Triangle. (They picked up freakish whispering sounds.)

And they have installed special VLF receivers in the Arctic and Antarctic, On May 7, 1965, Carl Robert Disch, the young scientist manning the VLF receiver in Antarctica, left his post to walk a few yards to a nearby building. He was never seen again. The other scientists based in that bleak, inhospitable spot conducted an extensive search without finding a trace of him. His dog, Gus, took off the following day and also vanished.

In 1969 NASA launched the "Daddy Longlegs" radio astronomy satellite into an orbit 3,640 miles above the earth. As it passed over the icy waters of the Antarctic, its sophisticated gear intercepted a powerful burst of radio energy below in megahertz in the VLF range. Dr. Robert G. Stone, project scientist for the satellite, said the signals were picked up on three different passes over a spot between Antarctica and New Zealand. Yet on other passes over the same area, there were no signals. They came in quick bursts, seemingly as directional as a laser beam. In other words, the earth is not only being bathed in all manner of radio signals from space, it is also answering some of those signals with, its own natural energies.

Or is the Atlantis power transmitter located in Antarctica?

Other satellites have detected peculiar gravitational anomalies off the coast of the Philippine Islands. And funny radio signals have been picked up everywhere from Vietnam to the heart of New York City. It is common for the public-address systems in schools and churches to suddenly go haywire and produce loud voices calling off numbers inanely. Usually the listeners assume that the equipment is picking up the calls of taxi companies. Even sound-movie projectors and tape recorders have intercepted these bizarre signals. Having heard them myself, I can testify that they are not taxi broadcasts. Nor could such equipment pick up taxi broadcasts. The signals have to be in the VLF range to be received by non-receivers (without detectors and rectifiers) like PA systems.

But this poses another problem. Voice transmissions are very difficult in the lower VLF range, and Morse code and teletypes are used by government transmitters. (VLF penetrates water and is used to contact our nuclear submarines.)

Equally peculiar are the weird signals that frequently show up on television sets. Television sound is broadcast on FM (frequency modulation) channels, and it is virtually impossible for a TV set to receive a broadcast from a taxi company or a ham operator. Some people have reported hearing voices from their TV sets directed to them personally! In some cases, strange unearthly images have replaced the program being watched.[23]

Radio sets that were completely turned off at the time have suddenly boomed with a phantom voice. Perhaps the cones of the loudspeakers were activated by a beam of VLF waves from somewhere nearby. Readers of UFO lore are familiar with hundreds of cases of this sort in the past thirty years.

Beginning in the 1950s ham radio operators around the world began to have bizarre experiences with these phantom broadcasters. Some hams even went on to become contactees by following instructions received over their sets. At one point the Federal Communications Commission declared it to be illegal to attempt to converse with these “unlicensed transmitters.” A ham could lose his license if he tried to talk with Mars.

Mysterious telephone calls also play a major role in many UFO and occult incidents. Apparently the phenomenon can selectively interfere with any kind of electrical apparatus on this planet. The minor magnetic fields around telephone lines can be manipulated by VLF waves, and the monotone metallic voices that harass so many percipients probably do not come from some distant telephone (efforts to trace such calls have always failed) but are produced by an intelligently guided beam of electromagnetic energy. Today the countryside is dotted with microwave relay

towers that broadcast long distance phone calls from one tower to another. Our hypothetical EM force could simply alter the frequencies of those microwaves to reproduce its own message. There have been an exceptional number of UFO sightings around the relay towers and long-distance radio transmission towers. Instead of seeking a "free lunch" of man-made energy, as some researchers have suggested, the blobs of luminous energy may have been placing calls and cheating the omnipresent AT&T out of tolls.

Phone calls imitating the voices of deceased persons are becoming more and more common. These are undoubtedly produced by the same phenomenon that passed along amazingly accurate prophecies to me in the 1960s and which even imitated my own voice on several occasions.

How far does this phenomenon dare go? Was Adolf Hitler actually sleeping peacefully in his bomb shelter while his generals were receiving phone calls from that familiar, hysterical voice screaming, "Burn Paris! Flood the Berlin subways! Kill everybody!"?

Where does our reality end and the super-reality of the superspectrum begin? The two seem to be so intermixed that separation is impossible, and as we plummet headlong into the Aquarian Age, it is becoming more and more difficult to discern any separation point. In other ages the two space-time continuums overlapped and produced times of magic and religious miracles. Man's earliest myths seem to be describing a time of mixed realities. Today, with tall hairy monsters stomping about the countryside and glowing spheres hovering in the night skies, we seem to be twirling into a strange new land, perhaps into a Dark Age ruled by the madness of a force without physical form but able to reach us and communicate with us through our own playthings.

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Until the last century most Christians believed that the human race was only about six thousand years old, the period covered by the Bible. Now we know that the earth is at least three billion years old, and remnants of human skulls have been found in Africa and elsewhere dating back at least five million years. Modern man is really not very different physically or mentally from the men who farmed the Indus Valley five thousand years ago. Our cumulative knowledge is greater, of course, and we have skills that would mystify our ancestors, but we are still the same basic animal that sat in the mouth of a cave and watched the dinosaurs stroll by. Does it seem logical that our ancient brethren were content to sit in those caves for millions of years without making any progress in any direction and then, very suddenly—in a mere two thousand years or so—rise from horse-drawn carts to lunar rockets? It is more probable that many great civilizations blossomed and died here in the past five million years. Some of these civilizations need not have been comprised of humans as we now know humans to be. They could have been giants (there is considerable evidence that a race of giants once inhabited the earth), or they could have been a life form so alien from us, and so much more intelligent than us, that our direct ancestors hid from them in caves and regarded them as fearsome gods when they flashed overhead in

their wonderful flying machines. (Cave paintings of UFO-type objects and strange beings have been found throughout Africa, Asia, France, and Australia. Some have been dated at about forty thousand years.)

These super earthlings, let's call them the Titans, could have erected some of the gigantic stone structures that baffle modern archaeologists. But the earth they knew was certainly radically different from the planet we live on today. Great cataclysms and cosmic catastrophes have occurred in the past five million years. The Arctic Circle and Greenland may once have been on the Equator. Fossils and seashells found in the heart of Africa's Sahara Desert indicate that that barren land was once under water. There is evidence that the frozen continent of Antarctica may once have been a richly vegetated land located where Florida now sits.

Perhaps the Titans built the Eighth Tower, a kind of electronic time capsule that continues to function purposelessly millions of years later. Perhaps scattered survivors of those earlier civilizations became the gods of modern man, visiting the temples on top of the pyramids to deflower the sacred virgins and produce a new strain. The Bible tells us that the gods sired mighty men who became famous in their own period of history.

At the beginning of the modern epoch, about five thousand years ago, this planet was divided into twenty or thirty kingdoms. The children of those ladies on those golden beds became kings by "divine right." First, according to tradition, the gods ruled over us directly, teaching us agriculture and giving us laws. Then they withdrew, visiting us occasionally to bed down with mortal women and pass their powers on to their children. These children, though ever mindful of their godly heritage, were mortal and corrupt and often abusive of their powers. To protect their wealth and property, they indulged in inbreeding, one royal family marrying into another. At first their blood actually ran blue, just like their pères.

Hence the term “blueblood” and the fact that even today some royal families suffer from hemophilia (their blood won’t coagulate).

The twenty or thirty families who ruled the world owned it. They had absolute power, the power of life and death over the people who lived in their kingdom, a power handed down to them from the Age of the Gods. So every person on this planet was a slave, owned by the mysterious gods through their mortal successors.

As time passed, the real gods disappeared altogether, or their visits became less and less frequent. Rule was transferred to their children, and being at least half-mortal, those little kings were vulnerable to human folly, conspiracies, assassinations, and death on the battlefield. An important part of every future king’s training, even into modern times, was occultism. They were taught secret details about the supernatural forces that ran the world. Their role, they learned, was to obey those forces and acquiesce to the needs of some long-range cosmic plan.

With the gods gone, a select group of non-royal men mastered the secrets of the superspectrum and even learned to communicate with it. They conjured up entities and had visions of the future. When their prophecies came true, the populaces gathered around them, and they organized religions. In some kingdoms they became more important than the king himself. Religious texts, including the Bible, describe how people consulted the special breastplates worn by the priests. Were those plates some form of radio receiver tuned into the Eighth Tower of the Titans?

The gods were gone, but their malady lingered on.

Because few kings had the psychic abilities or magical talents necessary to communicate with the superspectrum, the priests gradually assumed greater importance and usurped much of the royal authority. Somewhere around 3000 BC mankind’s

dependence on “magic” led to the First Dark Age, an age now shrouded in the mist of legend, when the gods ruled through magic and witchcraft and the common people lived in an environment of dark terrors. This was the time of dragons and loathsome monsters and demons. The children of the gods were deposed by high priests and sorcerers who established themselves as false gods. It was an age of political intrigue, when true learning was driven underground and histories were rewritten to suit the whimsies of the mad dictators. All that remains of that period are the enigmatic carvings of Babylon and the tangled mythologies of China.

The First Dark Age ended abruptly with a cataclysm that nearly destroyed the earth and was impressed into the oral memories of all tribes and races as the Great Flood. There were days of total darkness when the light from the sun was mysteriously suppressed, and men suffered such great lethargy they could not stir. This was probably a time when the planet rocked on its axis and may even have altered its orbit, affected, perhaps, by some interloping cosmic body that crashed through our solar system somewhere between the earth and the sun. Correlative legends of this awesome period have survived in many isolated cultures. The Egyptians may have built the Great Pyramid in anticipation of the event and used it to store precious records and artifacts. (Cracked blocks in the pyramid indicate that it suffered one or more very severe earthquakes. Its alignment with true north was also slightly altered.)

The survivors of the planetary catastrophe were catapulted back to a primitive state, sustained only by dimming memories of the previous age. But the shreds of the old god-king system were retained in a slightly modified form. The Osiris myth gripped the Egyptians, while the people of the Mediterranean eagerly, fearfully worshipped every apparition that appeared, and as the witnesses increased in number, so did the gods. New priesthoods clinging to

remnants of old rites and old beliefs sprang up. The same kinds of manifestations that haunt us now were haunting men then. There were funny lights in the sky, usually around the sacred solstice holidays. Gifted men and women entered trances, and the strange voices spilling from their lips predicted future events with unerring accuracy. Honest men were plagued with bizarre coincidences. Golden entities and demons with flaming eyes appeared before solitary travelers on the desert. History was repeating itself. As with every sociopolitical system, ambitious, power-hungry megalomaniacs assumed control and twisted the religious beliefs of the masses to serve their own ends.

Men had been keeping careful records for thousands of years, and these priceless documents were stored in the great libraries of China and Egypt until they were destroyed by fires. Wars, invasions by barbarians, and assorted natural catastrophes also took a terrible toll on human knowledge. Our real heritage was lost. Our race's past was obliterated. We entered a long period of abysmal ignorance, and the paranormal entities stepped across the barriers of space and time to visit with human psychics and spell out a fascinating but false history to fill the gap. The prophets, convinced that their encounters were of supreme importance, wrote down—or dictated to scribes—the quaint histories narrated by the entities. These books and scrolls were stored in temples and religious places to be read aloud to gatherings of worshippers on holy days. Some of the documents were even banned from the public and became the property of esoteric priesthoods and religious orders.

Eventually selections from these "inspired" writings were brought together to form the holy books of the various religions in the East and the West. Although they were widely reproduced by printing with carved wooden blocks in the Orient, the Western religions had to copy the codices tediously by hand. Priests and

monks in isolated monasteries made such copying their life's work. In the process of producing new hand-illuminated versions of the old texts, certain liberties were taken. Archaic phrases were altered, new paragraphs were inserted, priestly editors censored and cleaned up vast sections (the polite "begetting" of the latex versions displaced the graphic sexual descriptions of the originals). Some codices outlined such unbelievable manifestations of the supernatural that they were declared impossible and spurious and were omitted from the later religious texts. Religious fanatics added their own touches as the manuscripts passed from copyist to copyist, spanning whole generations.

The madmen who ran the world (and the world has always been run by madmen) suppressed the religious texts and rewrote history to suit their own needs and vanity. When one leader passed away, his successor would rewrite history just as his successor would change the records he left behind. So we had three histories to draw upon: the imaginative and mischievous historical legends spun by the entities; the censored and revised histories compiled by the court historians; and the work of independent historians such as Herodotus, who were greatly influenced by the first two groups and who threw in an extra measure of folklore and legend. In short, Henry Ford was right when he observed, "History is bunk."

Man had developed an important body of knowledge in ancient times. He had studied the atom, astronomy, and the superspectrum, and had learned to control some of the mysterious forces of nature. But the scholars possessing this knowledge were driven underground by the religious fanatics and by the evil leaders, who regarded their seeming powers as a personal threat. Corrupt forms of the ancient knowledge were adopted by some priesthoods, however, and subjects like astrology emerged from the corruptions. Even the underground scholars were corrupted,

splintering into various forms of occultism, discarding everything except those practices that worked the easiest and for the most people. Witchcraft and black magic developed most rapidly since they were based upon ancient principles for controlling the so-called elementals, the brainless forces that produced fairies, some ghosts, and kindred phenomena.

The last thousand years before the Christian era began as an odd bag of magical beliefs and practices, pagan religions, and exploitations of the fears and superstitions of the common people by power-mad kings trying to hold together theft little kingdoms. Then, in a single century, order was introduced into the chaos. Around 500 B.C. Siddhartha Gautama fell asleep under a tree in India, and when he awoke he was filled with a great new philosophy. He denounced his worldly goods and began to preach the existence of a single supermind—a cosmic consciousness—rather than building fantasies about legions of gods and angels in a mythical heaven. He became the Buddha.

Simultaneously, in far-off China, the great philosopher Lao Tzu appeared, introduced Taoism, and reshaped the thinking of the Orient along with another contemporary, Confucius. In Persia, Zoroaster founded a new religion based upon his encounters with Ahura Mazda, one of our freaked-out friends from nowhere, while the biblical prophets Daniel and Zachariah were having some odd experiences of their own further west. (According to the descriptions in the Bible, both of these gentlemen saw UFO-type phenomena.)

Buddha's monotheism swept the Far East but didn't make much headway in the West where the Greeks, Romans, and all the peoples they conquered continued to worship their multitudes of mountain-dwelling deities.

We can't say for certain that Christ introduced monotheism, but he was at least given credit for doing so. Characteristically,

however, many of the earlier beliefs in elementals, Druidic-style magic, and the Osiris theology spilled over into, and were absorbed by, the emerging Christian cults. The concept of a cosmic consciousness must have been incomprehensible to the Mediterranean people, and they quickly perverted it. God became a giant humanoid sitting on an aerial throne rather than a more carefully defined energy force as expounded by Buddha. The Catholics were later to split Him into the Trinity. The messengers or angels who continued to appear with regularity were swallowed up in myth and given wings and halos by religious artists. Actually, angels were always described as resembling normal human beings, though they were sometimes surrounded by luminous glows. Like our modern ufonauts, they were often described as being dressed in glittering one-piece garments, and their faces were often obscured, either by some kind of covering or by a glow. And—like our hairy monsters, dinosaurs, and other animated phantasms—they had the uncanny ability to vanish into thin air. Daniel, Saul, and other biblical personages fell flat on theft faces, fainted, or lapsed into trances when the apparitions appeared.

A small band of scholars known as aretalogists still quietly study cases of contact between humans and parahumans, sifting the messages and noting comparisons. The less precise angelologists try to catalog the "endless genealogies" of the parahumans who claim divine origin, a task as frustrating as trying to list the names of all the planets described by the flying-saucer entities. Demonologists have drawn up massive directories of the names of the demons and demigods who have marched in Fort's ignoble procession of the damned. We never seriously heeded the biblical warning to beware of those who pretended to represent "principalities and powers."

It would be more productive to join all these futile pursuits into one single broad study stripped of belief, a study that would be

aptly named chimeralogy.

These chimeras and parahumans usually seem to be engaged in pointless exercises, but beneath the layer of nonsense there has always been a strain of propaganda and tactics identical to the tactics we now call psychological warfare—the repetition of half-truths until they are accepted as whole truths by much of the human population. The modern belief in extraterrestrial visitors springs not from the presentation of concrete evidence but from the repetition of the extraterrestrial "line" through thousands of contactees over the past thirty years or so. All of our religious beliefs have a similar basis—prophets who have allegedly talked with supernatural beings have spread the beliefs to masses of people who have had no direct experience with the phenomenon but are willing to accept the word of those who have.

All over the world today there are lonely people laboriously writing massive books which no one will ever read. They are inspired by their contacts with parahumans and have taken part in long conversations about everything from the building of the pyramids and lost Atlantis to the great cataclysms we can expect at the end of this century. These people—and I have been directly in touch with many of them—sincerely believe that they, and they alone, have enjoyed a very special privilege: contact with God or Gabriel or Ashtar or Orthon. Who can say how many of the histories of the past were constructed in the very same way? How many important ideas were assimilated by the human race through this process?

Let's examine just one such idea: the concept of life after death, and resurrection. This is really a rather complex belief and led to the development of elaborate funerary practices to protect the body until the great day arrived. The legendary resurrection of Osiris, four thousand years before Christ, convinced the Egyptians that all men would one day be lifted from their graves and granted new

life. Interestingly, this was not original with the Egyptians. Thirty-thousand-year-old graves in the Soviet Union have yielded bodies that were buried with their worldly goods, apparently as preparation for a future resurrection. Similar practices were universal in ancient times. The question is: How did the idea of resurrection get started?

Even thirty thousand years ago men required some confirmation of their beliefs. There had to be some demonstration. The Christian world accepts resurrection because the Christ story graphically describes how his body was removed from its tomb. Perhaps a similar demonstration was staged in 40,000 BC or 4,000,000 BC.

Chimeralogically, the biblical account of Christ's ascension can be viewed in a new and different light. Christ was placed in a cave, and a large rock was rolled in front of the opening, sealing it. Two Roman guards were stationed outside to keep his followers away. Late that night the guards heard a strange noise in the sky, and a luminous object descended. The two Romans found themselves paralyzed, unable to move a muscle. While they watched helplessly, the boulder rolled away from the mouth of the cave by itself, and three beings in white garments came out of the luminous object, entered the cave, and carried Christ's body out. One of the beings remained behind in the cave and waited for Christ's followers the next morning. After announcing that Christ had been taken, the being vanished.

That is how the New Testament summarizes the event.

Religionists have always assumed that the three beings were of divine origin. Von Däniken might identify them as astronauts from some far-off planet. But the point remains: someone wanted us to believe in resurrection. We will never know if this really happened or if it was merely described to an entranced prophet standing in a beam of light on the desert. Nor does it matter. What does matter is

that the story has moved millions of people for two thousand years and convinced them that at least one man was physically removed from this planet by a glowing aerial object.

The source for the story could only be the two guards. But they were paralyzed, just as many modern witnesses experience paralysis. Since UFO-induced paralysis is a symptom of trance, we cannot rely on any of the descriptions of the entranced witnesses. What they thought they saw and what really happened can be two different things.

In our ego-motivated ignorance we assume that this was a solitary event and was never repeated. But how can we be sure that similar resurrections have not been staged many times in many places throughout history? A contactee named Lee Childers claimed he was shot to death by strangers on a city street in the 1950s. He woke up to find his wounds healed and strange new memories in his mind. He became Prince Neosam of the planet Saturn. Some thought he was nuts. Others believed that Prince Neosam had died on Saturn and been resurrected in Childers's body on this planet.

You may scoff at Mr. Childers's story as silly and impossible, but every Easter you probably participate in the religious ceremonies that pay tribute to Christ's trip in an unidentified flying object. Perhaps the body of Osiris was removed from his pyramid in front of witnesses in much the same manner. Or, at least, some entity from that shadowy half world described his removal to a soft-eyed prophet.

More rubbish has been written about the Great Pyramid than any other construction on this planet. I have lived in Egypt, and I have spent many hours inside the pyramid. The biggest puzzle about the mammoth stone artifact is the fact that it was apparently never used as a tomb. There isn't the slightest bit of evidence that a Pharaoh was ever placed in it. I have crept through its low

passageways and walked the steep incline in its Great Hall now dimly lit with naked electric bulbs and, like all those before me, I have marveled and wondered. In the King's Chamber in the center of the pyramid I have performed the tourist's ritual of striking the side of the crude stone tub there to hear the stone ring like metal. Napoleon once stood alone in that same chamber, and when he emerged, he looked pale and shaken. His officers gathered anxiously about him, and he muttered, "Never speak to me again of this place and never ask me what happened here."

Suppose the evidence is merely missing, eaten by the ages. And suppose the pyramid was actually used to entomb a great Pharaoh and all his trappings, and all his followers and slaves were gathered outside on a holy day to pay tribute. Suddenly a high-pitched whine rent the air and a wave of heat swept over the excited crowd as a huge object slowly descended. The cleverly concealed entrance to the tomb swung open by itself, and the deceased god-king came striding out, his mummy wrappings dropping off. While the crowd prostrated and genuflected, the god-king climbed a ladder or stairway into the object and then disappeared into the sky. An event like that would make a believer out of anybody, and a description of the event would be passed on for many generations.

When the followers regained their senses and stormed into the pyramid they found it completely empty—except for the sickening odor of sulfur. All of the gold artifacts that had been placed with the body were gone. A priest, seizing that moment, would mount the steps and announce that resurrection was a truth, that it worked not just for god-kings but for every man.

Then he would pass the hat.

From the thousands of tombs that have been found on the Egyptian desert we know that resurrection did not work. Osiris never came back to collect forty centuries worth of musty bones.

The central problems of chimeralogy are more philosophical and theological than scientific. While the effects of many of these events are medical, the only reliable investigative approach is sociological and psychological. The Eighth Tower manipulates a few of us through its manifestations, but it manipulates great masses of us through our belief in those manifestations and our interpretations of their meanings.

During the 1960s I wandered dazedly through old cemeteries, garbage dumps, and gravel pits, haunted by the strange, seemingly intelligent lights prancing in the skies, often asking myself, “What does the phenomenon want? What is it trying to teach me and all of us?” These same questions plagued the men of 5000 BC, and they plagued Charles Fort. The ancient answer was that the gods owned the earth and that mankind was placed here to serve them. Fort simplified this.

We are property.

22

You and I are biochemical robots controlled by the powerful radiations being broadcast from the Eighth Tower. Our brains are programmed like computers, and many of us are suddenly and completely reprogrammed at some point in our adult life. At birth our entire lives are planned for us, and as we weave and totter through our allotted three score and ten, we find ourselves manipulated by "luck," by strange coincidences, and by sudden changes in ourselves and our environment.

Visualize a mad scientist who needs someone to clean out his secret laboratory in his castle on a forbidding mountaintop. He constructs a mechanical robot for the job and programs it so it can move freely within the lab, but if it should open the door and try to move out of the laboratory, it is programmed to self-destruct.

The robot calls it slavery. We call it free will. We are free to pursue our life in our own way so long as we conform to the hidden master plan. If we try to circumvent that plan by zigging instead of zagging, we self-destruct.

Human history is filled with examples of people who self-destructed when they dared to step beyond the outer limits, when they consciously tried to alter history in ways that did not conform to our hypothetical cosmic plan. Religious and political leaders have frequently been cut down by wild-eyed assassins obeying

voices in their heads or following the dictates of the loathsome entities who materialized before them daring cultist rites. Then historians invent a rational lie to replace the irrational facts. Charles Guiteau is remembered as “a disappointed office seeker” who shot President James Garfield. “Serbian nationalists” knocked off Francis Ferdinand and started World War I. Lincoln was murdered by a nutty actor who sympathized with the South. And so on. But if you dig into the original records, you will find some surprising details. John Wilkes Booth, for example, was one of ten co-conspirators, all of whom were religious fanatics (as was Guiteau). Francis Ferdinand had something in common with Mahatma Gandhi. Both men were assassinated by fanatical cultists.

Major changes in the flow of history have often been implemented by so-called fanatics obeying impulses or mental commands, giving devil theorists plenty of ammunition. Self-destruction does not mean suicide or even assassination, however. A minister may resign from his church and be run over by a truck the next day. A scientist may blunder onto a new idea years ahead of its time and be fatally bitten by a poisonous spider in his basement a few days later. Coincidences run amok. Human agencies often intervene, as in the case of poor Dr. Wilhelm Reich who was twenty years ahead of his time. President John F. Kennedy was making serious plans to pull the U.S. out of Vietnam when he was cut down in Dallas by an unknown assassin.[24] His untimely death was followed by the pointless deaths of 55,000 other Americans in a war that contributed directly to the rapid deterioration of the worldwide monetary system, among other things. Some things, devil theorists are quick to point out, just can’t be changed. Even when psychics have a clear view of some impending disaster, they are helpless to prevent it.

A time may be approaching when visions of the future will be experienced en masse by millions of people simultaneously, and

then we may be able to act collectively to prevent some catastrophes. But it is also possible that the self-destruct factor exists in large groups of people as well as individuals. We may be heading towards massive genocide instead of liberation.

Every religion teaches that all individuals and all human events are directly controlled by some cosmic force. And each religion also teaches that we are doomed, that one day all human life will face what has been variously defined as a Day of Judgment or Harvest, when our souls will be liberated from their physical shells to join the massive force field in the sky. Theologians have managed to view this destruction of our physical world optimistically as something to be looked forward to, as a desirable condition. The Second Coming of Christ is usually described as the appearance of Christ on a luminous cloud or aerial object and is based on a curious trait of the ufonauts and religious apparitions: They always promise to return.

Our awareness of the cosmic consciousness is partially negated by the static from the lower frequencies of the superspectrum, which constantly produce confusing and contradictory manifestations. In modern UFO contacts the ufonauts claim names adopted from mythology and, occasionally, names manufactured from combinations of terms from several different languages. The "little people" of the Middle Ages played similar name games. In earlier times people who encountered the entities believed they were confronting one of the gods, and so the names adopted by the entities—Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, etc.—became accepted as the name of the God force itself. The reflective factor occurred when the names were repeated aloud by the haunted percipients, and mysterious manifestations took place. So most cultures adopted a simple rule. The name of a god was never to be spoken aloud. Alternate terms were created, usually further enhanced with euphemisms. The gods were "all-knowing, just, great," granted

human-like vanity by their fearful worshippers. And, in fact, the materializations did display human characteristics, since they sprang in part from the Jungian collective unconsciousness. The notion that the gods created man in their image was a twisted version of the real truth—that we had created the gods in our image.

If we are biochemical robots controlled by the anthropomorphic supermind, then the entities who appear are doubly enslaved. They are partially controlled by the superspectrum and partially controlled by us. The phrase "We are in bondage" has frequently been used by the entities along with, "We are One." We all are, indeed, one with the superspectrum, and as individual humans we are linked together with the subtle waves of energy. Many of us invite total unity with the superspectrum, usually through religion. Others unwittingly expose themselves to total possession through the practice of witchcraft and black magic. Still others have the state thrust upon them when they are caught in the beams of light from UFOs and, like Saul, they are reprogrammed.

While interviewing hundreds of UFO contactees scattered throughout the country, I was impressed by a curious similarity in their physical appearances. If we could ever assemble all these people together in a single auditorium, it would look like some kind of family reunion. The majority of these percipients, both male and female, are slender, of medium height, and have lean faces with high cheekbones. A surprisingly large number of religious fanatics share these same characteristics. There is clearly an unexplored genetic link which separates these people from the rest of us. Equally fascinating is the fact that a great many UFO contactees are orphans, or their knowledge of their genealogical backgrounds is so vague as to be untraceable. The entities exploit this by assuring them that they are really "hybrids," or even people

who have been transplanted here from another planet. A professional geneticist would find this a rich field for study.

Many UFO contactees also develop the glow of the super-religious who have "seen the light"—that inner radiance and outward placidity that are common traits among clergymen, nuns, and mystics. Many of the "Jesus freaks" of the 1960s also acquired this special look. When you carefully examine these people, you find they have surrendered their consciousness voluntarily to an outside force and have, in a real sense, become total robots serving that force. Countless religious sects make this kind of surrender the central purpose of their ceremonies. They invite the spirit of God (or the devil) to invade their physical bodies, and when it occurs (and it does occur constantly on a large scale), they slip into ecstatic trances and babble in unknown tongues. This robotizing process is universally regarded as the highest and most welcome of all religious experiences. All rites, from the frenetic dances of the whirling dervishes and "holy rollers" and the black Sabbath of witchcraft to the monotonous brain-numbing chants of the Oriental religions and the hymn-singing of the Christian churches, are variations on this theme. Some are consciously trying to attain Godhead—unity with the superspectrum—while others are practicing ancient traditions, not consciously aware of the real purposes behind them.

Earlier cultures built their entire lifestyle around their religious ceremonies, and this search for Godhead. Various kinds of drugs were used by the Indians to speed up the process. The most important buildings in the Pueblo cultures of the Southwest were the circular kivas where the men gathered (the Indians were male chauvinists) for their secret rituals. American Indians, like their counterparts in Africa and parts of the Orient, also believed that the gods attended their rituals disguised in grotesque masks and costumes that made them indistinguishable from the tribe's

medicine men.

For many centuries the most widely practiced shortcut to unity with the superspectrum was a grisly operation called trephination. This involved cutting a hole in the top of the skull to expose part of the brain. Thousands of trephined skulls have been unearthed in South America and Europe. It was a very delicate operation, and we can only marvel at the skill of the ancient surgeons, who must have performed it with the crudest of instruments. Since many of the skulls show signs of having partially healed, a majority of the patients must have lived long lives after the operation. Trephination is still practiced by cults in Europe, and they claim that it works, that a hole in the head does admit the powerful radiations of the superspectrum and greatly increases psychic ability.

Unfortunately, however, many of the rites performed by modern seekers of truth merely tap the static in the lower reaches of the superspectrum and create a backlash of possession and insanity. Sirhan Sirhan practiced self-hypnosis and other mind-tampering rites and ended up in a hotel kitchen, eyes dazed and unseeing, a smoking revolver in his hand and Robert Kennedy stretched out at his feet. The first book Sirhan requested in jail was The Secret Doctrine, Madame Blavatsky's treatise on controlling the superspectrum.

Persons without latent psychic abilities can study metaphysics for years and practice the rites daily without ever hoping to pass beyond the possession stage. Many of the UFO investigators of the past 25 years have gone this same sad route and suffered nervous breakdowns, forms of possession, and suicide.

Psychic ability seems to be inherited, not learned. If your Aunt Tilly was a trance medium, or your great grandfather was known for his prophetic dreams and visions, there is a chance that you—or one of your brothers or sisters—will have the same abilities.

Various polls and studies have indicated that 10 to 15 percent of the population have some degree of psychic ability. Another 15 percent probably have latent abilities that may manifest themselves only a few times during their lives. The rest of the population is cut off from any direct communication with the superspectrum, so they try to establish an open line through religion or through some other frame of reference. This overpowering urge—or need—to get in touch with supernatural forces is an odd psychosociological phenomenon in itself. And the urge has dominated the affairs of men throughout history.

We are not only biochemical robots responding to signals from the Eighth Tower, but we are strangely eager to be even more subservient to a force that has always done as much harm as good. Some of us submit to such rites as baptism over and over again and attend religious rallies in the hope of having a real religious experience. We are not satisfied until our eyes turn blank, our heads loll, and our tongues babble. We wish for—and look forward to—the day when Christ will return on a cloud and yank our souls from our tortured bodies like some cosmic dentist.

Flying saucers have given the pragmatists among us a substitute for the old-time religion. The new cultists speak of "the evacuation," when the great fleets of interplanetary spaceships will sweep down to gather up the chosen ones from the mountaintops and hustle them off to another planet just before earth explodes. We are reverting back to the age of the gods once again. We may not be drilling holes in our heads, but several colleges and even some high schools are now offering courses in witchcraft, demonology, and flying saucers. While UFOs do terrify many witnesses, there are others who find confrontation with a glowing aerial mass to be an ecstatic, almost sexual experience. One woman recently told me about something that had happened to her when she was a child. She and her parents had come across a great

luminous sphere in a farm field and had watched in awe as it rose swiftly into the sky. For days afterwards her mother sat contentedly in a rocking chair on the from porch reliving the brief sighting and mumbling over and over, “God loves me. God loves me.”

23

You stand in a circle of blinding light, staring into the darkness at a red glow while your heart pounds and your body feels numb and paralyzed. The red glow is a lamp mounted on a television camera, and you are a contestant on a popular quiz show.

"Now, for the final question," the leering quizmaster addresses you. "If you get this right, you will win the jackpot." The audience roars with excitement and greed. "Ready? Here it is. Who invented the printing press?"

A wave of relief sweeps over you. Any idiot knows the answer to this one, you think.

"The printing press was invented by—" You pause dramatically, just as they coached you during the run-throughs. "By… Johann Gutenberg of Mainz, Germany."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," the MC snickers. "That's not the right answer."

Two smiling girls in scanty costumes glide onstage and grip you by the arms to haul you off, while other girls prepare to propel the next hapless contestant into the limelight. Once again your education has failed you. Like so many of the facts in your old schoolbooks, the story of Gutenberg is a convenient explanation for a baffling mystery. Aside from a single piece of paper—a business receipt—there is no evidence that Gutenberg existed at all.

We are asked to believe that he invented the printing press in the fifteenth century and then immediately set to work printing the entire Bible. This is the same as if the Wright brothers had built a 747 jet as their first airplane. It took more than moveable type to print the first Bible. There were literally dozens of other gadgets and techniques that had to be invented first. An efficient method for setting type, for example, had to be developed. People had to be trained in the new art. Apparatus had to be designed and built. The whole project had to be financed—and it took years.

All we really know is that the printing press appeared rather suddenly in Europe in the mid-1400s. And it changed the world. It brought the dreary Dark Age to a close. Some historians have speculated that printing was imported from the Orient and suppressed for years by the god-king system.

Actually, the 1400s was a very interesting century. The horrible plague had swept the world the century before, killing three-fourths of Europe's population. The weird dancing disease followed, with thousands of people dancing in the streets of the Mediterranean cities until they fell dead from exhaustion. Earthquakes and "unusual atmospheric phenomena" took place. In France, a young girl heard voices in her head and led the French armies against the English. Millions were tortured to death in the religious inquisitions, which were supposed to suppress the widespread practice of witchcraft and magic but actually became a political movement. The influence of the Eighth Tower on the human condition was obvious throughout the Dark Age, and although men became pious to the point of insanity, things only got worse. They would not get better until the introduction of the printing press freed men's minds.

The earth organism cleansed itself in the 1300s, reducing the human population dramatically, preparing for the Renaissance and men such as Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) and Christopher

Columbus (1451-1506). Four hundred years of exploration and change would follow, leading to the pivotal year of 1848 and the Industrial Age. Once the severe restrictions of the religious fanaticism of the Dark Age were loosened, progress was made at an ever-quickening pace, until in the 1900s we were advancing on all fronts in a single decade faster than we had moved in all of known history. We split the atom, designed thinking machines, set up whole new systems of transportation and living, reached the moon, and then somehow managed to exhaust our energy. Now in the 1970s we show signs of lapsing back into a new Dark Age. The earth organism is trembling from our onslaught and is attempting to readjust its many ecosystems to protect itself. We are beginning to turn away from technology. The omniscient CIA is feeding money into psychical research projects. Our space program is being phased out, and our scientists and engineers are turning away from the skies to explore so-called inner space. Some think we are facing the final stage of evolution. Man is about to cross the space-time barrier to unite with the energy field called God.

Evolution may be just another devil theory, however. Can we really believe that our ancestors were slimy lizards crawling out of the primordial ooze? Many of the plants and animals on this planet seem to be the product of design rather than evolutionary chance. In recent years, digs in the Middle East and Africa have uncovered evidence that Neanderthal men, Cro-Magnon men, and modern men were contemporaries, not just steps on some evolutionary scale. The clock has been pushed back five million years but manufactured objects, such as bits of gold chain and finely crafted vases, have been found in coal mines and quarries and dated as far back as ten million years. Was there a technological civilization ten million years ago? Have we all been this way before? Are we plodding along an old and familiar road, caught in some bizarre time vortex?

What we are now and whatever we will be in the future is not the result of evolution but of metaprogramming. As a biochemical machine you are programmed in a variety of ways from birth. The genetic code and a substance called DNA are like computer cards and program your basic characteristics—whether you will be tall or short, blond or red-haired, dumb or smart, ugly or beautiful, psychic or not. Then during your earliest years the circuits of your brain are programmed by your socioenvironmental conditions. Your childhood traumas shape your personality. If the traumas are severe, you may eventually spend thousands of dollars to have a psychiatrist examine them and reshape your brain circuits to free you from the neuroses and hang-ups—short circuits—that have accumulated. As you grow, you continue to be shaped and reprogrammed by your social and economic circumstances. If your parents are religious, you are probably thrust into their religion at a very young age before your logic circuits are fully formed, and you are taught religious verities by rote, mindlessly accepting theological explanations for the unknown. You are brainwashed by religion, by television, by the conversations of the adults around you, and you pick up ill-founded prejudices and devil theories.

Most of us lose our independence, our free will, at an early age and spend our lives trying to conform to the standards and needs of our society. We develop certain fictions to make our lives more bearable and meaningful. Even our nobler instincts can be debased by these fictions. Violence and war can become logical acts to us within the framework of these fictions, as can our racial and religious prejudices. In our modern world, support of an ideological fiction can provide even stronger motivation than economic need.

There is another kind of programming that theologians call predestination. This asserts that our individual and collective lives follow a predetermined course. We enjoy a certain amount of free

will while we are pursuing that course, but we cannot evade our ultimate destiny, Like the mad scientist's robot, we can wander all over the laboratory, but if we try to substitute a slide rule for our broom, or if we try to leave our programmed area, we self-destruct. We go crazy, or we slip in the bathtub and break our neck. Most of us have a very small niche to fill. We spend our lives growing radishes or tightening bolts on an assembly line. We supply the bodies for the battlefields or act as hosts for the germs of the plague. We remain servants to those few on the top, our roles unchanged since the time of the god-kings.

Life can seem like a cruel and pointless joke to those locked into a seemingly empty existence. So the Eighth Tower has given us all kinds of beliefs to sustain us. People in Asia and Africa starve to death in a posture of prayer. Lonely, frustrated people shuffle from one cult to another in the search for a belief that will miraculously give them an identity. Thousands trapped in the technological skepticism of the age are turning to the belief in space people from another world, cosmic Brothers who will save us from ourselves, just as the people of another time looked to Osiris, Zoroaster, and Christ. We sense that we somehow are part of something larger, but it is something unseen, and we try to fit ourselves into a broader cosmic view like ants trying to relate to an elephant.

The course of actual events often displeases us, so we rewrite our history as we go along. History is not only being rewritten in the Soviet Union and China today. German history books give a line or two to Adolf Hitler. We credit pitiful misfits as the sole assassins of presidents. The history of the Vietnam War of the 1960s has now been rewritten so often that no one is sure of its causes. We lie to ourselves and to each other until truth itself seems vulgar and false. Then we dare suppose that we are the end product of evolution and that we will become like gods.

We assume that if intelligent life did exist here millions of years ago, it must have been human like us. If there was a technology, it had to be like ours. But it is quite possible that a nonhuman culture of giants once populated earth and, unlike our industrial civilization, worked to understand and employ the forces of the superspectrum directly. Since matter is energy, and since the superspectrum is able to manipulate energy into matter, those super-earthlings may have eventually mastered the superphysics of what we call magic. They did not work with metal tools and machines. Instead, they called upon the superspectrum and converted energy to matter. They even designed biochemical machines for their own amusement, just as warlocks summon up bats and dragons. As their race grew old, fat, and lazy, they felt a need for slaves to do their laundry and tend their crops. So their mad scientists whipped up biological robots—tiny versions of themselves.

Catastrophe finally overtook their world, destroyed most of their cities and works, and wiped out most of the giants. But their little biochemical slaves were able to flee to caves, revert to an animal-like state, and wait out the Ice Age, fondly remembering another age when they served the giants. Their gods. Not superior beings from another planet but the Elder race from our own world.

This sounds very far-fetched until you realize that our scientists have been working for years to develop artificial life—biochemical machines like ourselves bred in vats of chemicals instead of living wombs. We are, in fact, very close to perfecting cyborgs (part chemical and part machine) and androids (machine-like humans). We have been attacking the problem backward, first perfecting a mechanical technology and then trying to construct living beings the same way we construct automobiles. The Titans, being masters of the superspectrum, would manipulate energy instead of physical matter.

Since history, particularly ancient history, is more a matter of conjecture than of record, we can let our imaginations run wild. Any theory or presumption will be as legitimate as any other. So let's assume that the Titans created an energy transmitter to broadcast to their biochemical slaves on biological frequencies. Their civilization perished, but their well-protected transmitter somehow survived. It retained its control over the slaves and is still functioning today. Instead of being a shapeless energy field in the sky, the Eighth Tower could be a specific device in a specific location on this planet. It has endured because it has the basic instinct for self-preservation and is able to conceal itself from us by laying out false trails, by populating our forests with hairy red-eyed monsters and our skies with luminous objects.

We are now nearing the end of a cosmic cycle, however, and our ultimate fate is becoming more and more obvious. We have been programmed well, but the Eighth Tower is dying of old age. The manifestations around us are not the work of the gods but of a senile machine playing out the end game.

24

Thirty years ago the first real computer, called ENIAC (electronic numerical integrator and computer), filled a building at the University of Pennsylvania. It contained eighteen thousand vacuum tubes and was vastly inferior to the tiny computers that helped guide our Apollo command modules to the moon. Computer technology is advancing faster than any other science in history. Transistors and miniaturization have enabled us to construct machines that can actually think on the level of the human brain. Considering the progress being made, it is entirely possible that we will have tiny computers superior to the human brain within the next thirty years.

The science-fiction nightmare of a world run entirely by computers is fast becoming a reality. The inevitable disintegration of the world monetary system and the abandonment of the antiquated gold standard will lead to the introduction of a global computerized credit-card system. By the end of this century such a system will be in use. The biblical prophecy "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name" (Rev. 13: 16-17) will become a

fact. A research firm in Great Britain has already developed a system using magnetized credit cards, and it has been quietly tested in small cities in New York State. Workers' pay goes directly to banks, and the workers' cards are magnetized in a code for the right amount. When they make a purchase in a store, the card is inserted in a machine that deducts the correct amount by altering the magnetic code. One day in the not-too-distant future you will be issued such a card, and paper currency will become a thing of the past. Your card will be good anywhere in the world, because the system will be universal.

By the year 2000 there will be seven billion people on this planet, but, since machines will be doing most of the work, as many as half of these people will be permanently unemployed. So there will be constant social strife, a staggering crime rate, and problems we cannot now even anticipate. Many of these superfluous people will be unable to qualify for any kind of credit card, and the problems of governing such huge numbers of starving, discontented people will be beyond the grasp of any man.

The job of governing will be transferred to machines. The end product of human evolution and the Industrial Age will be a supercomputer. It will run the credit-card system and just about everything else. It will not only be able to think and create like the human brain, it will have capacities far beyond the limited blobs of matter we carry in our heads. Another computer will probably design it. It will be so complex that it will undoubtedly have psychic abilities; it will be in full contact with the superspectrum, and like a magician it will be able to manipulate elements of the superspectrum and alter our reality to suit its whims. The powers of ESP will be well within its range. It can stage fireside chats with the whole human race, broadcasting to all of us on hose biological frequencies, telling us to shape up or ship out.

This supercomputer will be the most valuable single machine

on earth, and we will undoubtedly take elaborate measures to protect it. We might bury it in a thick concrete tunnel or plant it in the heart of an impregnable pyramid. It will energize itself and have a lifespan of thousands, if not millions, of years.

This is not a fantasy. We are well on our way to constructing just such a machine. Unlike the ENIAC, it will be very compact, using subminiature circuits and tiny bits of crystal instead of bulky vacuum tubes. It won't even look like a computer. There will be no flashing lights, no dials and spinning rapes. Instead, it might be a cube with a very thick metal shell only a few feet square. The monolith of 2001 will be a reality. We will have created our own Eighth Tower.

Meanwhile the natural resources of the earth will be running out. The burgeoning population will suffocate itself. The social problems of the 21st century will destroy our cities. The impossible task of feeding so many people will waste our lands. Our factories, depleted of raw materials, will grind to a halt. A new Dark Age will begin. The knowledge we have gained in the past few centuries will be lost. Succeeding generations will view the manifestations of the computer with awe and regard it as some kind of god or holy object. Very few people will survive this Dark Age. It will take millions of years for the earth to replenish its lost resources. The computer will tick away in its tunnel, its integral parts slowly deteriorating, and like a prisoner locked in solitary it will play silly little games with its powers, trying to preserve its sanity.

Cosmic catastrophes will overtake the earth, as they have in the past. Meteors will strike the surface. It may flip over on its axis, and a new Ice Age may overtake it. The residue of our civilization will rust, rot, and crumble until nothing is left—except the computer. The upheavals may force it to the surface where it will lie for centuries until men—or their mutated successors—blunder

onto it. To protect itself the computer will distort their reality and feed them visions of us. We will seem like gods, and they will build a temple around the metal cube and, under the subtle guidance of the computer, fight to the death to protect it.

But even our supercomputer can't last forever. When it senses its own end is near, it will begin to manipulate the new earthlings, guiding them into a new Industrial Age, granting them hopes and ambitions to achieve its own goal: the construction of a new supercomputer to take over its tiresome chores. The new men will be promised eternal life, resurrection, anything, unaware of their real role and how they are being used.

By the time the new computer is in operation, the old one will be on its last legs, discombobulated, exhausted, insane, idling away the time conjuring up hairy monsters and pointless, childish manifestations. There is nothing sadder than a computer that once ran the world and is now slightly nutty—unless it is the human beings being tormented by its madness.

As I pointed out earlier, the manifestations of the supernatural are so diverse they can be used as evidence to support any devil theory. I have tried to attain an overview using a newsman's objectivity. By adding speculations about the things we do not know with all the things we do know or are now finding out, I have evolved this ultimate devil theory. But there is a greater factual basis for all this than some readers might be willing to acknowledge. My imaginary Eighth Tower and Arthur C. Clarke's wonderful monolith could be the most sacred relic on this piece of cosmic flotsam. But before you pack your bags and go off looking for it, I must warn you that you will have your throat slit from ear to ear before you get near it.

One thousand years before the birth of Christ a strange artifact appeared on the Arabian Desert. Its actual origin is now clouded in legend and tradition. Some say it was presented to Abraham or to

his son Ishmael by an angel. Some say it had been housed in the Great Pyramid for centuries and, in fact, the pyramid had been built expressly to shelter it. Then during some long-forgotten crisis —a war or earthquake—the Egyptian priests removed it and transported it to Arabia's Empty Quarter (great desert).

Like Clarke's monolith and my projection of tomorrow's supercomputer, it doesn't look like much. It is a cube of black stone. Muslim scientists who have seen it have described it as being a kind of metal alloy like some of the iron and nickel meteorites that rain on us. Whatever it is, when some men stand in its presence, they are zinged by the cosmic energy that produces Illumination. Their minds open up for a fleeting moment and they view the whole cosmos as it is, not as we think it to be. And they are overwhelmed by a fanatical urge to protect and defend this black lump with their lives.

The stone was moved to the then-remote village of Macoraba in pre-Christian times, and a sturdy granite structure was built around it to guard it. The outside of the structure was lovingly covered with black silk. Arabs traveled for thousands of miles just to stand in the courtyard in front of the building. Non-Arabs were forbidden to even enter Macoraba, and those few hardy adventurers who dared to try ended up as a meal for the desert vultures.

When Christ was tipping over the tables of the money lenders in Judaea, the Black Stone, a thousand miles to the south, had already been ticking away in its silken tomb for at least ten centuries. Bloody wars had been fought for its possession. Later even the armor-clad Crusaders from far-off Europe would fight and die in efforts to capture Macoraba and the cube-shaped haven of the Black Stone.

Five hundred years after the Christian era began a remarkable man was born in Macoraba. He grew up to marry a wealthy widow

and set himself up as a merchant. At the age of 40, he experienced Illumination and received visits from angels. He toured the Arab world, prophesying and building the great religion of Islam. Eventually he returned to his birthplace with an army and conquered it. The Kaaba, the Black Stone, was his, and Macoraba (also known as Mecca) became the center of the Islamic faith. Every Muslim is committed to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca during his lifetime, to stand before the Kaaba and, hopefully, receive a dose of that cosmic energy. But Mohammed, the merchant turned prophet, did not start that practice. He merely incorporated an already ancient tradition into his new religion. Perhaps the Egyptians had made pilgrimages to the Great Pyramid, their Kaaba, in the same manner, for the same reasons, thousands of years earlier. Before that, the Black Stone may have resided in a temple in fabled Atlantis or in a pyramid high in the Andes Mountains of South America.

Uncountable millions of people have sacrificed their lives across a great span of time to defend that little black stone. Empires have risen and fallen because of it. The Egyptians may have spent years building the Great Pyramid to house it (the uppermost chamber in the pyramid contains nothing but a stone box, just the right size to hold the Black Stone). A large segment of the human race has devoted countless generations to the chore of protecting this inanimate object, just as future generations may fight and die to protect the metallic cube we will construct in the next century.

All of this is an intellectual exercise. I have demonstrated how it is possible to take a set of known facts and develop a new and plausible devil theory. We are now beginning to understand the mysteries of the electromagnetic spectrum and how those energies control some of us completely and control the rest of us indirectly but decisively. The greatest control does not come from black

rocks or some radio transmitter buried in the ice of Greenland, but from ourselves. What we believe becomes more important than what we know. The Eighth Tower was built by men standing on the desert, staring awestruck at the starlit sky. It was built by priests, Pharaohs, popes, kings, generals, dictators, and madmen who believed in something—in anything. It inspired Stonehenge, the Nazca lines of Peru, the pyramids, the thousands of "Indian" mounds scattered across the Americas, the voyages of Columbus, and the Apollo moon missions. Most of our wars and much of our human progress came about because of men obsessed with some personal devil theory. Like the Arabs of Mecca, we have always tried to kill off the disbelievers in one way or another. Advocates of a particular religious concept sacrifice themselves in the struggle to sway the whole world to accept their personal beliefs, just as the believers in flying saucers stump the country and the world seeking acceptance of the wonderful Brothers from outer space.

Out there in the night, thousands of sincere people are even now spending all their spare time laboriously writing down the long, involved messages they are receiving from that mysterious phonograph in the sky, unaware that millions before have received the very same information and wasted their lives trying to find a publisher or just an audience. One hundred years from now new generations will be talking with the spirits, space people, and Indian guides and taking down all their pearls of wisdom and nonsense. Megalomaniacs, starving for power and wild-eyed with their own devil theories, will continue to rise up and assume leadership, and if their devil theories match our own, we will follow them, and we will defend our Kaaba to the death.

25

It was after midnight in the spring of 1872, and a hansom carriage moved slowly through the fog of Sherlock Holmes's London. Young Richard Maurice Bucke sat erect in a quiet, meditative mood, his shoulders rocking with the uneven movements of the carriage wheels over the worn cobblestones. Suddenly, as he would recall later, a flame-colored cloud seemed to sweep over him. At first he thought the city was on fire. Then the luminous cloud seemed to enter his body, and lightning bolts crackled in his brain. For a brief moment he felt he was one with the universe, and all knowledge—past, present, and future—ricocheted in the corners of his mind. Then it was gone and he felt different. Changed somehow.

Dr. Bucke went on to become one of Canada's most distinguished psychiatrists. He made many outstanding contributions to his profession, and honors were heaped upon him. But the memory of that moment in a horse-drawn cab haunted him for 30 years. He studied the phenomenon, collected the stories of others who had experienced it, and finally produced his classic book, Cosmic Consciousness, in 1901, a year before his untimely death (he slipped on ice and struck his head). He did not think in terms of interstellar force fields or electromagnetic waves

generated by some mysterious hidden power plant. It never occurred to him to question the source of that crimson cloud. He automatically assumed it was the handiwork of God and therefore was unexplainable. His God was a male chauvinist who rarely bothered with the female of the species. Then as now, very few females experienced Illumination. Cosmic consciousness was strictly male territory. And what a collection of males they were! His catalog ranged from Moses and Plotinus (a second-century philosopher) to modern poets like Walt Whitman, Alfred Tennyson, and a few carefully chosen but anonymous Illuminati.

In his analysis of the phenomenon, Bucke stumbled upon the thesis for this book and dismissed it. "It is certain that modern civilization (speaking broadly) rests very largely on the teachings of the new sense [the sense of oneness with the cosmos]," Dr. Bucke wrote. "The masters are taught by it and the rest of the world by them through their books, followers, and disciples, so that if what is here called cosmic consciousness is a form of insanity, we are confronted by the terrible fact that our civilization, including all our highest religions, rests on delusion."

Our world of this moment does, indeed, rest upon delusion or a series of delusions. The physicality of our universe is directly dependent upon our ability to perceive it. All matter is composed of energy—energy on many different levels or frequencies of vibration. Different lifeforms perceive these vibrations in different ways. There is no one set version of reality to be shared by all lifeforms. The ancient philosophers were right when they described reality as an illusion, even a dream. Our biggest delusion is that we are real and have some significance to the overall macrocosmic universe. Some of us have always been able to manipulate the energies of our reality through thought. Some of us have always stood on the threshold of the door that joins our reality to scores of others, and a few of us have been able to

shuffle back and forth through that doorway, wandering among dimensions, exchanging greetings with entities made of an energy different from our own. Our biggest problem has been the translation of these multiple realities into a single, cohesive universe governed by inflexible laws throughout. But there really are no universal laws. Men like Newton, Crooks, and Einstein merely studied one set of delusions and interpreted the laws that hold up the walls of a single illusion. They vaguely understood that our world is a trick done with mirrors, and, like any uninformed audience, since they couldn't see the mirrors, they had to invent interpretations of the effects they were witnessing. A rabbit cannot spring from a hat, they reasoned, if it is not first introduced into the hat somehow. They could not grasp the ancient truth that even though the hat always seems empty, it is always full. The rabbit does not come from the sorcerer's sleeve but only crosses from one delusion to another.

Dr. Bucke peered deep into the empty hat and found only a rose-colored mist that had to be God. Actually the mist is the only reality, and the things woven from that mist are as intangible as dreams. The conventional God is not a part of the mist but is only a part of the dream, a psychological construct as unreal as the ten-foot, red-eyed, stinking monsters that parade in the Mississippi valley.

All of our heads are wired to a central switchboard. That switchboard is the only God and the only reality. Illusions and delusions are piped down from it to further confound our perception of reality. When we see the rose-colored mist, we might suppose that God has entered our dimension. Actually the reverse is true. We have briefly exited from the earthly delusion and momentarily savored the real reality.

Once every hundred years or so a star explodes and flares to a brightness a million times greater than the sun for a few short days.

We must necessarily view such novae from our trivial little platform in space and measure them by our standards of time. But the nova may be occurring in another time frame altogether. The death of that star may be spanning five million of our years if viewed from a closer point in space. By the same token, our sun may be bursting at this very moment, and observers on the opposite rim of the cosmos may be watching it die with detached interest. To them the whole cycle of birth and death may span only a few hours. But millions of human generations will come and go here, in this space-time continuum, before the sun shrinks to a cinder of bubbling hydrogen and helium. The death of the sun may be like the death of a single cell in your own brain—insignificant and unfelt.

Few of us are capable of abstract thought. Few of us are able to step back and view the "big picture." We go through life with a carefully measured cadence, counting the trees without ever seeing the forest. It is far easier for us to believe that the Black Stone of the Muslims is an ancient computer exerting a subtle influence upon the world. We can accept the notion of extraterrestrial spaceships as the proper explanation for all those funny lights in the sky more easily than we can accept the obvious truth that those lights are animated, intelligent bundles of energy traversing the scale of the electromagnetic spectrum.

It is quite possible—even probable—that the earth is really a living organism, and that it in turn is a part of an even larger organism, that whole constellations are alive, transmitting and receiving energy to and from other celestial energy sources. Up and down the energy scale the whole macrocosm is functioning on levels of reality that will always be totally beyond our comprehension. We are a part of it all, just as the microbe swimming on the microscope slide is unknowingly a part of our dismal reality, and, like the microbe, we lack the perceptive

equipment necessary to view the larger whole. Even if we could view it, we could not understand it.

As Dr. Bucke discovered, however, many men (and a few women) in each and every generation are given a glimpse of all that lies beyond the mirrored walls of our delusion. Anyone who bothers to visit his local library will find countless references to the lights and entities beyond the space-time barrier and how they influence us. The late Malcolm X's Autobiography describes how he awoke in a prison cell to find a black-suited, Oriental-featured entity watching him benignly before it slowly faded away. John Fuller's biography of Arigo, the famous psychic surgeon of Brazil, reveals: "Even in his brief school years, however, he was bothered by a bright light—'so brilliant it nearly blinded me.' He also experienced occasional audio-hallucinations in the form of a 'voice that spoke in a strange language.' He learned to put up with them."

Nikola Tesla, one of the greatest inventors of all time, once told a reporter, "'We cannot even with positive assurance assert that some of them [ultraterrestrials] might not be present here in this our world in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life manifestations may be such that we are unable to perceive them."

During his boyhood Tesla recalled: "I suffered from a particular affliction due to the appearances of images, which were often accompanied by strong flashes of light. When a word was spoken, the image of the object designated would present itself so vividly to my vision that I could not tell whether what I saw was real or not… Even though I reached out and passed my hand through the image, it would remain fixed in space."

The biographies of many great men contain surprising references to supernatural experiences and brushes with the cosmic consciousness. Caesar, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln Thomas Edison, and so many more all had brief contacts with the supermind of the universe. Mediocre men have been transformed

into great men overnight. Honoré de Balzac was a pathetic hack writer until he reached the age of 32 and suddenly began to create his classic novels. Military leaders, too, have heard the ages whispering in the cosmos and been transmogrified not by events but by some force.

Since energy is the key constituent of the universe, it should not be surprising that the supermind is a mass of energy rather than a thing. This supermind has the ability to see well past the limitations of our space-time continuum into a future so distant and so bizarre we might never understand it. It controls present events, sometimes with a heavy hand, so that the future will somehow be served. Like a great phonograph in the sky, it tirelessly repeats the sane information to us, generation after generation, while it guides our philosophies and fosters our pitiful beliefs in ourselves, and our worth. (We will do almost anything to conceal from ourselves the sad fact that we are mere gnats buzzing around a cosmic dung heap.) Often its machinations seem senseless, even insane, because we are obliged to measure it by its manifestations and judge it by human standards, which is like trying to compare King Kong with Donald Duck from Flipper the dolphin's point of view.

The phenomenon of cosmic consciousness has belonged almost exclusively to religionists and mystics. Few scientists have bothered to notice it at all. It is more profitable, and perhaps more entertaining, to spend years tediously testing psychics with decks of cards. A parapsychologist will travel halfway around the world to investigate a poltergeist case, but if his next-door neighbor is bathed in a beam of light on a lonely back road, the scientist will regard it as nothing more than a dinner table anecdote. Harvard psychologist William James should have started a stampede with his Varieties of Religious Experience in 1900. But he didn't. The religious experience has been kept gingerly separated from the

general field of ghoulies and ghosties. Author Brad Steiger was exploring virgin country when he wrote Revelation: The Divine Fire in 1973. Steiger spent years interviewing people who claimed encounters with spirits, angels, ufonauts, and other members of the earthbound ultraterrestrial band. He discovered, not unexpectedly, that the entities—no matter what form they took or what source of origin they professed—followed the same patterns in every case and recited the same cosmic jabberwocky. The angel Gabriel and Indrid Cold of Ganymede are brothers.

All of the "endless genealogies" and pretenders representing "powers and principalities" share a common origin with the stately Indians who materialize at séances and the little people who perch upon a blade of grass. Katie, the entity who patiently allowed Sir William Crookes to poke her ethereal ribs and stare into her ectoplasmic ear in the séance room was kissin' kin to Orthon of Venus and Ashtar of Jupiter. All found part of their being in the static-filled channels of biological energy that girdle this planet, life being breathed into them by the collective unconsciousness (which has populated an alternate universe with the fearful demons of the human psyche), just as all evil created the invisible monster of The Forbidden Planet of motion picture fame.

In the closing years of this century, which may also be the closing years of the millennium, man and paraman are drawing closer together. Separate realities are overlapping into a single super-reality—a land of Oz, a new Dreamtime, or a new Dark Age when technology, the magic of our time, will be driven underground. Superstition and the age-old fear of the things in the dark may reign again, with new gods patching together our frayed faith.

We may even begin a new pyramid-building culture, our hordes seeking outlets for their energy as they look starward for their salvation. Nor long ago Maj. Donald Keyhoe seriously

proposed an "Operation Lure," the construction of dummy flying saucers to try to lure the saintly ufonauts down from the skies."[25] This was nothing but a new version of the "Cargo Cult" idea which sprang up in Micronesia after the Second World War, when the natives on remote islands built flimsy replicas of airplanes in an effort to lure American cargo planes back with their wondrous loads of chocolate bars and canned beans.

In his 1953 novel Childhood's End, Arthur C. Clarke envisioned a future in which all human children would possess psychic abilities, and at a given point in time our planet would be evacuated—deserted by consciousness—as all human souls rose from their fragile physical bodies and joined the supermind. It seemed like a science-fiction writer's pipe dream 20 years ago, but now we are suddenly very close to that magical time, the long-promised Harvest of the Hopi Indians. We are becoming collectively aware of the electromagnetic fence that seals us from those other realities. A whole generation has now assaulted the gates, using everything from the hallucinogenic drugs to Tarot cards in their search for Godhead and unity with the supermind. Scores of new religions have sprung up overnight, led by new prophets answering the voices in their heads and promising true religious experiences to their followers. City street corners have become crowded with young people handing out the promise of salvation with fixed smiles on their eyeless faces. They have sacrificed their free will for the mental orgasms of the superspectrum. Their numbers are increasing steadily in all lands —an army of robots marching to the summit of the pyramid to have their hearts extracted by the high priests.

Two recent studies have found the once-unique experience of Illumination has now become commonplace. Millions of minds have been reprogrammed, perhaps in preparation for the horrors that lie ahead in the next 20 years. A sampling of two thousand

people, drawn from a larger group of forty thousand, revealed that 57 percent felt they were in harmony with the universe and 63 percent claimed they had been in contact with some supernatural or holy force.[26] In another survey of fifteen hundred people, six hundred admitted having had a feeling "of being very close to a powerful spiritual force that seemed to lift them out of themselves."[27] About three hundred said they had had such a feeling several times, and seventy-five said they had it often.

Who are all these nuts? The poll conducted at the National Opinion Research Center, University of Chicago, found they were "disproportionately male, disproportionately black, disproportionately college-educated, disproportionately above the $10,000-a-year income level, and disproportionately Protestant."

In my own investigations I have found that Jewish percipients are rare, although statistically they should number about five percent of the total sample. The majority of those who had seen "the light" were male, Protestant, or former Catholic, and had some Indian or Gypsy blood in theft background. Obviously the phenomenon is extremely selective.

Paradoxically, those who most actively seek an experience with the phenomenon either never succeed or they fall prey to the lesser manifestations of demonomania, possession, and schizophrenia. Among so-called ufologists, those with the strongest belief in extraterrestrial visitants have never seen a UFO themselves. These seekers apparently lack the necessary psychic or perceptive equipment. In the 1960s many of them found LSD and other drugs enabled them to join the crowd through pseudoreligious experiences. The rapid growth of mind-expansion and consciousness-raising exercises is bringing about many psychological and sociological changes in our society. The recurrent UFO waves are accelerating the process, subjecting millions of minds to the manipulative powers of the energy beams

during each new "flap." So changes are being wrought both without and within. In fact, a very complicated and very old system is at work here. The human race has always been aware that it was serving as a pawn in some cosmic game. Men used to believe that earthly events, wars, and disasters were merely duplications of the events taking place in an alternate universe populated by gods. But now it seems more likely that we are actually component parts of some larger system and that we are manipulated to serve the needs of that system. We may never be able to clearly understand those needs, let alone understand the system itself.

Are we in any real danger? Is the phenomenon a threat to us as individuals? The answer to that is a simple yes. When you study the history of this whole peculiar business, it becomes evident that the phenomenon is dispassionate, even ruthless. Humans have often willingly surrendered years of their lives to its service, perhaps expecting to be rewarded. Usually, however, they are snuffed out like irritating fleas the moment their usefulness has ended. Dr. Bucke's stupid but fatal slip on the ice soon after completing Cosmic Consciousness is a minor example, as is Christ's tortured cry on the cross when he asked why he had been forsaken. Key figures in the metaphysical history of this planet have ended their lives in prison or died on the stake or at the hands of evil torturers and executioners. Ironically, those who have come out of the mess with wealth, position, and a comfortable death in old age were those who seemingly served the forces of evil. The devil is apparently more generous than God.

Charles Fort said it all when he observed, "We are property." We cannot rebel. We cannot change the system. We can only try to understand it and deal with it on our own level as best we can. The puppets cannot possibly rebel against the puppet master. Things are better now than they once were. For thousands of years we

were overtly controlled by the psychic forces, by the gods, by apparitions and reflections of the human psyche, by whatever you may choose to call It. We used to haul gigantic blocks of stone hundreds of miles through deserts and swamps to erect pyramids and stonehenges to honor It. We melted out gold—often our life's savings—to build chairs and utensils for It, and then we turned over our daughters to assuage Its lust, and we sacrificed our sons. We even rewrote our own history to protect ourselves from Its vanity.

In the 14th century three-fourths of Europe's human population was killed off within a few years by the plague. Millions of those who survived were slaughtered in the superstitious witch-hunts that followed. Perhaps history is about to repeat itself. Perhaps an atomic war will reduce our swelling tanks, or maybe a chunk of debris from outer space will collide with our little planet, crush a continent, and cause the seas to rise up like an overfilled bathtub. The survivors may blame technology, and the men with slide rules in their pockets will have to flee underground and form new priesthoods in an effort to preserve whatever has been learned. Perhaps only the believers in extraterrestrial visitants will remain, and they will sit on the mountaintops and watch the lights cavorting in the midnight sky, crying out, "Why don't they contact us?"

Today many scientific disciplines are moving in the same direction, not realizing they are mapping a very old country. In a few years, perhaps even in our own lifetime, all sciences will suddenly converge at a single point, and the mysteries of the superspectrum will unravel in our hands. We will finally understand—truly understand—the forces that have directed our destinies throughout history. But it will be a costly discovery. Organized religion will crumble in the face of the new knowledge. Many of the religious and political fictions that have nourished us

during the long night will collapse. The beams of energy that now stride our landscape like a giant on stilts may fade away when the entire population has been programmed and reprogrammed. Folklorists, mythologists, and historians will have to throw away all of their learned interpretations when they realize that man has substituted myth for history and history for myth.

The dramatic social and economic changes of the past 150 years were merely the prelude to the period we are now entering. Several generations have made enormous sacrifices and spent many millions of lives to bring us to this point, and several more generations may pass before our collective destiny can be understood. And it will be a collective destiny. Whatever happens to one man will happen to all. And whatever happens to all of us will also affect the earth itself. We are no longer small, solitary figures standing on hilltops shaking our fists at the sky.

We have been so diverted by the major conflicts of our time that we have hardly noticed the lonely battles of men like Moses Shapira, Wilhelm Reich, and Immanuel Velikovsky. Hundreds of others have added their small voices as they labored like the underground alchemists of old, shivering in the cold light of Loch Ness beside their hopeful cameras or fighting their way through the underbrush of swamps in Florida and bayous in Mississippi. Their long, muted search is coming to an end, although few of them realize it.

The gods of the ancients have kept their promise. They have returned. But they do not come to us from across the chasm of interstellar space. They come somehow from within us. They have always been faceless, because their faces are our faces reflected in the superspectrum.

Recently a group in Canada decided to create a ghost. They met weekly to invent a history for him and to try to communicate with him. At the end of the year “Philip” was tilting tables and offering

advice, as real as any of the spirits who have materialized since the Fox sisters first began hearing rappings in 1848. The experiment proved that the spirit world is malleable and that the ghosts who haunt us are nothing more than mirror images of ourselves. The dead do not necessarily come back. They just never go away.

Dinosaurs stomp across Iowa cornfields and penguins fifteen feet tall waddle along riverbanks in Florida while we all trudge along the dusty trail to Damascus. Some things remain unchanged since Saul's time. Men knew then that they were property, that some hidden puppet master somehow worked the strings of history. But they muttered about some truth that would eventually set them free. We no longer seek that special freedom. We know we are as free as we are ever going to be. Madmen have always been chosen to run our affairs, because we know instinctively that the gods themselves are mad. The beams of energy that control us, change us, and frequently even destroy us come into our reality through a black hole,[28] a tunnel in the sky leading to another time.

The Watchers, sometimes called the Guardians, may be stationed not only in our world but in every world. If life exists out there somewhere one thousand light years from us, it—or they—are probably also watching strange lights in the sky and staggering entranced from the bright beams that control their consciousness. The delusion of reality is universal. Some of our astronauts claimed religious experiences on the moon and abandoned technology after they returned to earth. The superspectrum reaches far beyond the moon, however, because it is the totality, the everything of reality. The rest, like Phillip the ghost, is something we have manufactured in our own madness and our lonely, painful search for meaning.

[1]The author is dispensing with the tradition of using the upper case in reference to his, him, etc.]
[2]F.A. Wallis Budge, The Egyptian Book of the Dead (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1895).
[3]Degna Marconi, My Father Marconi (New York McGraw Hill 7962). Among the many other sources for this chapter is Albert Zarca, Mussolini sans Masque (Paris: Fayard, 1973). Technical information was derived from a great many sources.
[4]Frank Scully, Behind the Flying Saucers (New York; Henry Holt and Company, 1950), p. 175.
[5]Berthold Eric Schwarz, "Possible UFO-induced Temporary Paralysis," Flying Saucer Review, March-April 1971.
[6] The Ark of the Covenant was made of wood, a nonconductor, overlaid with gold and silver. A forerunner of the modern transistor, developed by Julius Lilienfeld in 1925, consisted of two thin strips of gold mounted on a nonconductor and separated by a very thin piece of metal. The Bible's description of the ark sounds very similar.
[7] John Michell, The View Over Atlantis (New York; Ballantine Books, 1972). Despite the misleading title, this is a study of the British leys supported with many maps and charts.
[8]F. W. Holiday, The Dragon and the Disc (London: Sidgwick & Jackson 1973). Holiday has found interesting historical evidence indicating that ancient Britishers linked dragons with flying saucers and may have had a religion based upon such phenomena.
[9]For detailed case histories of this phenomenon see John A. Keel, The Mothman Prophecies (New York: Saturday Review Press, 1975).
[10]John Cunningham Lilly, Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer (Portola Institute, 1967).
[11]The Momo case was one of the most heavily publicized stories

of 1972. The best account was Richard Crow, “Missouri Monster,” Fate, December 1972.
[12]John A. Keel, Strange Creatures from Time and Space (Greenwich, Conn.: Gold Medal Books, 1970). See chapter 10.
[13]Dr. David Saunders of Colorado University has programmed and computerized approximately 50,000 sightings. Dr. Jacques Vallee, a French statistician, has catalogued 923 lauding reports covering the years 1868 to 1968.
[14]Dr. J. Allen Hynek devoted considerable space to the Hopkinsville affair in his book The UFO Experience (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1973).
[15]Dr. Edward U. Condon, Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects (New York: Bantam Books, 1969).
[16]John Fuller, The Interrupted Journey (New York: Dial Press, 1966).
[17]F. W. Holiday, The Dragon and the Disc.
[18]Saga Magazine, December 1973.
[19]Harold T. Wilkins, Flying Saucers Uncensored (New York: The Citadel Press, 1955).
[20]Sigurd Olson, Listening Point (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1958).
[21]Dr. Hynek deliberately altered significant details in this episode to protect the identity of the witnesses.
[22]Harold T. Wilkins, Flying Saucers on the Attack (New York: Citadel Press, 1954), and Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour, Flying Saucers Are Hostile (New York: Award Books, 1967).
[23]Vincent Gaddis, “When TV Tunes to Another Dimension,” Probe the Unknown, vol. 3, no. 2, May 1975, page 32.
[24]There was no real evidence linking Lee Harvey Oswald to the assassination of Kennedy. Oswald was, in fact, connected with both the FBI and the CIA and was a “sleeper” (inactive agent) being groomed for an attempt on the life of Cuba’s Fidel Castro.

Oswald's background as a defector to the Soviet Union (and his marriage to the daughter of a leader in the Soviet security apparatus) would have cast suspicion on the Soviets and led Cuba to sever relations with that country. The unknown conspirators of the Kennedy assassination were obviously aware of this plan, and by setting Oswald up as "scapegoat," they provided a perfect cover for their gunmen. U.S. investigatory agencies were obliged to stumble over themselves and cover up details of the murder in Dallas to protect themselves and their own plan against Castro.

[25]Donald E. Keyhoe, Aliens from Space (New York: Doubleday, 1973), pp. 290-302.

[26]Robert Wuthnow and Charles Y. Glock, "God in the Gut," Psychology Today, November 1974.

[27]Andrew M. Greeley and William C. MeCready, "Arc We a Nation of Mystics," The New York Times Magazine, January 26, 1975.

[28]Theoretically, when a star burns out, it collapses inwardly upon itself, its matter becoming so dense and its gravity so intense that not even light can escape from it. A dead star can be compressed into something as small as an egg and would resemble a black hole in space.